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THE NEW YORKER

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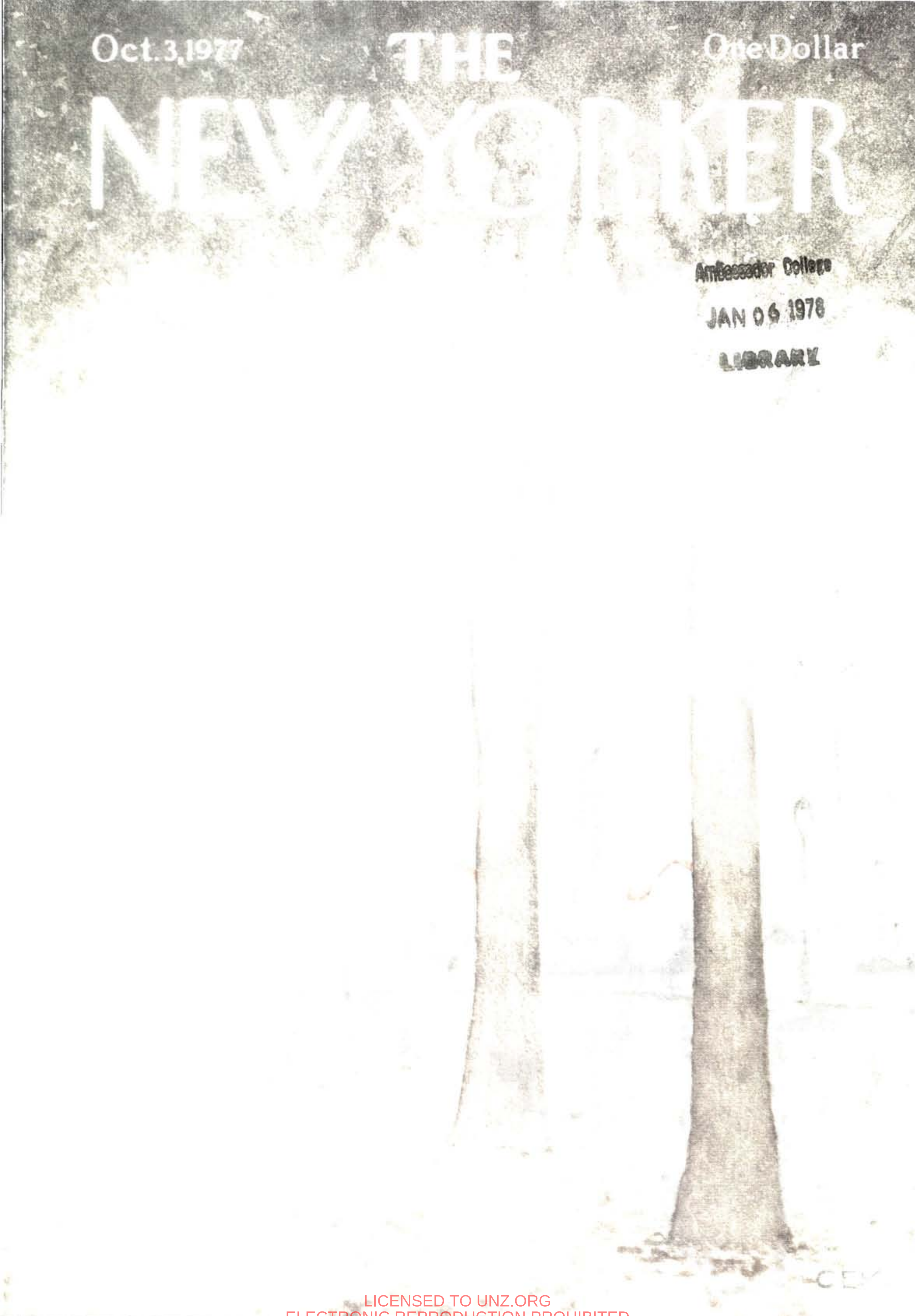

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Annie—Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike, in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Sunday, Oct. 2, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Children of Adam—A musical by Stan Satlin. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Comedy with Music—Victor Borge in a four-week engagement of a new edition of his one-man show, now turned into a two-person show, with Marylyn Mulvey. Previews Friday through Sunday, Sept. 30-Oct. 2. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 3, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 30. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Counsellor at Law—This literal, earthbound production doesn't do much for Elmer Rice's forty-six-year-old melodrama about a self-made Jewish lawyer, exposing its hokum and often failing to register its valid points—its details of business and dialogue—of which there are more than you might expect. There are interesting performances, though, by Robert Nersesian and John Neary, as the lawyer's clerk and partner, respectively; and George Guidall and Claudine Catania are sincere in the leading roles. (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Gin Game—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in a two-character play by D. L. Coburn. Directed by Mike Nichols. Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 5. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 6. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hair—A revival of the musical, with a book and lyrics by Gerome Ragni and James Rado, and music by Galt MacDermot. Directed by Tom O'Horgan. Previews through Tuesday, Oct. 4. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 5. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Love My Wife—Cy Coleman's winning music and Lenny Baker's clowning justify this mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The King and I—Yul Brynner is incandescent in this admirable revival of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Another admirable revival. Richard Kiley (Chev Rodgers fills in for him on Wednesday afternoons) is the perfect embodiment of the Knight of the Woeful Countenance in the Wasserman-Leigh-Darion musical. He is supported by a strong cast, and Howard Bay's sets and costumes are as marvellous as ever. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Miss Margarida's Way—Estelle Parsons is very funny as a mad, despotic schoolteacher in what is virtually a one-woman show, by the Brazilian dramatist Roberto Athayde. Miss Margarida, who embodies every conceivable aspect of tyranny over her helpless pupils (and every conceivable aspect of lunacy as well), is more entertaining than most benign rulers, as presented with relish and skill by Miss Parsons. But the play, clever as it is, is far too long. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Otherwise Engaged—Dick Cavett (Steven Sutherland takes over for him on Wednesday afternoons) is the star of Simon Gray's comedy about a London publisher who asks less of life than life is determined to give him. An able cast backs up Mr. Cavett, under the direction of Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Shadow Box—An impressive Broadway début by a young playwright named Michael Cristofer. The subject of his play is the difficulty in our society of facing the intolerable fact that we die; contrary to what one might

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THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

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The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, WIX OED. Vol. LIII, No. 33, October 3, 1977. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

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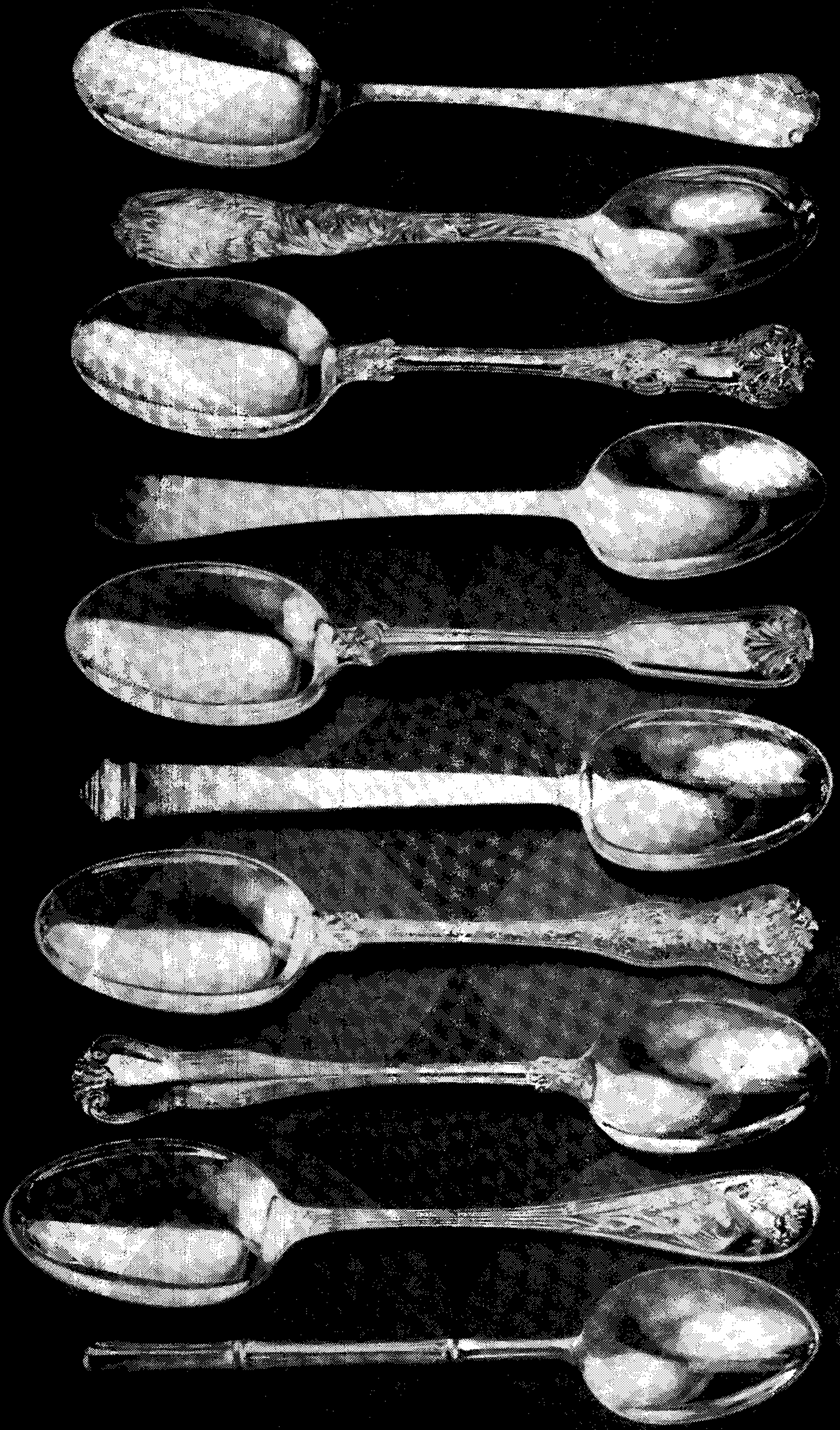
Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $20.00; two years, $35.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $22.00. Other foreign, $26.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

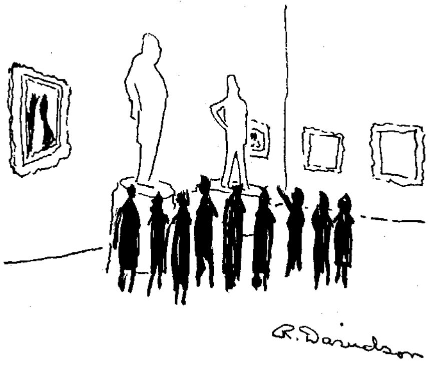
expect, the play is not in the least a gloomy one. The superior cast has been ably directed by Gordon Davidson. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Side by Side by Sondheim—Thirty-odd ravishing songs by Stephen Sondheim, well sung by some English and American admirers of our local laureate. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Sponsor—A play by Ira Lewis, with Paul Sparer and Michael Strong. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 246-7277. Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 28-Oct. 2, at 8.)

Tartuffe—Molière's harsh, hilarious comedy about how hypocrites succeed and the rest of us fail. With a strong cast—John Wood, Tammy Grimes, Patricia Elliott, Stefan Gierasch, and Mildred Dunnock. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller . . . A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Leonard Nimoy, Ralph Seymour, and Beverly May. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Oct. 1.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,257 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreographed by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Hope Lange and Don Murray, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SLY FOX:** A superb adaptation, by Larry Gelbart, of Ben Jonson's "Volpone." Uproarious shenanigans by, among others, Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, James Gallery, and John Heffernan. The direction is by Arthur Penn. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **YOUR ARMS TOO SHORT TO BOX WITH GOD:** A whirlwind of gospel-sing and (if there is such a thing) gospel-dance, taken by Vinnette Carroll from the Book of Matthew. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)



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MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A mutimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Sept. 28: "La Bayadère," "The Moor's Pavane," "Diana and Acteon Pas de Deux," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 29 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 265-0903): "Giselle," with Alicia Alonso and Jorge Esquivel. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday evenings, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, and Sunday matinée and evening, Oct. 2: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinée at 2.)

Asakawalker Dance Company—A twelve-member multinational troupe in a program of contemporary dance that includes "Ecstasis," "Fantasy I," "Fantasy II," "Ritual," "Reflections of Romance," and "The Farewell." (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. 832-1155. Wednesday Sept. 28, at 7, and Thursday and Friday, Sept. 29-30, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minutes change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

●

Bobby Short (Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. RH 4-1600. Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one.)—There are two Bobby Shorts. One is the famous, exhilarating balladeer who races the tempo, vaults his eyebrows, sprays arpeggios, and doubles his volume in midword, all the while aerating his songs and making them passionately lucid. The other is the secret jazz lover who, after jubilating with Porter and Gershwin and Kern for a half hour, will suddenly do a soft, easy swinging "Bye Bye Blackbird" or "Ain't Misbehavin' " that is full of blurred legato notes and weighted, swaying emotions. Short's clamoring admirers are suspicious of such ruminations, so it was a surprise on opening night when he dropped a beautiful, slow "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" into the middle of his first set, which was otherwise given over to Cole Porter's "From This Moment On" and "Why Shouldn't I;" "So Far," by Rodgers and Hammerstein and "You Took Advantage of Me," by Rodgers and Hart; Ogden Nash's and Vernon Duke's "Low and Lazy;" and "On the Amazon," an extraordinary surrealistic English patter song written for a forgotten revue called "Mr. Cinders" by Clifford Grey, Greatorex Newman, and Vivian Ellis. Short's accompanists—**BEVERLY PEER** on bass and **GENE GAMMAGE** on drums—remain mirror-perfect.

●

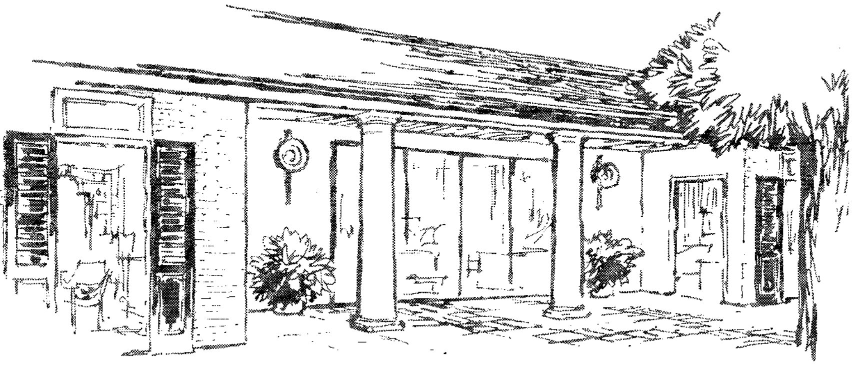
Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—This unpretentious night club—although some might think of it as a posh SoHo music loft with a liquor license—presents some of the most engaging experimental and tried-and-true jazz in the city. Drummer **CHARLES BOBO SHAW** is here with his band, the Human Arts Ensemble, through Saturday, Oct. 1; on Tuesday, Oct. 4, vocalist **JOE LEE WILSON**, a loose, gutsy, scorching improviser in the exploratory, untraditional Betty Carter tradition, will arrive with Bond Street, his backup group. (As it happens, Betty Carter is now appearing at the Bottom Line, so the two of them can be compared.) Mondays are now given over to trumpeter Ted Daniels and a seventeen-piece band. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

Axis in SoHo, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—Free-form jazz and organic apple juice. **HAMIET BLUIETT**, a baritone saxophonist who has worked in the past with Charles Mingus and more recently has been leading a big band, will work with a quintet on Thursday and Friday, Sept. 29-30; singer Sheila Jordan and her backup combo will perform on Saturday, Oct. 1; and Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 6-8, **AIR**—saxophonist and hubcap percussionist **HENRY THREADGILL**, drummer **STEVE MC CALL**, and bassist **FRED HOPKINS**—will claim the stage. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—The current attraction is Betty Rhodes, a diminutive, brassy-voiced singer. She is present Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—The epitome of a New York bar: a pleasant, well-lit place, with old dark woodwork; a (somehow) simultaneously crusty and warm staff; and a cheerful, worldly-wise singer-pianist. Her name is **DARDANELLE**, and she doesn't emote, doesn't "put songs over," doesn't sock it to you—she just sings, clearly, effortlessly, and directly, and it's delightful. She's here from seven to midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St.



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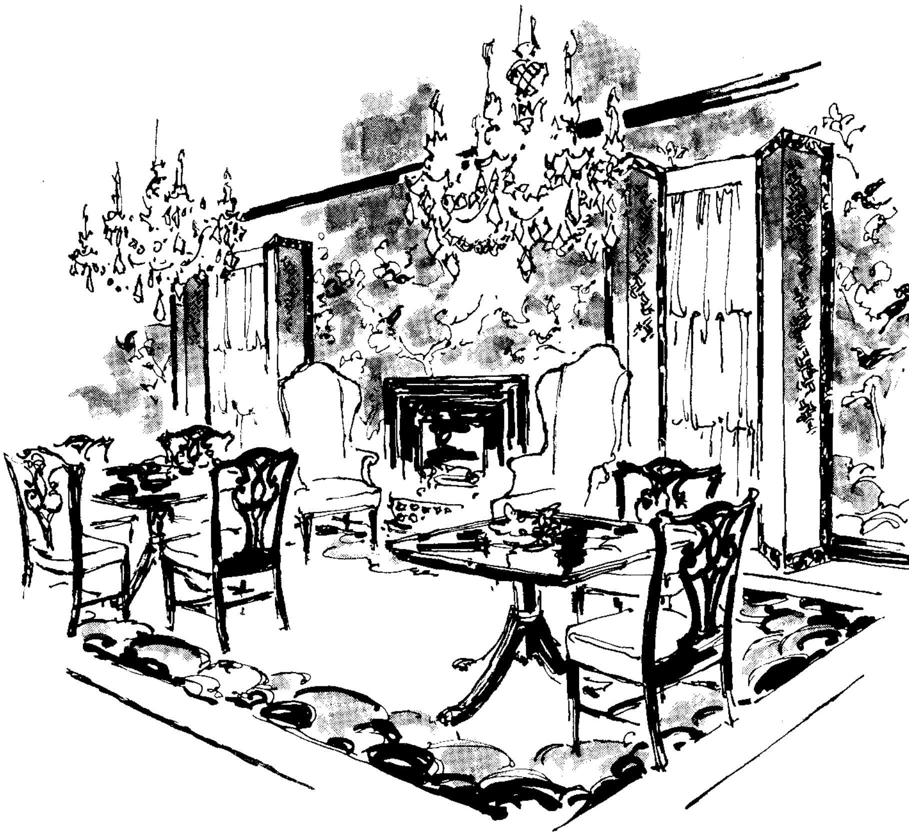

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in fine musicians and a healthy number of customers—many of them students. The current performers in the picture-window music corner are pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, who are one-half the Ron Carter quartet. They'll be here through Saturday, Oct. 1. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 5-8, pianist Ray Bryant will head a trio. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: **BETTY CARTER**, who skillfully yanks standards inside out, sings here on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 28-29; on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, Canadian folksinger Murray McLauchlan and his rock-tinged band are scheduled; on Sunday and Monday, Oct. 2-3, guitarist and heavy-metal revivalist Harvey Mandel will perform with his band; Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 4-5, will see Andy Pratt at the piano, singing his compositions; and on Thursday, Oct. 6, the simultaneously rural and urbane singer and pianist **MOSE ALLISON** will bring in his trio. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians, and patrons who like to talk. Pianist **JIMMY ROWLES**, *the* house favorite, works with a bassist through Saturday, Oct. 1; on Monday, Oct. 3, pianist **RONNIE MATTHEWS** and his bassist will take over. The Sunday chores are handled by **BARRY HARRIS** and his helpers. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** (see above) and his trio are in the Café Carlyle at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner and supper. . . . **TEDDY WILSON**, who plays elegant, restrained piano solos, will leave the Bemelmans Bar on Saturday, Oct. 1. Then, on Monday, Oct. 3, **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** will begin a three-month engagement. The music runs from nine to one.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A row of neon beer signs hangs overhead; lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hang around. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CLEO, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER** and her accompanist, Jimmy Lyon, will return on Tuesday, Oct. 4. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**HELEN HUMES**, forthright, cute, and cuddly, sings delicate ballads and authoritative blues. She's supported by pianist Gerry Wiggins. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** performs Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

DALY'S DAFFODIL, 1079 First Ave., at 59th St. (688-0018)—The current berth for **ELLIS LARKINS**, the fastidious pianist, and his bassist, **BILLY POPP**, is this East Side bar and restaurant. Expeditious sets Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer-pianist, tosses off tunes by Cole Porter, Noël Coward, and Stevie Wonder in the Aquarium Lounge Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. The music begins after nine-thirty. On Tuesday, Oct. 4, trumpeter **PEE WEE ERWIN** and clarinettist Clarence Hutchenrider will sit in with the regulars. On Sundays, **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a young, swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, leads a quintet from eight-thirty. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** works Wednesdays through Sundays with an admirable sideman, bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, and a conscientious vocalist, Alicia Sherman. Their hours are ten to three, except on Sundays, when they begin at seven. Mondays and Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**, pianist **AL HAIG**, and bassist Jamil Nasser get together at ten. Weeknights from five to ten are given over to pianist Gene Roland, guitarist Jim Watkins, and bassist Morris Edwards.

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HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**ANITA O'DAY**, who began making vocal breakthroughs nearly forty years ago, sings with support from pianist Norman Simmons, bassist Jay Leonhart, and drummer John Poole; through Saturday, Oct. 1. Guitarist **JOE BECK** will arrive with his group on Monday, Oct. 3. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

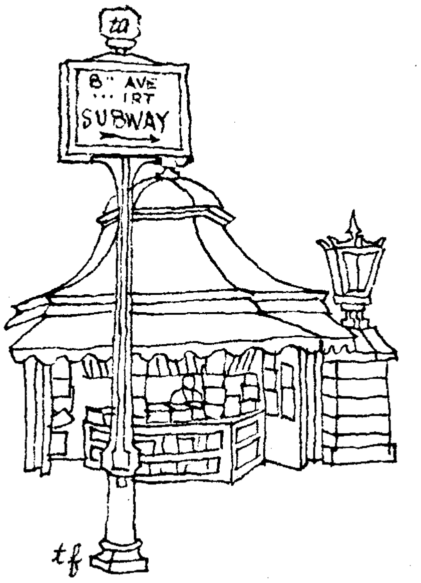
JIMMY'S RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is at the wheel of a sextet that comprises drummer Eddie Locke, bassist Ted Sturgis, trombonist Bobby Pratt, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, and pianist Johnny Morris. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Trombonist **URBIE GREEN** has settled in with a quintet which performs Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. Monday through Thursday, Oct. 3-6, pianist Kenny Brawner guides a nine-piece R. & B. outfit. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 7-8, drummer **ROY HAYNES** and his quintet will be on the bandstand. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea; and, occasionally, jazz and rock instead of folk music. The Star Spangled Washboard Band offers a mélange of one-liners, sight gags, bluegrass breakdowns, and fiddle tunes Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 29-Oct. 2. Pianist **BOB DOROUGH** will drop in on Monday, Oct. 3. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—What a room, what a view! **SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.



RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret in town. Holly Woodlawn, the torch-singing female impersonator, goes on at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Earlier in the day—five-thirty until seven—Wednesdays through Saturdays, singer and pianist **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents concert-style sets. Dining.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A very big, square, but nonetheless warm downstairs room. **ART FARMER**, on flugelhorn, directs a quartet through Saturday, Oct. 1. On Sunday, Oct. 2, there will be a salute to Latin jazz; Bobby Rodriquez y la Compania will do the saluting. On Tuesday, Oct. 4, drummer **MAX ROACH**, on leave from his teaching duties at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, will professorially lead his quartet—tenor saxophonist **BILLY HARPER**, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN**, and trumpeter **CECIL BRIDGEWATER**—and his audience through some lengthy pieces. Mondays belong to electric pianist David Chesky and thirteen other jazz-rock journeymen. Music from ten.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Mondays, **DAVE MATTHEWS** plays electric piano and leads his vigorous twelve-piece organization; alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ**, always worth hearing, heads up a nonet on Tuesdays and a trio on Thursday, Sept. 29; guitarists **JOE PUMA** and **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** team up on Wednesday, Sept. 28; and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, trumpeter **CHET BAKER** and a quartet will perform. Music from nine-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Trumpeter **CHARLES SULLIVAN** leads a quartet through Saturday, Oct. 1, and starting Tuesday, Oct. 4, guitarist Lenny Breau will perform with a quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

THIRD PHASE, 2864 Broadway, at 111th St. (749-0200)—Trumpeter Ed Lewis's quintet is here through Thursday, Sept. 29; the Countsmen—**EARLE WARREN**, on alto and a couple of vocals, trombonist **DICKY WELLS**, pianist **DILL JONES**, bassist **FRANKLIN SKEETE**, and drummer **JO JONES, JR.**—work out on Friday, Sept. 30, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 7-8; on Saturday, Oct. 1, tenor saxophonist George Kelly leads the Jazz Sultans; and Sunday through Thursday, Oct. 2-6, clarinettist Art Miller will head up a quintet. Sundays through Thursdays, from eight to two; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and midnight. Light menu and setups.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the Top of the Gate, on Monday, Oct. 3, the **WOODY SHAW** Concert Ensemble will perform at eight and ten-thirty. In the barn-like downstairs room, on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 7-8, the master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE**, will lead his quintet opposite urban bluesman Honeyboy Edwards. Music from ten. Dinner.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Pianist Hal Galper, trumpeter Randy Brecker, and saxophonist Mike Brecker join forces through Sunday, Oct. 2; on Tuesday, Oct. 4, **MILT JACKSON** will begin playing fulfilling blues on his beautiful Radio City Music Hall of a vibraharp. On Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** organization lets off steam. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A popular, if out-of-the-way, slow-paced bar that has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet), reputable soul-food kitchen. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can sound like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is here Mondays through Wednesdays; Armen Donelian has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight until two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Swing music has moved to the Third Phase, a couple of blocks south. Meanwhile, four-string guitarist **TINY GRIMES** has

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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taken the Tuesday and Wednesday slot, and the rest of the week is given over to fledgling or more experienced groups. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty every night but Monday.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Quite a pleasant place. The trendy veneer of thirties chic isn't offensive, and the two W.P.A.-style black-and-white murals—one depicting musicians and showgirls, the other workers of the world—in the music and bar area grow on one. The waitresses, who look like severe fashion models, turn out to be just folks. And the piano-bass teams who work here from nine every night but Sunday are superlative. On Mondays and Tuesdays, it's **JUDD WOLDIN** and **FRANK LUTHER;** Wednesdays and Thursdays, **HAROLD DANKO** and **RUFUS REID;** and Fridays and Saturdays, **JILL MC MANUS** and **RICHARD DAVIS.** Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JANE OLIVOR and **MICHAEL FRANKS**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 8.

BUCK CLAYTON AND FRIENDS REMEMBER BILLIE HOLIDAY—A benefit concert, with Eddie Barefield, Dicky Wells, Ram Ramirez, Tommy Benford, Franklin Skeete, and Carrie Smith. (Grand Ballroom, Hotel Biltmore, 55 E. 43rd St. Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 687-2430.)

AMERICA and **JIMMY WEBB**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 8.

SERGIO MENDES AND THE NEW BRASIL '77—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Sept. 29, at 8:30.

SAMMY DAVIS, JR., NANCY WILSON, and **BUDDY RICH AND HIS KILLER FORCE**—Radio City Music Hall. Friday, Sept. 30, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 1, at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday, Oct. 2, at 3 and 8.

RANDY NEWMAN—With Stephen Bishop. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, Sept. 30, at 8 and 11.)

FOGHAT'S BLUES TRIBUTE—With John Lee Hooker, Paul Butterfield, and others. A benefit for the New York Public Library at Lincoln Center. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Sept. 30, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

STUDIO RIVBEA FESTIVAL—New music and new jazz in a ground-floor loft. Studio Rivbea, 24 Bond St., at Lafayette St. (473-9936). Participants include Sam Rivers, Don Pullen, Barry Altschul, Dave Holland, Kalaparusha, George Lewis, Charlie Persip, Rene McLean, and others, performing in small-ensemble and orchestral settings. (Friday through Sunday, Sept. 30-Oct. 2, beginning at 8.)

DAVID EYGES AND MARK WHITECAGE—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Saturday, Oct. 1, from 2 to 5.

GEILS—Palladium. Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8.

LONNIE LISTON SMITH & THE COSMIC ECHOES, RONNIE LAWS, and **RAY BARRETTO**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8.

DON RENO AND THE TENNESSEE CUTUPS and **BILL EMERSON**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 427-1488.

RICHIE HAVENS and **STUFF**—Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 2, at 8.

CLEO LAINE, BILL CONTI, AND THE JOHN DANKWORTH ORCHESTRA—Minskoff Theatre, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 5-7, and Sunday, Oct. 9, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 8, at 7 and 10.

WE REMEMBER CLIFFORD BROWN—Ted Curson, Bill Hardman, Jimmy Owens, Junior Cooke, Harold Mabern, Warren Smith, Chris White, and Max Roach. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. 598-3757. Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

IGGY POP—Palladium. Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8.

RAMSEY LEWIS and **STANLEY TURRENTINE**—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 7, at 8.

NOTE—Film clips and short subjects that document the times and styles of various celebrated jazz musicians are being exhibited by the New York Jazz Museum on a weekly schedule. Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 7:30: "Jazz Vocalists"—Bessie Smith, Cab Calloway, Fats Waller, and Nat King Cole. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 7:30: "Hi De Ho: Cab Calloway and His Orchestra" and "Big Bands and Combos of the 1930's and 1940's." (New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ALAN DAVIE—Lively abstract paintings by an English artist who lives part of the year on St. Lucia and uses Carib hieroglyphs, along with contemporary island motifs, in his work. Through Oct. 22. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JUDITH GODWIN—Abstract Expressionist paintings of the Hofmann order, slashed onto the canvas in great bold sweeps of dark color accented here and there with bright flashes. Through Oct. 12. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

JOHN GRILLO—Abstract compositions painted with a high-keyed palette (sizzling yellows and oranges) and in flat patterns almost like mosaics. The artist teaches at Amherst. Through Friday, Oct. 7. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

RAFFI KAISER—Surrealist paintings and drawings with medieval elements; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

MICHAEL PRICE—Female figures in bronze, most of them life-size, by a sculptor who uses the lost-wax process. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JOSEPH SOLMAN—Paintings and monotypes devoted to interiors, portraits of friends, and motorcycles—especially knobby-tread bikes herded together like animals seeking warmth. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

ROLAND TOPOR—Color drawings on paper and canvas by an artist who does literal representations of such clichés as "looking ahead" and "the long view." Through Oct. 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

WARIK WHEATLEY—Landscapes thickly brushed in with lavish colors and sometimes including slightly sentimentalized figures. Through Sunday, Oct. 2. (Clay, 1162 Madison Ave., at 86th St. Open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

BROOKLYN COLLEGE ART FACULTY—A double exhibition of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and so on that gives one confidence the art students at Brooklyn College are in good hands, and have been for some time. Works by former faculty members, including Mark Rothko, Berenice Abbott, and Joseph Stefanelli are on view at **DAVIS & LONG,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5), and items by current faculty members, including Lennart Anderson, Lois Dodd, and Sylvia Stone, are at the **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30). Both shows through Saturday, Oct. 8.

DADA ARTISTS—Paintings, drawings, photographs, and other works by Marcel Duchamp, Kurt Schwitters, Man Ray, and others at **LA BOETIE,** 9 E. 82nd St. Through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Collages and watercolors by Hannah Höch at **CARUS,** 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Through Oct. 29.

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: "Warp-Patterned Weaves of the Andes," an exhibit of modern and ancient textiles. Through Nov. 13. (*Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.*) . . . **KNOWLTON,** 19 E. 71st St.: Carol Anthony, Frank Faulkner, Bert Stern, and other gallery artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works by such early-twentieth-century painters as Glackens, Hartley, and Sloan. Through Oct. 15. . . . **NICHOLLS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The contemporary art scene is the common subject of this group of cartoons and magazine covers by Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. . . . **WAUTERS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Eighty-two drawings from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries which afford some interesting contrasts—Delacroix nudes with one of Tom Wesselmann's, for instance. Through Saturday, Oct. 1.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

MINO ARGENTO / MAUD MORGAN—Shaded acrylic canvases in which geometric shapes are juxtaposed. / Rice-paper collages. Through Oct. 15. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

MIRIAM BLOOM—A selection of large earth-colored or black papier-mâché sculptures, all of them in the basic shape of a bowl. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

LARRY ENGEL—Every day for a whole year, this artist made charcoal drawings of his own face, as a discipline, and twenty-two of them are now on exhibit. Some days he saw himself in a better light than others. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

JARED FITZGERALD—Two environments, one made up of a double row of potted palms arranged in an arc, and the other a rather funereal room dimly lighted by four hand-sculpted lamps, each with two tall, slender stems surmounted by prim little shades. Juxtaposed to these, in this newly opened gallery, is a room full of lively Roman sculptural fragments. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

PETER FLACCUS / MARJA VALLILA—Abstract paintings in which a sparse pattern of emblems, uniform in their shieldlike shape but varied in color, are arrayed on a subdued, often monochromatic background. / Foursquare steel sculptures—essentially rectangular boxes with mysterious subdivisions inside. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

HOWARD HODGKIN / STANLEY BOXER—Oil paintings on wood by an English artist who has been deeply influenced by Indian miniatures and whose individualistic abstractions are a successful assimilation of emotions about places and people and things. / Pastels of imaginary birds, insects, animals, and women. Through Wednesday, Oct. 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

CHRISTOPHER JAMES—A series of photographic prints that have been hand-dyed and coated with translucent enamels. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

ARISTODEMOS KALDIS—A new crop of paintings by this seventy-seven-year-old artist, who has recently bounded back into rude good health after a serious illness, and whose landscapes are a happy patchwork of symbols representing features of the mountainsides in his native Greece. Through Oct. 20. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

DORIS KLEIN—Oil paintings of figures in groups. Through Oct. 13. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

AGNES MARTIN / DAVID VON SCHLEGELL—This artist rings another set of changes on the grid pattern, this time scoring variations of it with a pencil on a silver-gray canvas field. / Large, angular floor sculptures made of painted steel. Through Oct. 15. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

MARYAN (1927-77)—Drawings and paintings dating from 1961 to 1975. Through Oct. 14. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

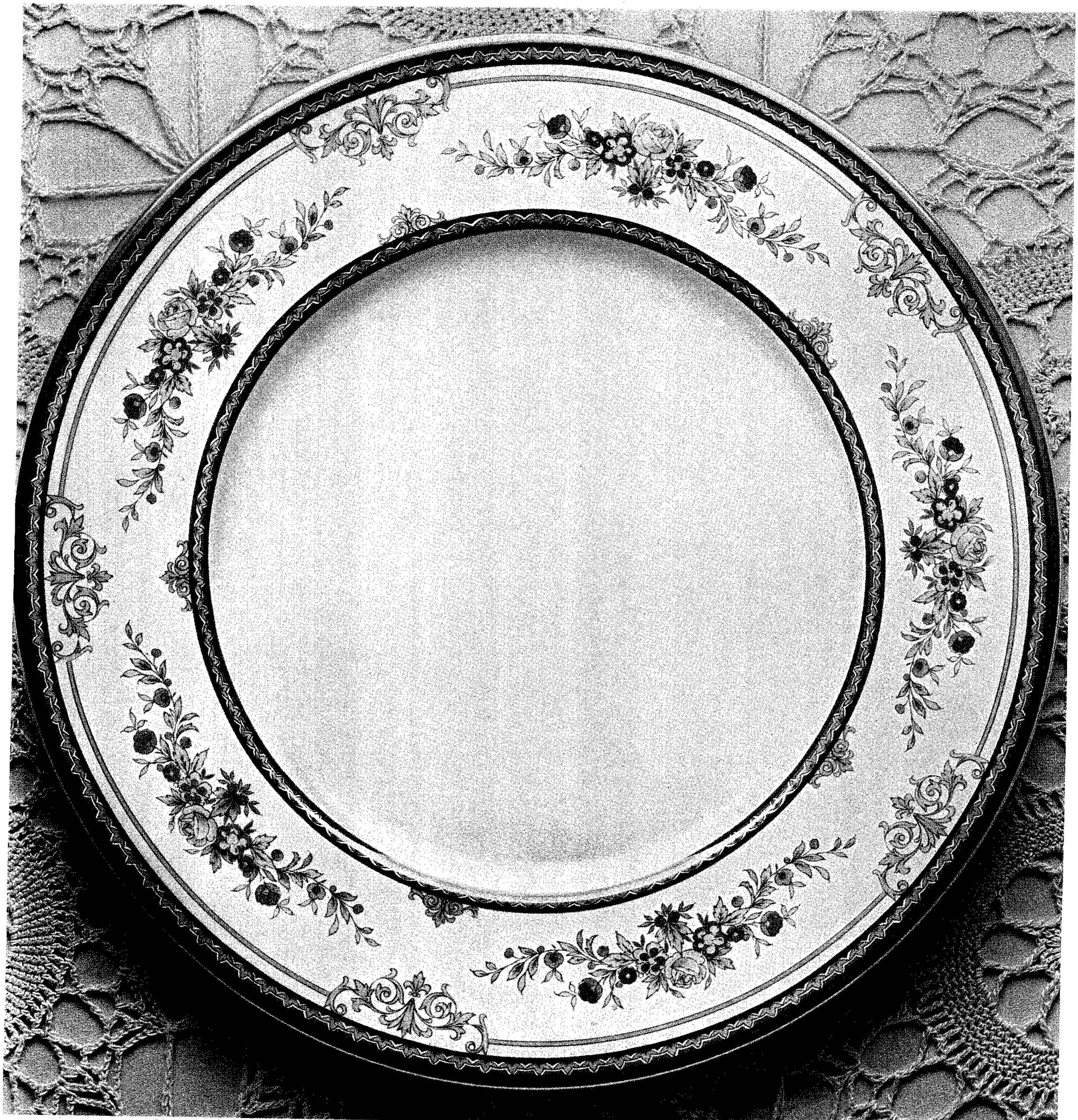
REE MORTON (1936-77)—Two-panel paintings in which the upper panel shows a sunset and the lower panel depicts tropical fish. Also drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ROBERT MURRAY—Large, globular works made of crumpled sheets of five-eighths-inch aluminum, painted with automobile enamels, which have a natural casual grace and balance. Through Oct. 15. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

FAIRFIELD PORTER (1907-75) **AND ANDREW HUDSON**—Mr. Porter's steady-going drawings, most of which evoke sleepy summer afternoons in the country, are nicely complemented by the racy, satyr-in-the-bushes sketches of Mr. Hudson, a widely published art critic, and currently a department head at the Corcoran School of Art, in Washington. Through Thursday, Oct. 6. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT REED—Abstract collages and monotypes,

A lovely English garden that grows on a plate.



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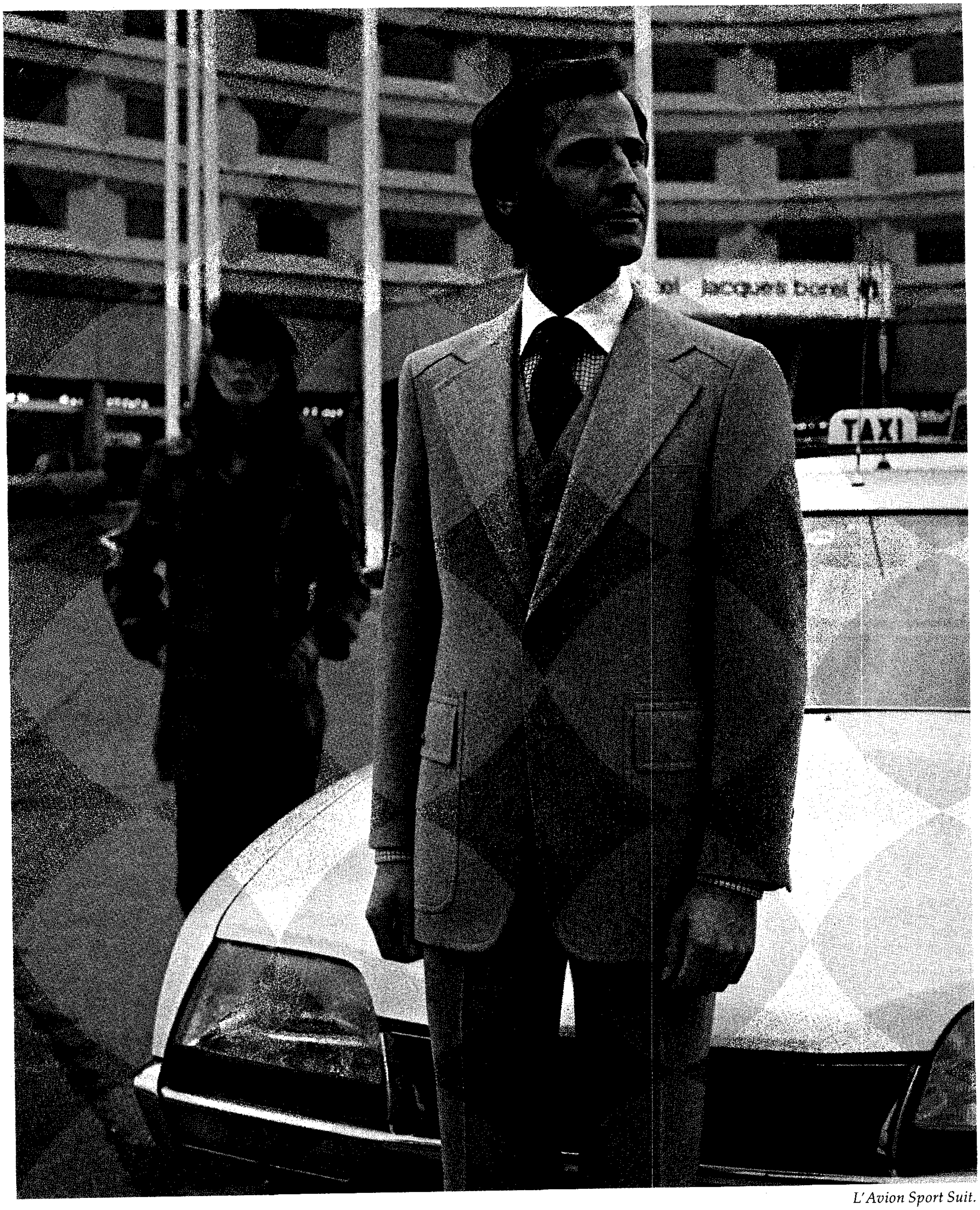

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in color or solid white, by an assistant dean of the Yale School of Art. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Donald Sandstrom—Painted hardware-cloth boxes that enclose rural landscapes made of the same material. Through Oct. 14. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Bill Alpert—Constructions by an artist who has graduated from stretching canvases in two dimensions to stretching them in depth and adding, in three-dimensional collage fashion, various symbols of the studio—scraps of used canvas, rows of crayon, recycled crates, and so on. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Dottie Attie / Herbert George—A hundred and thirty-nine tiny, superbly finished drawings, medieval in feeling, that relate a strange story made up by the artist. / Large wooden sculptures—frameworks, really—strung with wide belts of sheet aluminum, giving an industrial effect. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Ariane R. Berman—Paintings (figures, landscapes, seascapes), three-dimensional plastic sculptures, and prints. Through Oct. 13. (Ward-Nasse, 131 Prince St. Open Sundays.)

Sari Dienes—Silhouette portraits (Sylvia Sleigh and John Cage, for instance) cut out of aluminum, cardboard, and other materials and mounted on the gallery walls. Through Wednesday, Oct. 5. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

William Graham—Drawings done with carbon dust and depicting sheets of paper—sometimes gray sheets and sometimes black, but usually white, and curled up at the edges. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Margie Billstein Katz—Collages made of painted-canvas strips cut into the shape of figures in motion. Through Oct. 9. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St. Open Sundays.)

Grevis Melville / Frank Pagnato—Winter and summer views of Damariscotta, Maine. / Four portraits of the artist's father, watercolors of Monhegan houses, and other subjects. Through Thursday, Oct. 6. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

George Peck / Sam Tchakalian—Complex tones of black, some matte and some glossy, on shaped convex canvases. / Two outsize paintings, about twenty feet long, and some smaller works. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Salvatore Romano—A dimly lighted black vinyl environment, consisting of two shallow, contiguous reflecting pools (altogether fifty-five feet long and forty-one feet wide) with four twelve-foot shafts rising from each, and three polystyrene floats drifting slowly about in each, thanks to a hidden pump that keeps the water in steady but almost imperceptible movement. Through Oct. 15. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

James Rosenquist—New paintings, drawings, small sculptures, and prints. Through Oct. 15. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.). . . ¶ Etchings, lithographs, and a solid-gold (six-inch) garbage can. Through Oct. 20. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Lucy Sallick—Still-lifes centering on two themes: studio furnishings and seascapes, grouped together. Through Wednesday, Oct. 5. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Joyce Stillman-Myers—Outsize and superrealist oil paintings, mostly of decorator-colored dishes soaking in the sink, detailed to the last bead of soapsuds. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Group Show—Representative works by twenty-one members of this gallery, including a small clay sculpture by Howard Kalish showing Donatello and Filippo Brunelleschi digging up antiquities in fifteenth-century Rome. Through Wednesday, Oct. 5. (Bowery, 135 Greene St. Opens at 1.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Dona Nelson—Abstract oils. Through Oct. 16. (NoHo, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Alexander Alland—Photographs of New York taken in 1938. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

C. L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) (1832-98)—Eighteen portraits of Ellen Terry and her family, which were recently printed for this exhibit. Also vintage prints by Carroll and some of his contemporaries. Through Oct. 15. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Chauncey Hare—A show of interiors of homes and other spaces has been mounted by the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Herta Hilscher-Wittgenstein—Black-and-white photographs, mostly of nudes. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

Vilem Kriz—Surrealist prints by a Czech photographer who was closely associated with Cocteau and Renoir when he lived in Paris during the forties. Through Oct. 15. (Kimmel-Cohn, 1 W. 64th St.)

Cynthia MacAdams—Photographs of women. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Christopher Makos—Twenty-five of his recent works. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Irving Penn—A hundred and twenty-five platinum prints spanning his entire career. Through Oct. 11. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Robert J. Steinberg—Albumen-process prints of abandoned railroad terminals and other architectural subjects, on muslin (some four feet by five) and paper. Through Oct. 28. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Weegee (1899-1968)—A retrospective of more than a hundred vintage prints. Through Nov. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Larry Williams—Recent black-and-white works. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **PARSONS-DREYFUSS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Works by Chris Rauschenberg, Jonathan Bayer, Ron Stark, and Gwyn Metz, in this gallery's first show devoted solely to photography. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. . . . **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: George A. Tice showing a series of portraits of Artie Van Blarcum, a New Jersey factory worker and amateur photographer; Mr. Van Blarcum showing his own works; and Ruth Bernhard showing still-lifes and nudes in black-and-white. Through Saturday, Oct. 8.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Fifty drawings and oil sketches by Georges Seurat, several of them studies for "La Grande Jatte." Starts Thursday, Sept. 29. . . . ¶ A large selection of English and Continental decorative objects, dating from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth, from the Irwin Untermyer Collection. Starts Thursday, Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Etchings and books devoted to rococo fountains sketched by Watteau, Boucher, and others, who were exercising the artist's prerogative and never expected to see them realized. Starts Thursday, Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and prints by a protégé of Seurat's, Paul Signac, all taken from the museum's collections. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Book jackets, posters, magazine covers, and such, juxtaposed with architectural models, furniture, decorations—all produced in Holland, Germany, and the Soviet Union between 1920 and 1940—in a show that underscores the relationship between graphics and other art forms. Through Oct. 31. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Chauncey Hare. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., will be open, free, Friday through Sunday, Sept. 30-Oct. 2, from 6 to 10, for the final times this season.

Garrett List's A-1 Art Band will perform contemporary music Friday and Saturday at 8.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit of David Hare's paintings, drawings, and sculptures, centered on the myth of Cronus. Starts Friday, Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper acquired by the museum during the past year. Louise Nevelson, Richard Diebenkorn, and Eva Hesse are among those represented. Through Oct. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The years 1890 to 1910 are covered in an exhibit of nearly three hundred paintings, graphics, and photographs by Thomas Eakins, Mary Cassatt, Charles Dana Gibson, Gertrude Käsebier, and others. Through Sunday, Oct. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"City Life" is a show of paintings and drawings (on loan from the uptown branch) by Raphael Soyer, Kenneth Hays Miller, Howard Kanovitz, and others, dating from 1900 to 1975. Through Oct. 21. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Women Artists: 1550 to 1950," an exhibition of paintings, mostly, by major American and European artists. Starts Saturday, Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Gouaches, drawings, and prints by Anni Albers. Starts Saturday, Oct. 1. (The museum is open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. The Albers show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Minerals and Gems, occupying one-third of an acre in space, has on display such stones as the deLong Star ruby, the Star of India sapphire, and the Patricia emerald. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—"Utamaro and Hiroshige," an exhibit of prints by these (and other) Japanese printmakers, collected by James A. Michener. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Manuscripts and autograph letters by nineteenth-century luminaries, among them Washington Irving, Thoreau, Emily Dickinson, and Henry James. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Musical manuscripts that trace notation from the eighth century through the sixteenth. Through Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Forty etchings by Rembrandt, most of them landscapes and portraits. Through Dec. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Andy Warhol's folk-art collection which includes ceramics, painted furniture, weathervanes, and a cigar-store Indian. Through Nov. 19. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Reginald Marsh's renderings of popular entertainments (burlesque, amusement parks, the vaudeville acts of Houdini and Ina Claire) make up this show of more than eighty works in a variety of mediums. Through Nov. 19. (Open daily, except Sundays, noon to 6.) A complement to this show is a selection of about twenty of Marsh's works on paper, these of the New York scene from the thirties through the early fifties, at the Sid Deutsch Gallery, 43 E. 80th St. Through Saturday, Oct. 8.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by Adrienne W. Hoard. . . . ¶ Paintings of Ghanaian scenes by Andrews Ofori Danso. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Nov. 6.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Met Marathon—A couple of dozen Met singers in a benefit program to raise money against a matching-fund grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. Among the participants will be Mirella Freni, Renata Scotto, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Gedda, Jerome Hines, Mario Sereni, Justino Diaz, Paul Plishka, and Placido Domingo. (Metropolitan Opera House. 799-3100. Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

New York City Opera—Thursday, Sept. 29, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Catherine Malfitano, Delia Wallis, Samuel Ramey, William Justus, and Richard McKee; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 30, at 8: The American première of Thea Musgrave's "The Voice of Ariadne," conducted by the composer, with Cynthia Clarey, Frances Bible, David Holloway, Thomas Jamerson, and Richard T. Gill. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 1, at 2: "La Traviata," with Mariana Niculescu, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Johanna Meier, Samuel Ramey, and Ermanno Mauro; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 2, at 1: "Turandot," with Earline Ballard, Catherine Malfitano, Kenneth Collins, Will Roy, and Thomas Jamerson; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 2, at 7: "The Voice of Ariadne," with Cynthia Clarey, Frances Bible, David Holloway, Thomas Jamerson, and Richard T. Gill; Thea Musgrave. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Maralin Niska, Lando Bartolini, and William Justus; and "Pagliacci," with Diana Soviero, Kenneth Collins, Pablo Elvira, and Thomas Jamerson. Both conducted by David Effron. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 8: "Carmen," with Francine Arrauzau, Elizabeth Hynes, Herman Malamood, and David Holloway; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Sung-Sook Lee, Sandra Walker, Lando Bartolini, and Pablo Elvira; William Noll. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gianna Rolandi, Victoria Vergara, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Richard Fredricks, and Will Roy; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 8, at 2: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Catherine Malfitano, Delia Wallis, Samuel Ramey, William Justus, and Richard McKee; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8: "La Bohème," with Diana Soviero, Patti Allison, Ermanno Mauro, Dominic Cossa, Will Roy, and Thomas Jamerson; Vincent La Selva. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Andrew Davis conducting—Thursday, Sept. 29, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 30, at 2; and Saturday, Oct. 1, and Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 8:30 (all with Emanuel Ax, piano, and Sol Greitzer, viola); and Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 6-8, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 7:30 (all with Rodney Friend, violin).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting the opening performance of the season here, with André Watts, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

RECITALS

Mary Alderdice—Harpsichord and piano, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 8.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Sept. 30, at 8.)

Eduardo Fernandez—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

Philarte Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

Peter Corey—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

Columbia University Faculty Concert—A performance by the Composers String Quartet. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Barbara Hendricks—Soprano, in a lieder recital. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

Jane Allen—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 7, at 8.)

Elisabeth Söderström—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8.)

Renata Scotto and Sherrill Milnes—Soprano and baritone, in a program of scenes, arias, and duets from Verdi and Puccini, with Eve Queler directing the Opera Orchestra of New York and the St. Cecilia Chorus. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8.)

Seymour Barab—Cello, with Morey Ritt, piano; Cynthia Otis, harp; and Matthew Raimondi, violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Automobile Racing—United States Grand Prix. (Watkins Glen. Sunday, Oct. 2, at 2:15.)

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 28-29, at 8. . . . ¶ Detroit, Friday, Sept. 30, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 1-2, at 2. . . . **NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS:** The first two games will be played in Los Angeles, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 4-5, at 8:15, and the third and, if necessary, the fourth and fifth games will be played in the home park of the Eastern Division winner, Friday, Oct. 7, at 3:15; Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:15; and Sunday, Oct. 9, at 5. . . . **AMERICAN LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS:** The first two games will be played in the home park of the Eastern Division winner, Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 3:15, and Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8:15, and the third and, if necessary, the fourth and fifth games will be played in the home park of the Western Division winner, Friday, Oct. 7, at 8:15; Saturday, Oct. 8, at 1:15; and Sunday, Oct. 9, at 8:15. All times listed are Eastern Daylight, for benefit of radio and TV participants.

Professional Basketball—Exhibition games—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Cleveland vs. Chicago and Knicks vs. Nets, Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 6. . . . ¶ Boston vs. Washington and Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, Oct. 6, at 6. . . . ¶ Philadephia vs. Washington and Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Oct. 8, at 6. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER,** Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. Indiana, Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Friday, Oct. 7, at 8:05. (For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Boxing—Muhammad Ali vs. Earnie Shavers, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Sept. 29. Preliminaries at 8; main bout at 10.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 1** (all games at 1:30): Army vs. Colorado, at West Point. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Pittsburgh, at Chestnut Hill. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Rutgers, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Hofstra, at Fordham. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Colgate, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. St. John's, at Gaelic Park. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 8** (all games at 1:30): Army vs. Villanova, at West Point. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Seton Hall, at Fordham. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Fairleigh Dickinson, at Gaelic Park. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 2: Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Atlanta Falcons, at Atlanta.

Hockey—Exhibition games—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Tuesday, Oct. 4. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Saturday, Oct. 8. (Hempstead Turnpike, Union-

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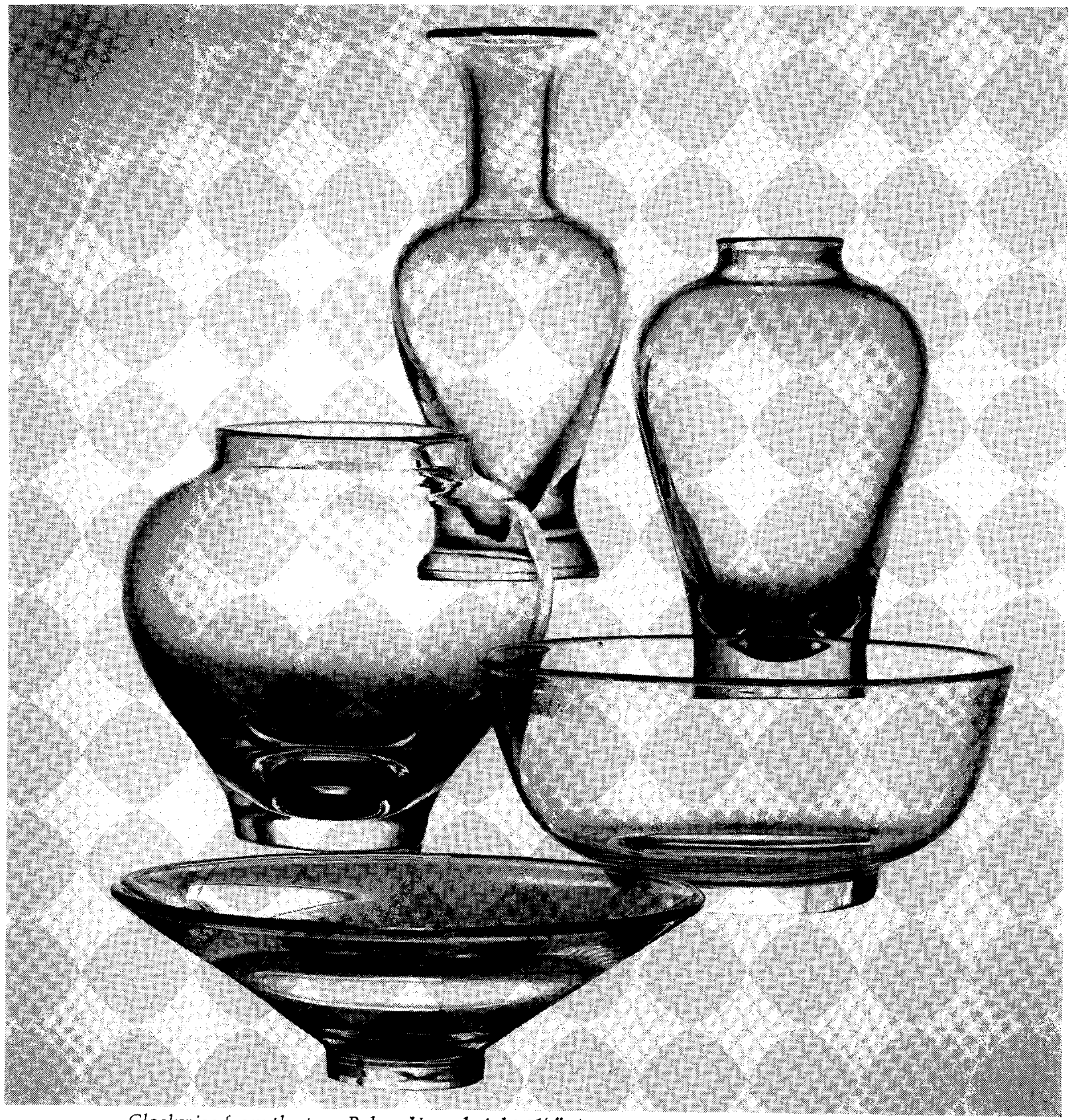

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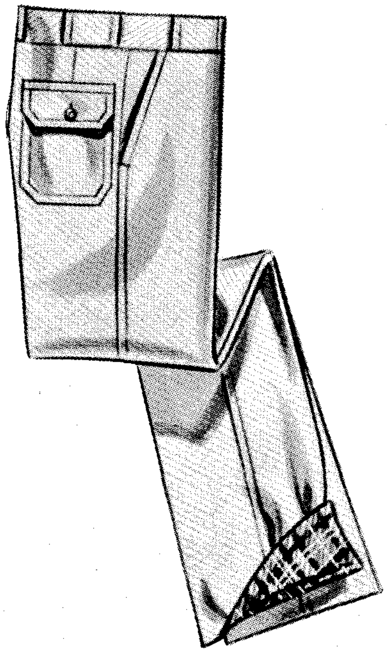

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Games begin at 8:05.)

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 15. The Manhattan Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 28; the Marlboro Cup Handicap and the Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 1; and the Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 8. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Rutgers, Saturday, Oct. 1.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Santos of Brazil, Saturday, Oct. 1, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. a team from China, Saturday, Oct. 8, at 1:45. (For information about tickets, call 484-6010.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 5.

Yachting—The eleventh annual Mayor's Cup Schooner Race, sailed over a course from a point near the Statue of Liberty to a mark south of the George Washington Bridge and back. The starting gun goes off at 10, Saturday, Oct. 1. A spectator boat will embark from the Battery (Gangway 2), at 9:30; for information about tickets, call 766-9072.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—John Updike reading from his own works. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ Irene Worth reading a selection of sonnets by William Shakespeare, as well as his "Venus and Adonis." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Sept. 29, at 10:15 and Friday, Sept. 30, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese snuff bottles, jades, and ceramics; from the Seattle Art Museum and from other sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 29, at 2: American bronzes, from the Medallic Art Company, in Danbury. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 1, at 10 and 2: Oriental rugs, from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs, including work by Timothy O'Sullivan, Doris Ulmann, and Paul Strand; from the Alfred R. Waud Collection and from other sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 11: English and Continental miniatures, from the estate of Greta S. Heckett. Exhibition starts Friday, Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 2:15, and Thursday, Oct. 6, at 10:15 and 2: Miniatures, watches, *objets de vertu*, and English and Continental silver; from many owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Sept. 30.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—The World Series starts Oct. 11 in the home park of the American League Champion.

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Oct. 18 (Kansas City), Oct. 22 (Washington), Oct. 25 (Cleveland), Oct. 29 (Detroit), and Nov. 8 (San Antonio). . . . ¶ The Nets at RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J.: Oct. 9 (Knicks, exhibition game), Oct. 21 (New Orleans), Oct. 26 (Atlanta), Oct. 28 (Boston), Nov. 2 (Los Angeles), and Nov. 4 (Philadelphia).

Professional Football—SUNDAY, OCT. 9: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, and Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Buffalo. . . . SUNDAY, OCT. 16: Giants vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Miami. . . . SUNDAY, OCT. 23: Jets vs. Oakland Raiders, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Washington. . . . SUNDAY, OCT. 30: Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Foxboro. . . . MONDAY, OCT. 31: Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at St. Louis. . . . SUNDAY, NOV. 6: Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Shea Stadium.

Gymnastics—Nadia Comaneci and other members of the Rumania National Women's Gymnastic Team. (Madison Square Garden. Oct. 9.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers games on Oct. 12, 16, 19, 23, 26, and 30, and Nov. 9. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders games on Oct. 15, 18, 22, and 29, and Nov. 1, 5, and 10.

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Nov. 1-6.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Oct. 17-Dec. 23.

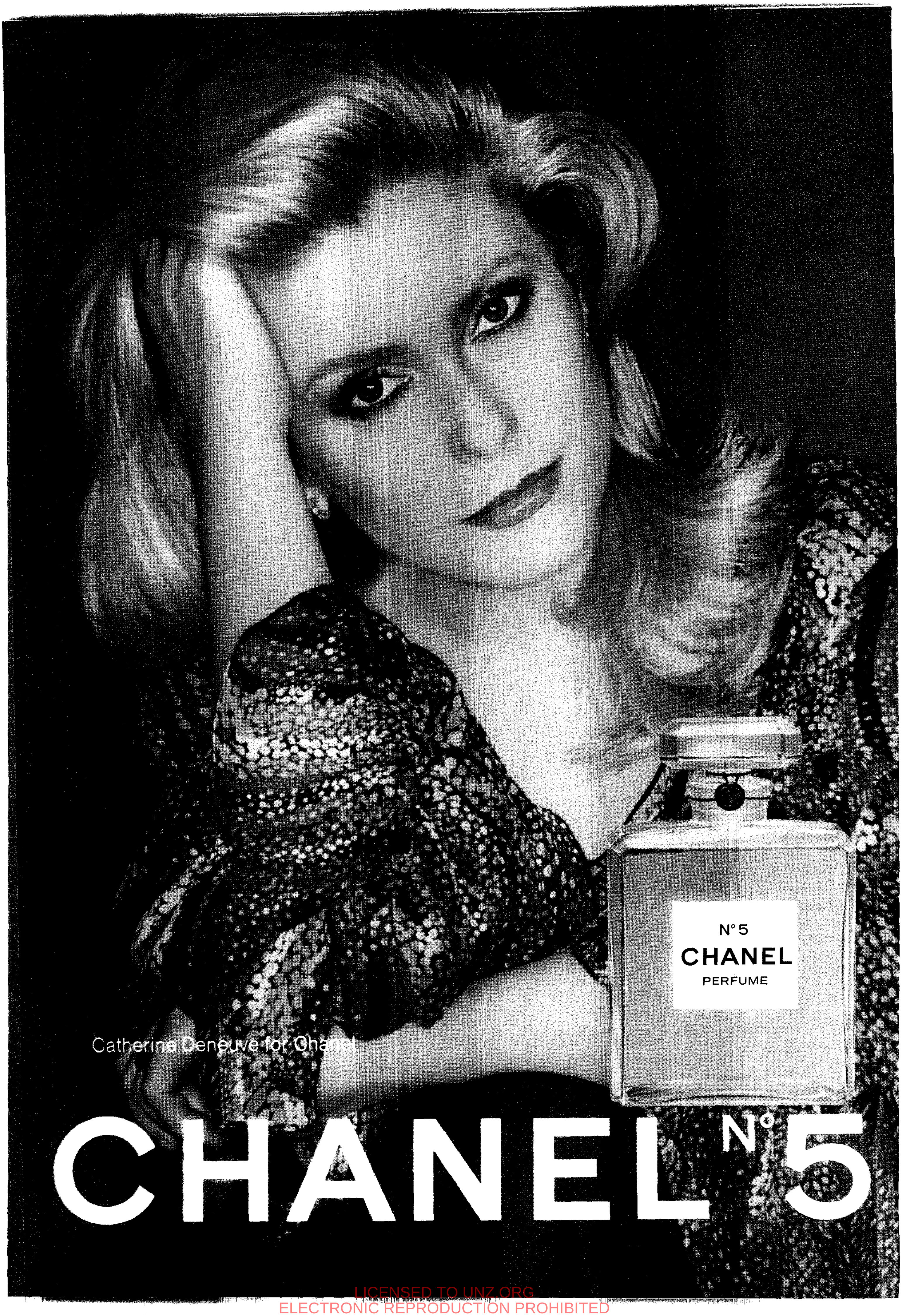
Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Nov. 7-Dec. 31.

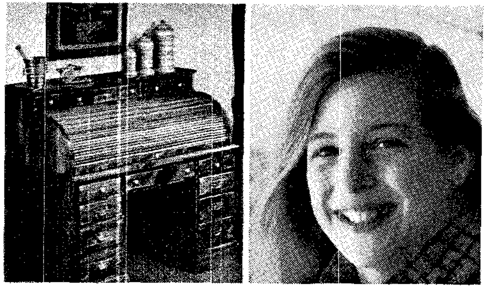
Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (580-9830): The season will open on Oct. 10, with Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov," and will run through April 15. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through April 20. . . . ¶ Ferruccio Tagliavini, tenor, Oct. 16. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 9 and Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Rosalyn Tureck, harpsichord and piano, Oct. 11. . . . ¶ Houston Pops Orchestra, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Richard Tucker Memorial Concert, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Alexis Weissenberg, piano, Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Opening performances here of the Boston Symphony, Seiji Ozawa conducting, Oct. 26-27. . . . ¶ Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Lazar Berman, piano, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 31 and Nov. 1-2 and 4. . . . ¶ Shirley Verrett, soprano, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Ivan Rebroff, bass, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Philharmonia Hungarica, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Slovenian Philharmonic, Nov. 10. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): New York Philomusica, Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Oct. 14, 16, 23, 25, 28, and 30. . . . ¶ Beverly Somach, violin, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ New and Newer Music, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 20 and 22-23. . . . ¶ Our Bach Concert, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Johanna Meier, soprano, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, Nov. 7. . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-6000): Erick Friedman, violin, and Nadia Reisenberg, piano, Oct. 11. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, Oct. 17-19 and 22-23. . . . ¶ Robert White, tenor, and Eugenia Zukerman, flute, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony Chamber Players, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Earl Wild, piano, Nov. 5. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Maro and Anahid Ajemian, piano and violin, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Frederica von Stade, soprano, and Richard Goode, piano, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Julian Bream, guitarist and lutanist, Nov. 10. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Oct. 29-30. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Rosalyn Tureck, piano, Nov. 10.

Dance—Joffrey Ballet, at the City Center, Oct. 12-Nov. 13. . . . ¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 15-Feb. 19.

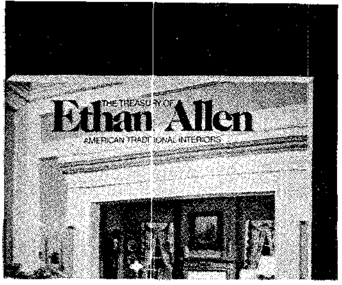
Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "The Night of the Tribades," a drama by Per Olov Enquist, translated by Ross Shideler, with Max von Sydow, Bibi Andersson, Eileen Atkins, and Werner Klemperer. . . . ¶ Frank Langella in the John Balderston-Hamilton Deane adaptation of "Dracula," Bram Stoker's horror tale, originally produced on Broadway in 1927. . . . ¶ A comedy by Judith Ross, "An Almost Perfect Person," in which Colleen Dewhurst will appear. . . . ¶ "The Act," a musical with a book by George Furth, music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, and a cast headed by Liza Minnelli and Barry Nelson. . . . ¶ James Whitmore's one-man show, "Bully," about Teddy Roosevelt, by Jerome Alden. . . . ¶ A comedy called "Some of My Best Friends," by Stanley Hart, starring Ted Knight. . . . ¶ Anne Bancroft as "Golda," in a play by William Gibson. . . . ¶ "Nefertiti," a musical by Christopher Gore (book and lyrics) and David Spangler (music); Andrea Marcovicci has the title role.

Other Dates—National Arts and Antiques Festival, at the 7th Regiment Armory, Oct. 8-16. . . . ¶ Columbus Day will be celebrated on Monday, Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Registration days for the Nov. 8 elections, Oct. 13 and 15. . . . ¶ Bryant Park Flower Show, Oct. 14-20. . . . ¶ Veterans Day is Monday, Oct. 24. (There will be a second Veterans Day on Friday, Nov. 11.) . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time ends Sunday, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 8.


N°5
CHANEL
PERFUME
Catherine Deneuve for Chanel
CHANEL N°5



Sally's only 11, but she's already planning her own room around this Ethan Allen rolltop desk.



The Ethan Allen Treasury gives me 392 pages of ideas–all free! You don't have to buy anything–just go into a Gallery and pick it up.

"I'M MY OWN DECORATOR"

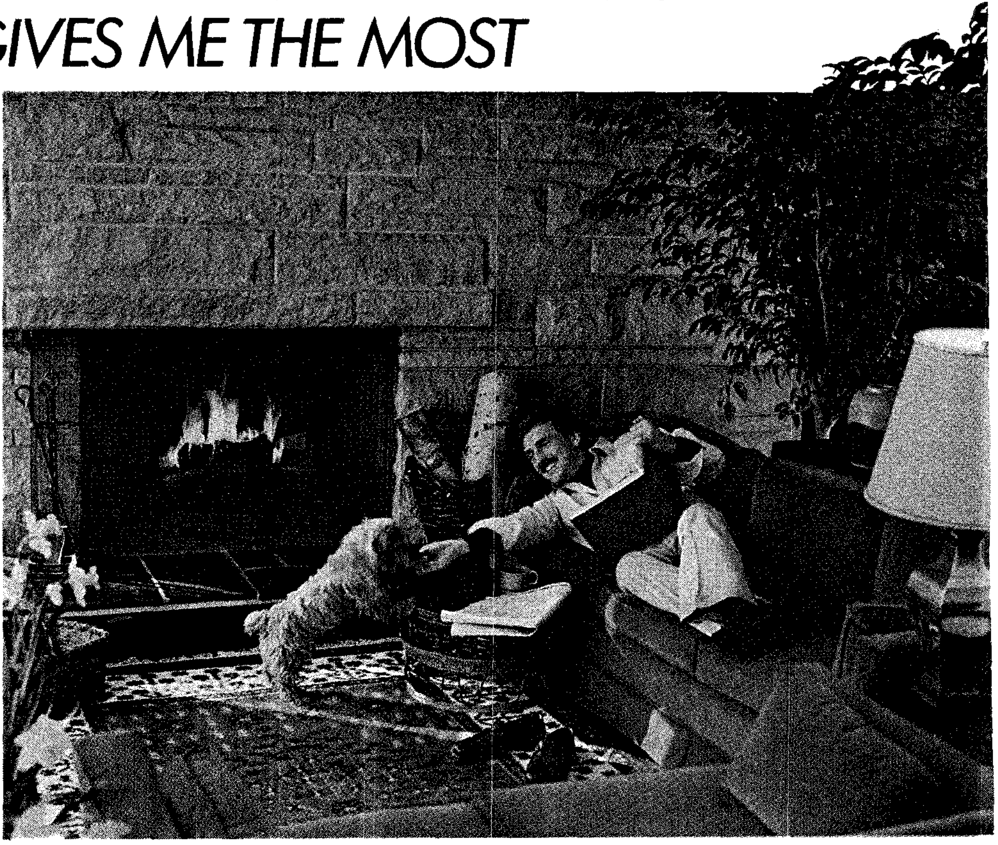
SO I LIKE A STORE THAT MAKES THE MOST OF MY IDEAS, AND GIVES ME THE MOST FOR MY MONEY.

Meet Stephanie, Fred and Sally Rensing. First in a series of stories about the kind of people who furnish their house, their way, at Ethan Allen.

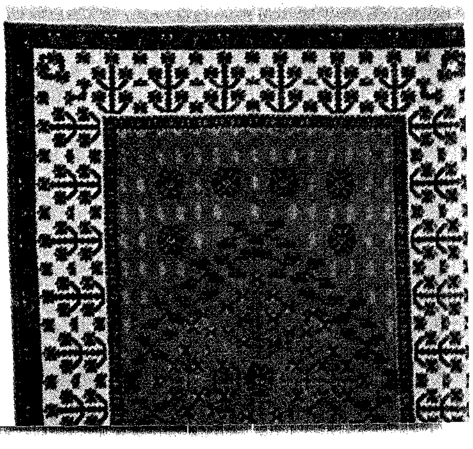
"I've got more ideas than I know what to do with! For me, the hardest part is finding the furniture to express those ideas. The minute I walked into Ethan Allen, I knew I was going to find everything I wanted.

For example, a sofa you can put your feet up on, and relax. That's Fred's idea of what a sofa should be. I agree. Who wants to feel like a guest in his own house! When I saw this Tuxedo sofa sitting next to its matching loveseat in one of Ethan Allen's room settings, I knew it was right for us. Who would have thought you could furnish a whole living room at such a comfortable price.

There's just no end to the help you can get at Ethan Allen. Yet, I get the feeling Ethan Allen really respects my judgement. I wouldn't go anywhere else, because it's the one store that helps me be my own decorator."



The Ethan Allen interior designer helped me pick this fabric and figure out the measurements so the sofa fits exactly. It looks made to order–for a lot less than we expected to pay. And what a find this rug was!

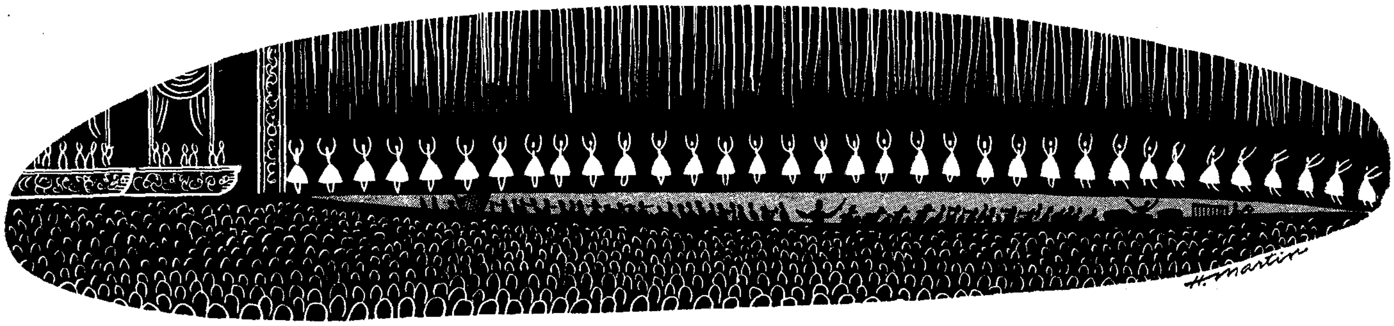


Ethan Allen Galleries

COME ON OVER TO OUR HOUSE
AND FURNISH YOUR HOUSE YOUR WAY.

LOOK US UP IN THE YELLOW PAGES.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE MOVIE HOUSES

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2	3	4	5	6		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Cría!"

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Oct. 4: "One on One" and "White Line Fever."
From Oct. 5: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 29: "Cría!"
From Sept. 30: "The Kentucky Fried Movie."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Star Wars."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Oct. 4: "Swept Away" and "Seven Beauties."
From Oct. 5: "Valentino."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Kentucky Fried Movie."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Sept. 29: "The Last Remake of Beau Geste."
From Sept. 30: "Short Eyes."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Sept. 29: "New York, New York."
Sept. 30-Oct. 4: "The Happy Hooker Goes to Washington."
From Oct. 5: "Valentino."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Oct. 4: "La Grande Bourgeoise."
From Oct. 5: "Allegro Non Troppo."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"One Sings, the Other Doesn't."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Sept. 28: "Pardon Mon Affaire."
From Sept. 29: "Bobby Deerfield."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th (355-1663)
Sept. 28: Theatre closed.
From Sept. 29: "Bobby Deerfield."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Dirty Duck" (X-rated).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Oct. 1: "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden."
From Oct. 2: "Julia."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th (PL 3-0774)
"Outrageous!"

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Oct. 4: "Femmes Fatales."
From Oct. 5: "The Lincoln Conspiracy."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"A Special Day."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Let Joy Reign Supreme."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"You Light Up My Life."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 4: "One on One."
From Oct. 5: "A Bridge Too Far."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 4: "Pardon Mon Affaire."
From Oct. 5: "Valentino."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 4: "The Kentucky Fried Movie."
From Oct. 5: "The Lincoln Conspiracy."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Wars."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 29: "MacArthur."
From Sept. 30: "The Happy Hooker Goes to Washington."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Oct. 4: "Grand Theft Auto."
From Oct. 5: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Oct. 4: "Super Van."
From Oct. 5: "Demon!" and "Rabid."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Pardon Mon Affaire."

Renoir Cinema, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Sept. 28: "Lions Love."
Sept. 29: "Wind from the East."
Sept. 30: "Directed by John Ford."
Oct. 1: "Nathalie Granger."
Oct. 2: "La Rupture."
Oct. 3: "Alice in the Cities."
Oct. 4: "The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum."
Oct. 5: "Strongman Ferdinand."
From Oct. 6: "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" and "The Great Madcap."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"La Grande Bourgeoise."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 1: "Ninotchka" and "The Philadelphia Story." Oct. 2-4: "The Women" and "Dinner at Eight." From Oct. 5: "North by Northwest" and "The Thin Man."
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 4: "The First Nudie Musical." From Oct. 5: "The Lincoln Conspiracy."
Theatre 3: "Stroszek."
Theatre 4: "Dirty Duck" (X-rated).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"MacArthur."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Oct. 2: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 3: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Oct. 4: "One on One."
From Oct. 5: "The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Oct. 4: "Allegro Non Troppo."
From Oct. 5: "Handle with Care."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Black and White in Color."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"A Woman's Decision."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Sept. 29: "Annie Hall."
From Sept. 30: "Short Eyes."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The American Friend."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"La Grande Bourgeoise."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Spy Who Loved Me."
Theatre 2: "Grand Theft Auto."
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 29: "The First Nudie Musical." From Sept. 30: "The Happy Hooker Goes to Washington."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Pardon Mon Affaire."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 4: "One on One" and "Drive-In."
From Oct. 5: "The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training" and "Bugsy Malone."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through Sept. 29: "Providence" (1977), directed by Alain Resnais, with Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig.
Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "Modern Times" (1936) and "The Great Dictator" (1940), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.
Oct. 2-3: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (†); and "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando and Vivien Leigh.
Oct. 4: "The Assassin" (1973), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda; and "Samurai Assassin" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto, with Toshiro Mifune.
Oct. 5-6: "The Decameron" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini himself; and "Accattone!" (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 28: "Pit of Loneliness" (1951), in French, directed by Jacqueline Audry, with Edwige Feuillère and Simone Simon; and "La Religieuse" (1965; "The Nun"), in French, directed by Jacques Rivette, with Anna Karina.
Sept. 29: "The Golden Fortress" (1975), in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray; and "Two Faces: Indecision" (1973), in Hindi, directed by Mani Kaul.
Sept. 30: "Keeper of the Flame" (†) and "Without Love." (†)
Oct. 1: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie; and "Johnny Guitar" (1954), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden, Mercedes McCambridge, and Ernest Borgnine.
Oct. 2: "Uncle Vanya" (†) and "A Doll's House." (†)
Oct. 3: "Il Grido" (†) and "Red Desert." (†)
Oct. 4: "Paule Paulander" (1976) and "Fuses" (1974), both films in German, directed by Reinhard Hauff.
Oct. 5: "Salvation Hunters" (†); and "The

Taming of the Shrew" (1929), directed by Sam Taylor, with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.

Oct. 6: "The Forest" (1973), in Kannada, directed by Girish Karnad; and "The Runaway" (1966), in Bengali, directed by Tapan Sinha.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Sept. 29: "Voyage of the Damned" (1976), directed by Stuart Rosenberg, with Faye Dunaway, Max von Sydow, Oskar Werner, Malcolm McDowell, Orson Welles, and James Mason; and "Hester Street" (1975), directed by Joan Micklin Silver, with Carol Kane and Mel Howard.

Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "3 Women" (1977), directed by Robert Altman, with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule; and "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson.

Oct. 2-3: "Camelot" (†) and "Robin and Marian." (†)

Oct. 4: "Providence" (1977), directed by Alain Resnais, with Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch; and "Harlan County, U.S.A." (1977), a documentary, directed by Barbara Kopple.

Oct. 5-6: "Seven Beauties" (†) and "Love and Anarchy." (†)

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Oct. 1: "Now, Voyager" (1942), directed by Irving Rapper, with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder; and "A Woman's Face" (1941), directed by George Cukor, with Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas, and Conrad Veidt.

Oct. 2-4: "Dancing Lady" (†) and "Torch Song." (†)

From Oct. 5: "Mr. Skeffington" (1944), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Bette Davis and Claude Rains; and "The Catered Affair." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Oct. 4: "The African Queen" (1951), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn; and "Stand-In" (1937), directed by Tay Garnett, with Humphrey Bogart, Leslie Howard, Joan Blondell, Alan Mowbray, and Jack Carson.

Oct. 5-6: "The Pickwick Papers" (†); and "Moulin Rouge" (1953), directed by John Huston, with José Ferrer, Colette Marchand, and Zsa Zsa Gabor.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Sept. 29: "The Fleet's In" (1942), directed by Victor Schertzinger, with Dorothy Lamour, William Holden, and Betty Hutton; and "Every Night at Eight" (1935), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Alice Faye, George Raft, Frances Langford, and Patsy Kelly.

Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, Sara Allgood, and John Longden; and "Sabotage" (1936; "The Woman Alone"), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

Oct. 2-3: "Trouble in Paradise" (†) and "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." (†)

Oct. 4: "Love in Bloom" (1935), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Burns and Allen and Dixie Lee; and "Here Comes Cookie" (1935), directed by Norman McLeod, with Burns and Allen and Betty Furness.

Oct. 5-6: "Big Broadcast of 1936," directed by Norman Taurog, with Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, Amos 'n' Andy, and Burns and Allen; and "The Big Broadcast of 1938." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 29 at 2:30: "Canyon Passage" (1946), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Susan Hayward, Dana Andrews, and Brian Donlevy. . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 6: "A Double Life" (1948), directed by George Cukor, with Ronald Colman and Signe Hasso. . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 8:30: "Crazy House" (1943), directed by Edward Cline, with Olsen and Johnson. . . . ¶ *Sept. 30 at 2:30:* "Newsboys' Home" (1939), directed by Harold Young, with Jackie Cooper, Edmund Lowe, and the Little Tough Guys. . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 6: "Escape" (1948), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Rex Harrison and Peggy Cummins. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at noon: "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man" (1939), directed by George Marshall, with W. C. Fields and Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 2:30: "Magnificent Obsession" (1954), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 5: "Magnificent Obsession" (1935), directed by John M. Stahl, with Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at noon: "The Bank Dick" (1940), directed by Edward Cline, with W. C. Fields, Una Merkel, and Franklin Pangborn. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 2:30: "Lady on a Train" (1945), directed by Charles David, with Deanna Durbin, *Dan Duryea, and Ralph Bellamy*. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 5: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Miriam Hopkins, Herbert Marshall, and Kay Francis. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at noon: "Finest Kind" (1975), directed by Constance Richardson and Peter S. Rosen; and "Hats, Bottles & Bones: A Portrait of Sari Dienes" (1976), directed by Martha Edelheit. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 2:30: "Seven Sinners" (1940), directed by Tay Garnett, with Marlene Dietrich, John Wayne, and Broderick Crawford; and "The Flame of New Orleans" (1941), directed by René Clair, with Marlene Dietrich, Bruce Cabot, and Roland Young. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 6: "Phantom Lady" (1944), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Ella Raines and Franchot Tone. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at noon: "Finest Kind" and "Hats, Bottles & Bones: A Portrait of Sari Dienes.". . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 2:30: "And Then There Were None" (1945), directed by René Clair, with Walter Huston, Barry Fitzgerald, and Judith Anderson. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 2:30: "My Little Chickadee" (1940), directed by Edward Cline, with W. C. Fields and Mae West. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 6: "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with William Powell, Carole Lombard, Alice Brady, and Eugene Pallette. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 8:30: "Unfinished Business" (1941), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Irene Dunne, Robert Montgomery, and Preston Foster. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Oct. 2: "Sincerity—Reel #1" (1973) and "Sincerity—Reel #2" (1975), both films directed by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 4: "The Hand," a video film directed by David Lamelas; and "Dialectical Facts," a video film directed by Ron Clark. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Bresson, Brakhage, Baillie, Sudano, Jannuzzi, Buñuel, Cavalcanti, Clair, Picabia, Cocteau, Dreyer, and others. Showings Sept. 28-30 at 7 and 9; Oct. 1 at 2:30, 7, and 9; Oct. 2 at 8; and Oct. 4-6 at 7 and 9.

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL—A series of international films at Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. *(363-1911)—Sept. 28 at 3:15:* A program of animated films titled "Life in the Fast Lane." . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 6:15: "The Truck" (Marguerite Duras; France). . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 9:30: "Short Eyes" (Robert M. Young; United States). . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 3:15: A program of animated films titled "Soundwave." . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 6:15: "Short Eyes.". . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 9:30: "The Devil Probably" (Robert Bresson; France). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 3:15: A program of animated films titled "Different Strokes.". . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 6:15: "The Devil Probably.". . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 9:30: "Handle with Care" (Jonathan Demme; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 1: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (Pier Paolo Pasolini; Italy). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 3: "Handle with Care.". . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 6: "Heart of Glass" (Werner Herzog; Germany). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 9: "L'Homme Qui Aimait les Femmes" (François Truffaut; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 1: "Omar Gatlato" (Merzak Allouache; Algeria). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 3: "Pafnucio Santo" (Rafael Corkidi; Mexico). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 6: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom.". . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 9: "Roseland" (James Ivory; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 1:15: "Downstairs" (Monta Bell; United States, 1932). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 3:30: "The Letter" (Monta Bell; United States, 1929). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 6:15: "L'Homme Qui Aimait les Femmes.". . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 9:30: "Heart of Glass.". . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 1:15: "Paid" (Sam Wood; United States, 1930). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 3:30: "City Girl" (F. W. Murnau; United States, 1930). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 6:15: "Roseland.". . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 9:30: "Hot Tomorrows" (Martin Brest; United States) and "My Grandmother" (U.S.S.R., 1929). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 1:15: "Transatlantic" (William K. Howard; United States, 1931). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 3:30: "Wild Oranges" (King Vidor; United States, 1924) and "Regeneration" (Raoul Walsh; United States, 1915). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 6:15: "Hot Tomorrows" and "My Grandmother.". . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 9:30: "Omar Gatlato.". . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 1:15: "The Torrent" (Monta Bell; United States, 1926). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 3:30: "It" (Clarence Badger and Josef von Sternberg; United States, 1927) and "It's the Old Army Game" (Edward Sutherland; United States, 1926). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 6:15: "Women" (Márta Mészáros; Hungary). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 9:30: "The Lacemaker" (Claude Goretta; Switzerland).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ACCATTONE! (1961)—Pier Paolo Pasolini's film about a Catholic boy at the bottom of the heap. The characters and the story are simple and anti-bourgeois by nature; Pasolini's coldly humorless theories and haut-bourgeois intellect sabotage practically everything that he hopes to do emotionally in the picture. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 5-6.)

ALICE IN THE CITIES (1974)—Directed by Wim Wenders. In German. (Renoir Cinema; Oct. 3.)

ALLEGRO NON TROPPO—An animated film by Bruno Bozzetto. In Italian. (Little Carnegie; through Oct. 4. . . . ¶ Fine Arts; starting Oct. 5.)

THE AMERICAN FRIEND—With Dennis Hopper and Bruno Ganz, directed by Wim Wenders. (Cinema Studio.)

ANNIE HALL—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. *(Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.)* (Paramount; through Sept. 29.)

THE BAD NEWS BEARS IN BREAKING TRAINING—Highly likable sequel to "The Bad News Bears," with the crew of unruly and matchlessly mismatched kids caught up in a ballgame in Houston that they do well at in spite of a lot of butterflies. Jackie Earle Haley, smoking hard to get around the cops' suspicion that he hasn't got a driver's license, is fine, and graceful at playing the film's characteristic born dissident. (Playboy, and Olympia; starting Oct. 5.)

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1938—One of the best of the pleasantly anarchic Paramount vaudeville shows. This one features W. C. Fields, Kirsten Flagstad, Martha Raye, Dorothy Lamour, and Bob Hope and Shirley Ross singing "Thanks for the Memory," and most of it takes place on an ocean liner. Mitchell Leisen directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 5-6.)

BLACK AND WHITE IN COLOR—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud; at first anecdotal, then ironic and sharp and charming. The scene is West Africa in 1915, when the local French and German garrisons learn that they are at war. The hero is a good-looking, decisive French geographer called Hubert (Jacques Spiesser), who turns a tribe into a pukka regiment. In French. (5/23/77) (Paris.)

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE (1938)—A miscast Gary Cooper in a flat comedy, adapted by Brackett and Wilder from the Alfred Savoir play, and directed by Lubitsch. The gimmick is that Cooper has been divorced seven times; his eighth wife, Claudette Colbert,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tries to make their marriage last by the supposedly hilarious expedient of refusing to consummate it. Her ruses, which include munching on scallions, finally drive him to a nervous breakdown. The cast includes David Niven, Herman Bing, Elizabeth Patterson, Edward Everett Horton, Franklin Pangborn, and Warren Hymer, so there are some alleviating comic moments. The film bears a heavy mark of the studio, but there are background shots of France. (Sacha Guitry may be glimpsed coming out of a hotel in Cannes.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 2-3.)

Bobby Deerfield—With Al Pacino and Marthe Keller, directed by Sydney Pollack. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Baronet, and Coronet; starting Sept. 29.)

A Bridge Too Far—A film too long. Inaccurate, to boot. About Arnhem in the Second World War, with a list of stars of whom only Laurence Olivier is worth your ticket money. (6/20/77) (72nd Street East; starting Oct. 5.)

Bugsy Malone (1976)—An aberration from England, set in New York in 1929 and made with a cast of children, average age twelve. It's a kiddie-gangster musical, with slapstick gang wars—a film that operates on darlingness and the kitsch of innocence. Alan Parker wrote and directed; the score (sung by adults) is by Paul Williams. With Jodie Foster as the vamp Tallulah, Martin Lev as the villain Dandy Dan, and, among the nonprofessionals, the appealing Florrie Dugger as the complacent ingenue Blousey. (9/27/76) (Olympia; starting Oct. 5.)

Camelot (1967)—One of Hollywood's colossal financial disasters. The film of the Lerner-and-Loewe musical (from T. H. White's "The Once and Future King") got so expensively big that it went out of control; the sets and people and costumes seem to be sitting there on the screen, waiting for the unifying magic that never happens. The picture wavers in tone, and it's hard to guess what the director, Joshua Logan, was aiming at, but it does have goodies and oddities tucked in among the elaborate mistakes. Richard Harris's King Arthur is eccentric and unfathomable in the first half, but he achieves some powerful moments later on; Vanessa Redgrave, flying high—sometimes lyrically, sometimes satirically—is a puzzling yet spectacular Guenevere. With David Hemmings as Mordred, Franco Nero as Lancelot, and Laurence Naismith as Merlyn. (Cinema Village; Oct. 2-3.)

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The Catered Affair (1956)—Forgettable. Paddy Chayefsky's TV drama, adapted by Gore Vidal, of whom there is no detectable trace. A Bronx cabdriver (Ernest Borgnine) and his shrewish, socially ambitious wife (Bette Davis) wrangle about whether their daughter (Debbie Reynolds) should have a big wedding or a simple ceremony, in which case the father could invest his money in a new taxi. The wife's leprechaun brother (Barry Fitzgerald)—full of Gaelic shenanigans—gets into this drab argument. Richard Brooks directed. (Regency; starting Oct. 5.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof (1958)—The Tennessee Williams play about the girl (Elizabeth Taylor) whose husband (Paul Newman) doesn't want to have sex with her. Much hocus-pocus about the reasons; when the "true" reason is revealed it sounds the hokiest. But Taylor looks very desirable indeed, and the cast is full of actors whooping it up with Southern accents (Burl Ives, Judith Anderson, Madeleine Sherwood). Directed by Richard Brooks. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 2-3.)

Cría!—A moving Spanish film, set in Madrid, with Ana Torrent as a nine-year-old called Ana. Her mother and her adult self are both played with great beauty by Geraldine Chaplin. Carlos Saura directed, and wrote the screenplay himself. Surrounded by deaths—of her mother, her father (discovered by her in bed with her mother's best friend), her guinea pig—the child has a delicate sense of play; there is a marvellous scene in which she and her sisters dress up and make up and talk as they imagine grownups do when alone together. In Spanish. (6/6/77) (Art. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Sept. 29.)

The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz (1955)—Only intermittently amusing black comedy, made in Mexico by Buñuel. Directed rather indifferently, though the story has a Buñuelian perversity. It's about a man whose attempts to commit murder are constantly frustrated by the deaths of his intended victims. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema; starting Oct. 6.)

Dancing Lady (1933)—Fred Astaire's first movie. Joan Crawford is a dancer with her mind on her work; Franchot Tone loves her but is filthy rich; Clark Gable ignores her but agrees she should carry on at becoming a star overnight. Vivid and fun. (Regency; Oct. 2-4.)

Demon!—With Tony Lo Bianco, Sandy Dennis, Sylvia Sidney, and Sam Levene; directed by Larry Cohen. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Oct. 5.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Jean Harlow, with her bee-stung pucker and her tinny voice, at her comic best. George Cukor directed this witty, much improved version of the Ferber-Kaufman play, with a big-gun cast that includes Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and Edmund Lowe. Among the people who toned up the dialogue were Herman J. Mankiewicz and Donald Ogden Stewart. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 2-4.)

Directed by John Ford (1971)—A documentary about the director, including conversations with John Wayne, James Stewart, Henry Fonda, and Ford himself. Directed by Peter Bogdanovich, narrated by Orson Welles. (Renoir Cinema; Sept. 30.)

A Doll's House (1973)—Ibsen's play, sensibly adapted by Christopher Hampton without leaning on the feminist aspects of the play, which are built in, anyway. Claire Bloom is a ravishingly pretty Nora, taking shelter in the humiliating wheedles and flirtatiousness that finally make her slam the door on husband, children, and the Victorian ideal of femininity. Anthony Hopkins is her aptly torpid husband; Denholm Elliott is Krogstad, wearing pince-nez and mittens. He is a marvellous actor, and this is a memorable study in the savagery of weaklings. Directed by Patrick Garland. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 2.)

Drive-In (1976)—With Lisa Lemole, directed by Rod Amateau. (Olympia; through Oct. 4.)

Femmes Fatales—With Jean-Pierre Marielle, Jean Rochefort, Bernard Blier, and Brigitte Fossey; directed by Bertrand Blier. In French. (Columbia II; through Oct. 4.)

The First Nudie Musical—A spoof of low-budget porno films and the musical comedies of the thirties and forties, with Stephen Nathan, Cindy Williams, and Bruce Kimmel; directed by Mr. Kimmel and Mark Haggard. R-rated. (Loews 83rd Triplex; through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Oct. 4.)

La Grande Bourgeoise—A noble, beautiful piece of work by Mauro Bolognini, set in the Italy of 1897. The story has the quality of a fable. The Countess (Catherine Deneuve), daughter of the famed and powerful house of Murri, is married to a boorish doctor but is in love with her brother (played by Giancarlo Giannini). The Murris are rich Socialists; they excite the rage and envy of poorer fellow-Socialists and traditional monarchists alike. In French and Italian. (8/8/77) (8th St. Playhouse, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Fine Arts; through Oct. 4.)

Grand Theft Auto—Ron Howard and Nancy Morgan, directed by Mr. Howard. (Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Oct. 4.)

The Great Madcap (1949)—Directed by Luis Buñuel, in Mexico. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema; starting Oct. 6.)

Il Grido (1957)—Just before his international breakthrough with "L'Avventura," Antonioni made this flawed yet affecting, mournful, wintery film about the neurotic apathy of a working-class man, set in the muddy Po Valley. It is poetic without being believable. The American actor Steve Cochran plays Aldo, the central character, a skilled worker in a sugar refinery; when the woman he has been living with (Alida Valli) no longer wants him, he falls into a numb despair, and wanders around with his small daughter. He meets other women, but they don't make enough impression on him for him to get a grip on life. Without the moneyed decadence of the characters in Antonioni's later films, the atmospheric gloom seems less chic, more purely depressive. With Betsy Blair, Dorian Gray, and Lyn Shaw. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 3.)

Handle with Care—With Paul Le Mat and

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Candy Clark, directed by Jonathan Demme. (Little Carnegie; starting Oct. 5.)

The Happy Hooker Goes to Washington—With Joey Heatherton and George Hamilton, directed by William A. Levey. (86th St. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; Sept. 30-Oct. 4.)

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden—Anthony Page treats the topic of a pretty, schizophrenic girl (Kathleen Quinlan) with charity and distress. Bibi Andersson plays—marvellously—the therapist who works with the girl in the frightened margins of her life, which is hedged with demons. (8/8/77) (Cinema I; through Oct. 1.)

Julia—Based on a story by Lillian Hellman, with Jane Fonda and Vanessa Redgrave. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Cinema I; starting Oct. 2.)

Keeper of the Flame (1943)—Tracy and Hepburn, but not a comedy, and not good, either. She plays the widow of a "great American;" Tracy is a journalist admirer of the dead man who wants to write the definitive biography. The widow won't coöperate with him and puts obstacles in his path because she's trying to conceal the fact that her husband was the secret head of a traitorous Fascist organization. The screenwriter, Donald Ogden Stewart, had become very political during the war years, and he seems to have felt it incumbent on him to stuff the script (based on I. A. R. Wylie's novel) with anti-Fascism. Tracy is monotonous, and Hepburn looks beautiful but suffers all over the place and speaks mournfully, like a spiritualist's medium. It's a Gothic wet blanket of a movie, directed by George Cukor, with an impressive, wasted cast—Richard Whorf, Frank Craven, Margaret Wycherly, Horace McNally, Donald Meek, Howard Da Silva, Percy Kilbride, and Audrey Christie. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 30.)

The Kentucky Fried Movie—With David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; directed by John Landis. (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ U.A. East; through Oct. 4. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Sept. 30.)

The Last Remake of Beau Geste—Sir Hector Geste, of Geste Manor, gnashes his teeth when his nice wife bears him a beautiful daughter instead of the son he has pined for. At the Wormwood & Gall Boys Orphanage, he picks out the very lad: strong-jawed, blond, destined to grow up into Michael York, a twin wildly held to be identical to the slithery-eyed boy destined to grow up into Marty Feldman (who wrote and directed this recklessly funny film.) (7/25/77) (Sutton; through Sept. 29.)

Let Joy Reign Supreme—Bertrand Tavernier's sage reconstruction of the year 1719 in France, when the Duc d'Orléans (Philippe Noiret) was running the land as regent for the sickly little boy who was to survive—to everyone's surprise, and in the face of many hopes—to become Louis XV. Tavernier tells his story in the present tense that was so subtly used in Rossellini's later films about the past. We are in a world of galloping inflation, corruption in high places, the sleepless nights of the powerful, the puny budget of any possible usurper. Tavernier shows us the luxe, the muddle, the cruelty of the time, with many scenes full of wit, and one sequence that points straight ahead to the Revolution. Highly knowledgeable and intelligent, with a low voice about dreams of power that rings in one's ears long afterward. In French. (9/19/77) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Lincoln Conspiracy—With Bradford Dillman, John Dehner, and Whit Bissell; directed by James L. Conway. (Columbia II, U.A. East, and Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 5.)

Lions Love (1969)—Agnès Varda is probably the finest technician among women movie directors, but she's not too strong on matters of substance in this, her first feature made in America. Viva, fluttering limply, and the two authors of "Hair," Gerome Ragni and James Rado, talk about getting into the movies, cuddle in bed, watch the television coverage of Robert Kennedy's death, and murmur inanities. It all looks very pretty, but the inanity becomes overpowering. (Renoir Cinema; Sept. 28.)

The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum (1975)—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta. In German. (Renoir Cinema; Oct. 4.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Cinema Village; Oct. 5-6.)

MacArthur—A blockbuster film that is an act of homage to egocentricity and battle hunger. Gregory Peck plays the General perfectly: his skill in reproducing the characteristics of a noisy, obtuse, brave, Red-baiting man makes the actor and subject seem uncannily matched. At West Point, stripped of his command, the General has some moving moments: you feel that without war this authoritarian man is made inert and void. (7/11/77) (Guild. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through Sept. 29.)

Nathalie Granger (1972)—With Lucia Bosè, Jeanne Moreau, and Gérard Depardieu; directed by Marguerite Duras. In French. (Renoir Cinema; Oct. 1.)

New York, New York—It begins on V-J Day; Liza Minnelli is a struggling singer, Robert De Niro is a struggling saxophonist, both parts written so as to represent the Hollywood chestnut that ruthlessness is necessary for success. The best thing about this movie is De Niro's firm, swift performance. Directed by Martin Scorsese. (7/4/77) (Trans-Lux East; through Sept. 29.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo in Lubitsch's comedy—the one famous for her laughing for the first time, though it should be even more famous for the way her innate eloquence pierces the Lubitsch kitsch. She is a Russian on the run—to flee a country, or to look for a love, which she somehow manages to make seem everyone's condition. Garbo is implicitly omniscient as no other actress ever seems to have been—the world's parent. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 1.)

North by Northwest (1959)—Hitchcock's amusing, improbable thriller, with confused identities, mad geography, and a classic sequence—the crop-dusting airplane trying to dust Cary Grant. With Eva Marie Saint and James Mason. (Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 5.)

One on One—With Robby Benson and Annette O'Toole, directed by Lamont Johnson. (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, Playboy, and Olympia; through Oct. 4.)

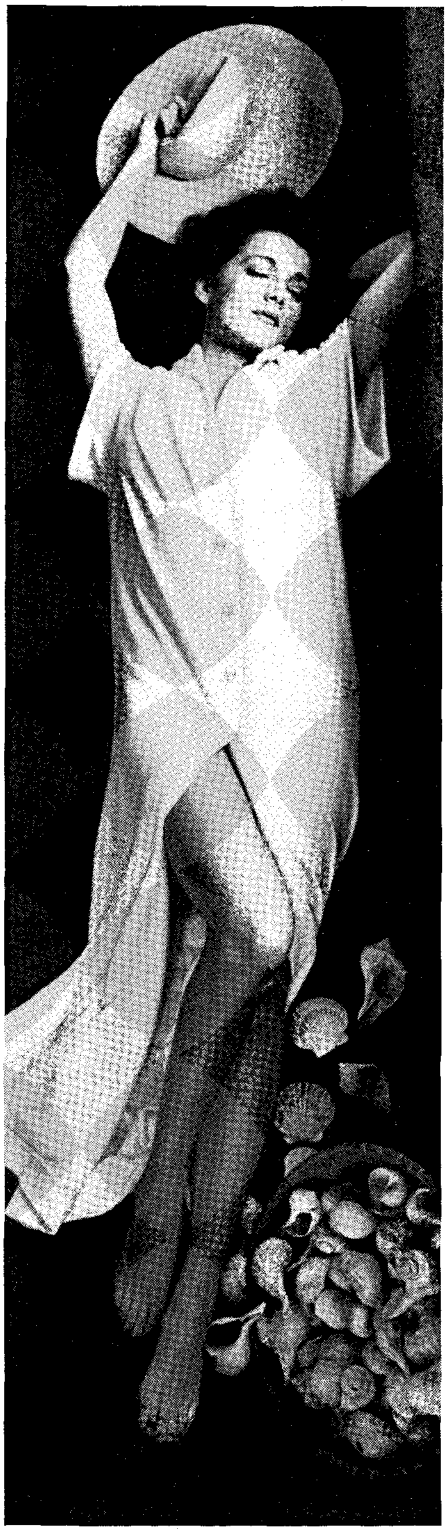
One Sings, the Other Doesn't—Directed by Agnès Varda. In French. (Plaza.)

Outrageous!—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. The outrageous thing about this crass picture is the lines of patient people waiting in front of the movie house to see a piece of work that leans on giggles, not laughter, and easy weeping, not sensibility. (9/12/77) (Cinema II.)

Pardon Mon Affaire—A soubrette of a movie, about a long-faced and very accident-prone Lothario (Jean Rochefort). Directed by Yves Robert, who made "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe." Sabotaged sometimes by coquetry, but its high spirits save it. In French. (8/8/77) (Waverly, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Baronet; Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Oct. 4.)

The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway and on the screen; shiny and commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining—one of the high spots of the big-studio system of moviemaking. As the priggish, wisecracking, patrician Tracy Lord, Hepburn has her choice of Cary Grant and James Stewart, both at their most attractive. Donald Ogden Stewart did the witty adaptation, George Cukor directed. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 1.)

The Pickwick Papers (1954)—Dickens' episodic book almost defies a simple continuity, but the adapter-director, Noel Langley, has been surprisingly successful at cutting through the labyrinth and keeping the enormous collection of characters rattling along. The best is Nigel Patrick's Jingle—swaggering, staccato, outrageously amoral, and finally, because of



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Patrick's creative characterization, the most sympathetic of the company. As the duelling Winkle, James Donald has ethereally absurd moments, and James Hayter's Pickwick is more of a reasonable facsimile than a person, but the only really bad casting is the lamentably immodest Harry Fowler as Sam Weller. With Donald Wolfit, Hermione Gingold, and Joyce Grenfell. This is one of the most enjoyable of the films derived from Dickens. (Thalia; Oct. 5-6.)

Rabid—With Marilyn Chambers and Frank Moore, directed by David Cronenberg. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Oct. 5.)

Red Desert (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's hazy illustrations of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the hazy, polluted atmosphere so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 3.)

Robin and Marian (1976)—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn are wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are full of life, but the picture's revisionist approach to legends results in a series of trivializing attitudes and whimsical poses. As the Sheriff of Nottingham, Robert Shaw makes speeches about Robin Hood's death fixation, and Marian poisons herself and Robin because he's a fool who lives to fight. The line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged; the film is so sententious that it's difficult to gauge when to laugh and when to be appalled. Richard Lester directed, from James Goldman's script; with Nicol Williamson and Richard Harris. (3/22/76) (Cinema Village; Oct. 2-3.)

La Rupture (1970)—With Stéphane Audran, Jean-Pierre Cassel, and Michel Bouquet; directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Renoir Cinema; Oct. 2.)

Salò, 120 Days of Sodom—Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (Festival; starting Oct. 3.)

Salvation Hunters (1925)—Josef von Sternberg made his directing début with this highly symbolic lower-depths film, shot in and around the mud flats of San Pedro, California, on a budget of forty-eight hundred dollars. The characters are derelicts who sit around and think dark thoughts. George K. Arthur is the boy who defends the girl (Georgia Hale) against the advances of a brute who shows his lust by scratching his thigh. The film was much admired by Chaplin, Max Reinhardt, and many other artists, and one can certainly see why. It was fiercely hated by quite a few others, and the reasons for that are evident, too. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 5.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

Seven Beauties (1976)—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (34th St. East; through Oct. 4. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; Oct. 5-6.)

Short Eyes—Robert M. Young directed Miguel Piñero's adaptation of his own play—an insider's view of life in a men's house of detention, centering on the revulsion that prisoners feel toward child-molesters ("short eyes"). The play shows through the documentary surface, and the film's potency is in its words, yet parts of this disorganized, somewhat pedestrian movie seem as good as they could possibly be, and the neo-Cagney cocky humor and the moments of pain, danger, and cruelty suggest that this may be the most emotionally accurate—and so most frightening—movie about American prisons ever made. Shot entirely in the Tombs; with Piñero as Go Go, Bruce Davison as the child-molester, and Joe Carberry as Longshoe Murphy. (9/26/77) (Sutton, and Paramount; starting Sept. 30.)

A Special Day—With Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni, directed by Ettore Scola. In Italian. (Beekman.)

The Spy Who Loved Me—This time around in the James Bond cycle, Roger Moore is 007, and his girl-object, a coldly luscious Russian spy, is Barbara Bach. Much ingenuity of blood lust. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (8/8/77) (Columbia I, Loews Ciné, Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

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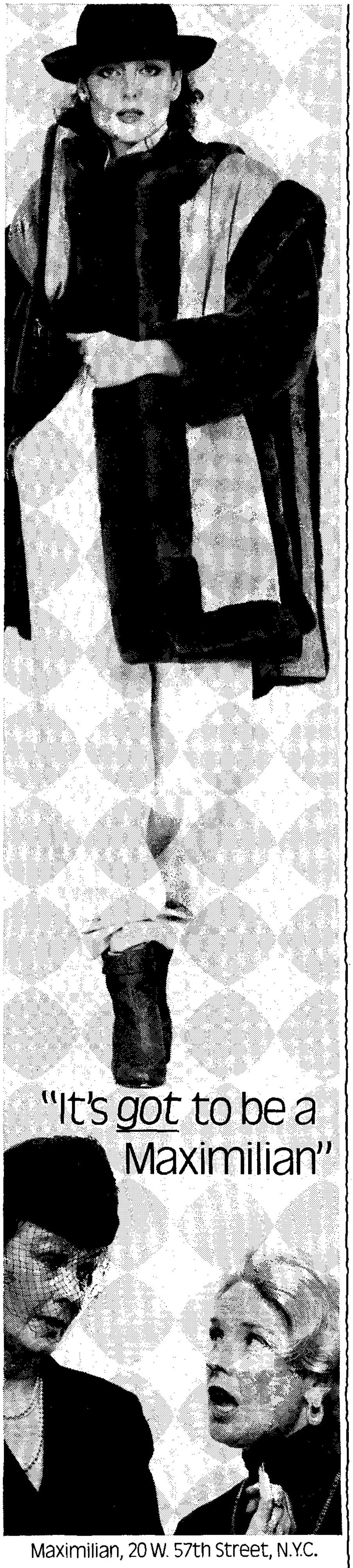
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George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hairdryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

Strongman Ferdinand—Alexander Kluge, who made the light-winged "Yesterday Girl," has directed a film about the perils resulting from the sort of walled-up logic that could produce good Germans who went along with the Nazis. The hero is a security officer in a manufacturing plant. He is a fanatic and, like most fanatics, he goes too far, even to the point of taking up an assassin's gun. He aims to miss but doesn't; his rational explanation of his actions aims to hit home but doesn't. Kluge is a lawyer, and not for nothing: the film is brilliantly reasoned and rather sad about a man on the wrong track. In German. (7/25/77) (Renoir Cinema; Oct. 5.)

Stroszek—Werner Herzog, the West German who wrote and directed this wonderful film, describes it as a ballad. Stroszek, played by Bruno S., feels himself like a castaway going round and round forever—merry-go-round or mill wheel, he doesn't know which. In a key scene, early in the film, a befriending doctor tells Stroszek that he doesn't know how to look after himself, and then shows him a premature baby who, like Stroszek, will be all right, given a little help. A masterwork. In German and English. (7/25/77) (Quad Cinema.)

Super Van—With Mark Schneider and Katie Saylor, directed by Lamar Card. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Oct. 4.)

Swept Away (1975)—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (34th St. East; through Oct. 4.)

The Thin Man (1934)—Directed by the whirlwind W. S. Van Dyke, the Dashiell Hammett novel took only sixteen days to film, and it turned out to be one of the most popular comedies ever made. However, new audiences aren't likely to enjoy it as much as the public in 1934 did, because new audiences aren't fed up, as that public was, with what the picture broke away from. It started a new cycle (as well as a "Thin Man" series) by demonstrating that a murder mystery could also be a sophisticated comedy, and that a married couple—Nick and Nora Charles (she was based on Lillian Hellman)—could drink together, exchange insolent remarks, and have a good time. William Powell and Myrna Loy were the pair, and they delighted the country. A married couple, Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, wrote the script; James Wong Howe did the shooting. The cast includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Cesar Romero, Minna Gombell, Harold Huber, Edward Brophy, Nat Pendleton, Edward Ellis (in the title role), and a famous wirehaired terrier, called Asta here. (Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 5.)

Torch Song (1953)—The viewer is asked to admire Joan Crawford's legs and her acting, which consists of pushing her mouth into positions meant to suggest suffering. The first is easy; the second impossible. In this misbegotten melodrama with some musical numbers, she finally settles for a blind musician (Michael Wilding). Which, all things considered, is a remarkably sensible decision. With Gig Young, Marjorie Rambeau, and Eugene Loring. Charles Walters directed. (Regency; Oct. 2-4.)

Trouble in Paradise (1932)—Ernst Lubitsch's favorite among his own pictures. Herbert Marshall is a polished crook, and his beloved is Miriam Hopkins, as a sweet-faced international pickpocket; both are trying to fleece a beautiful widow (Kay Francis). There is a lot of comedy in the moonstruck but practical style of Lubitsch's lovers, and in the cryptic way Edward Everett Horton suddenly remembers Marshall's identity, saying, "Tonsils! Positively tonsils!" (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 2-3.)

Uncle Vanya (1963)—Probably the best "Vanya" in English that we shall ever see. Directed by Stuart Burge, it is a literal preservation of Laurence Olivier's Chichester Festival production in England, with Olivier as Astrov, Michael Redgrave as Vanya, Rosemary Harris as Ilyena, Joan Plowright as Sonya, Lewis Casson as Telegin, Max Adrian as the fraudulent pamphleteer Serebryakov. The production perfectly catches the peculiar dilemma of Chekhov's great characters, which is that they are tragic heroes fated to seem comic in the eyes of the people they most worship. (4/18/77) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 2.)

Valentino—With Rudolf Nureyev in the title role, directed by Ken Russell. (34th St. East, Trans-Lux East, and Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Oct. 5.)

White Line Fever (1975)—With Jan-Michael Vincent and Kay Lenz, directed by Jonathan Kaplan. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 4.)

Wind from the East (1969)—Jean-Luc Godard directed this film (possibly in association with Jean-Pierre Gorin) from a script he (or they) wrote with Daniel Cohn-Bendit. As originally planned, the film was to be "commercial," and the profits were to help finance the international student movement. But it turned didactic, and there were no profits. Shot in Italy, it is about a group of Marxists who are making a Western while engaging in self-criticism. With Gian Maria Volonte, Anne Wiamzemsky, Glauber Rocha, Godard, and, briefly, Cohn-Bendit in a red sweater. In French. (Renoir Cinema; Sept. 29.)

Without Love (1945)—One of the dreariest films in the Katharine Hepburn-Spencer Tracy series; it has a metallic flavor. The Philip Barry play was extensively rewritten by Donald Odgen Stewart, and not improved. Tracy is a homespun scientist working on a helmet for high-altitude flying, and Hepburn is a widow with a big house in Washington. The wartime housing shortage is the plot excuse for his moving in with her, on the understanding that they'll have a platonic marriage. And guess what happens. Pedestrian direction by Harold S. Bucquet; with Keenan Wynn, Lucille Ball, Patricia Morison, Gloria Grahame, and Carl Esmond. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 30.)

A Woman's Decision—A Polish picture (awful title), directed by Krzysztof Zanussi, that has a touch of "Brief Encounter." An impetuous woman is married to a strict-faced, hidebound man, and she foreseeably falls for a physical-education instructor who is the very symbol of spontaneity and ease. Much the best part of the film has to do not with marriage and reconciliation but with the beguilingly forthcoming woman's excessive emphasis on her own good opinion of herself. And Zanussi goes as far as he probably can go in Poland to draw a picture of a scared, line-toeing director of the office where the woman works. He is obviously a symbolic Communist official, and there is a fine, whining scene when, after manhandling the heroine for standing up for an older woman colleague, he complains of the strain on his own blood pressure. In Polish. (9/19/77) (Cinema 3.)

The Women (1939)—Clare Boothe Luce's ode to wisecracking cattiness, given the full, expensive M-G-M treatment in its first movie version. With Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Marjorie Main, Hedda Hopper, Margaret Dumont, Virginia Grey, and noble Norma Shearer, weeping, weeping. George Cukor directed. (Quad Cinema; Oct. 2-4.)

You Light Up My Life—If the producer-director-writer, Joseph Brooks, had written a script with a few more strands woven into it, he wouldn't have had to overwork the gamine vulnerability of his star, Didi Conn. The single plot thread has her trying to break away from a career as a comic, which her borscht-belt comedian father (Joe Silver) shoved her into in childhood, and find her own way as a composer-singer-actress. The movie is both amateurish and slick—it oozes heart. The scenes go on too long, and there isn't enough in them—they're stretched out with closeups of the heroine grinning or singing (though she's dubbed)—yet it's all so unabashedly on her side that many in the audience (young girls, especially) seem to respond happily. Stephan Nathan is amusingly relaxed as the fiancé born to be jilted; with Melanie Mayron and Michael Zaslow. (Loews Tower East.)

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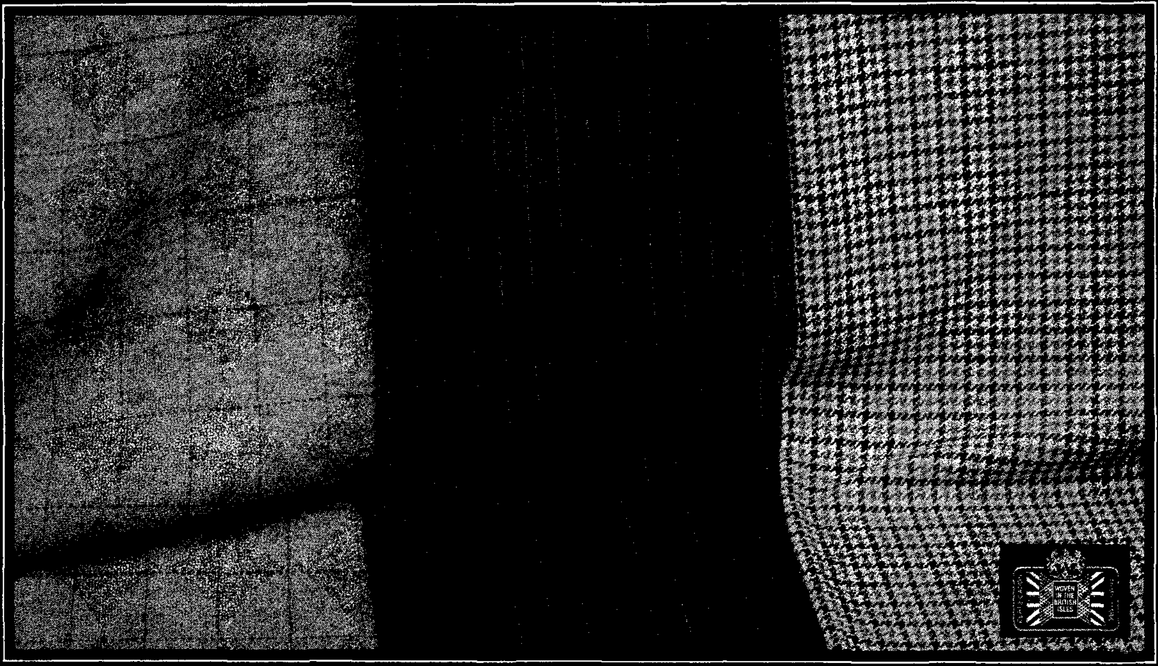

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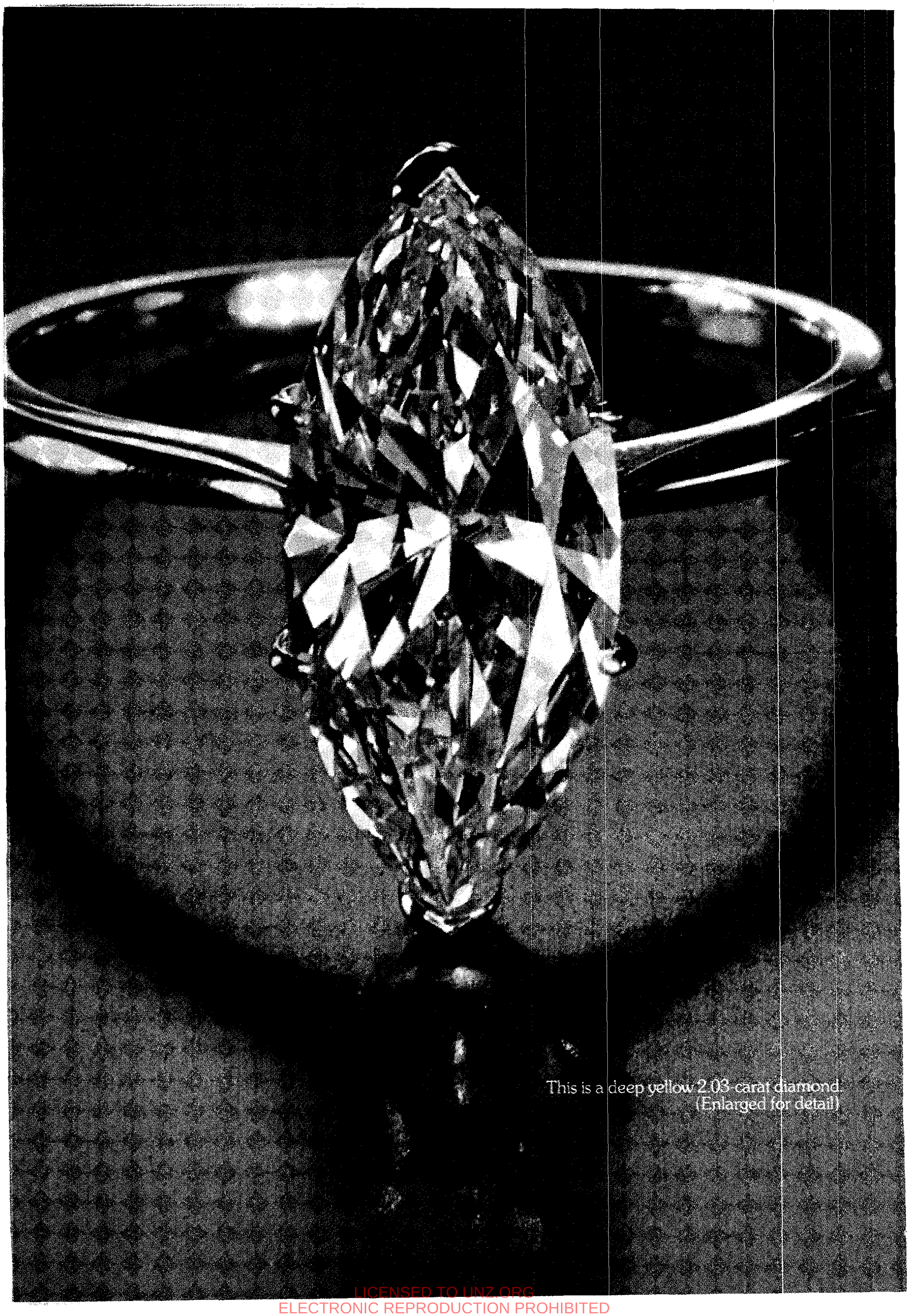

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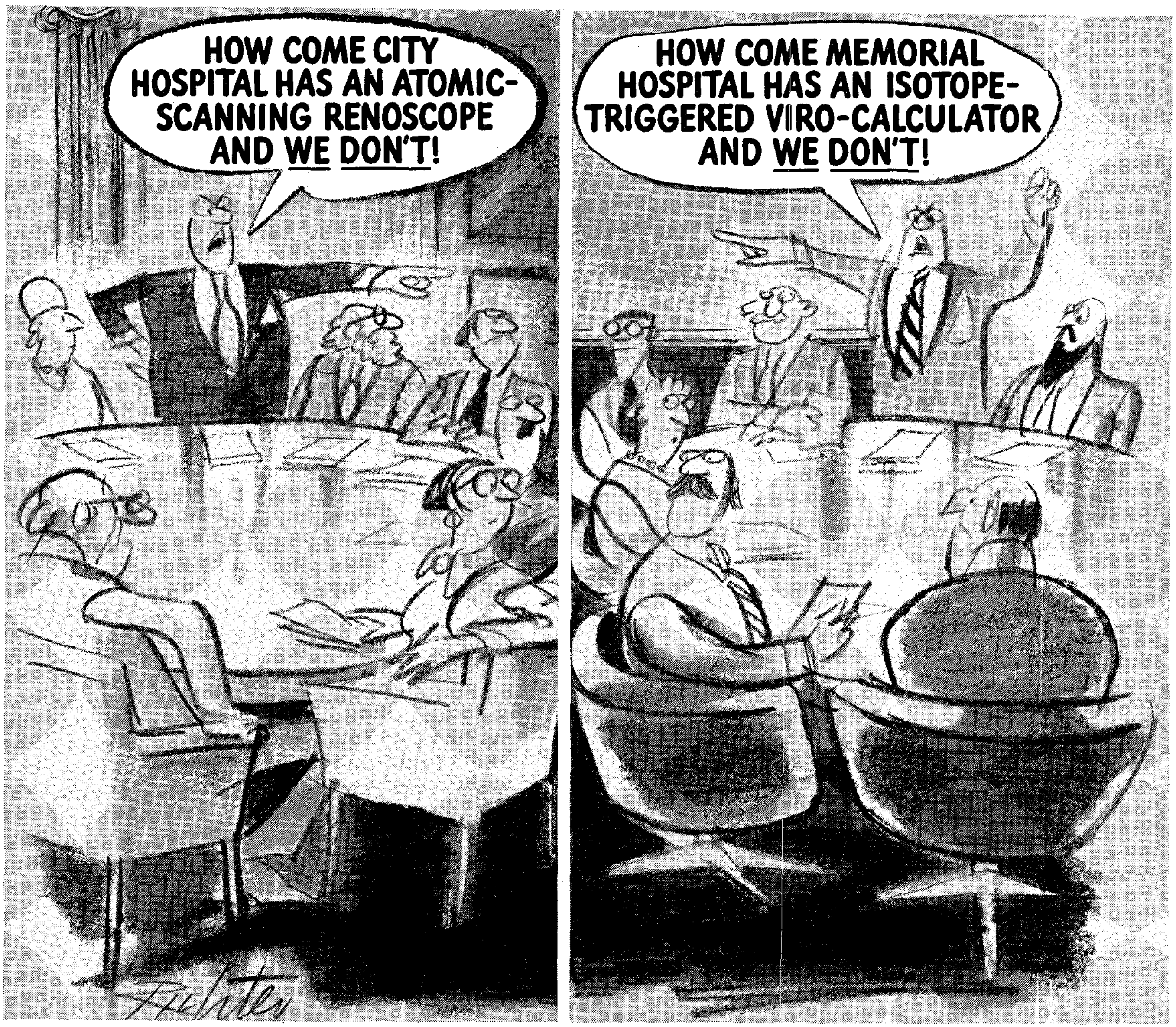
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HOW COME MEMORIAL HOSPITAL HAS AN ISOTOPE-TRIGGERED VIRO-CALCULATOR AND WE DON'T!

Alas, hospitals are only human.

They've got to keep up with the Joneses.

For the hospital board, it must seem a simple logic of survival. Beds are filled by patients. Patients are provided by physicians. Physicians, understandably, are attracted by the latest equipment.

But for us who pay the bills, that logic costs dearly.

Unnecessary duplication of expensive technology is fueling a rampant inflation.[1] The hospital bill—and the health insurance which pays it—is now one of the fastest-rising costs in our whole economy.[2]

Can we slow it down? Ætna believes so. If doctors were to assign patients to *any* of several hospitals nearby, expensive equipment could be shared. Specialized facilities, staff, even beds would be more efficiently used.[3]

Establishing state commissions to set limits on hospital expenditures could help, too. In Maryland and Connecticut, such commissions have been at work since 1974. They've lopped some big numbers off hospital budgets,[4] without reducing the quality of care.

And Ætna is encouraging local medical societies to monitor doctors' use of hospitals. Was the length of stay appropriate? Was admission necessary in the first place?[5] If all of us involved continue to raise such questions, insurance costs *can* be controlled. Don't underestimate your own influence. Use it, as we are trying to use ours.

Ætna wants insurance to be affordable.

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[1] Consider the cost of the CAT scanner, the latest thing in diagnostic machinery. (The CAT—Computerized Axial Tomograph—takes pictures of cross-sections of the body.) If every one of the 6,000 general hospitals in America bought a CAT, the initial investment alone would cost us all nearly *three billion dollars*.

[2] Ten years ago, health care costs consumed about 6% of the gross national product. Today it is close to 9%. Center stage in this inflationary drama is the hospital bill, which has doubled in the last five years!

[3] This principle could eliminate many wasteful situations. In Philadelphia, for instance, 16 hospitals have open heart surgery programs. But according to a government study, only five used them enough to be considered efficient. Waste applies to much simpler equipment, too, like beds. The government estimates there are at least 100,000 unnecessary hospital beds empty each day, at a cost of $2 billion a year.

[4] As much as $45 million saved in Maryland alone, in 1975.

[5] Most medical societies have a "Professional Standards Review Organization" created for just this kind of review for Medicare and Medicaid patients. Ætna believes the potential savings justify such review of all patients.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"OF course, it's not the heat, it's the humidity." An English friend writes to us that this is the comment she has most often heard New Yorkers use about our past summer. She says, "I realize that in England the most common weather phrases are probably 'Of course, it's not the ground mists, it's the pea-soupers' and 'It's not the gales, it's the drafts.' But imagine my surprise when I was taken to a disco on East Fifty-second Street, called New York New York, at which the terrific gimmick is humidity.

"You are dancing quietly—well, not quietly, because the D.J. creates an unusual amount of noise even for discos—when steam begins to hide everyone's feet. The designers call it fog, but most of us would call it steam. It is warm and damp and white. It issues in billows from five vents. It rises and drops to waist level. Three steam vents are in the ceiling and two are in the banquettes around the dance floor, from which cagey spectators can watch jigging demi-bodies. At the same time, there is not only a dazzling light show (including a 'curtain of light' consisting of beams from the ceiling, a beautiful dripping-bead display that is reflected in mirrors to create the disco's 'infinity effect,' and darting minnows in magenta, blue, green, and white) but also non-nicotine smoke gushing down from other vents in the ceiling.

"An amiable P.R. man, Tom Foster, told me that the motif of the disco was *clean taste*. I adjusted. He said that the preferred dress at the place is 'Hedonistic Chic,' that disco dancing is the current way of socializing, and that the accent is really on sensuality. The result of the light show, the steam, the smoke, and the records is 'a marvellous way to break down all inhibitions.'

"I was struck by the success of a disco that so naturalistically and ingeniously creates artificially two of New Yorkers' enemies when they are out in the streets: humidity and pollution.

"This steam, or fog. It is created by dry ice, shovelled into puffing fog machines and coming into contact with water at a high-temperature level. I asked the gentle and serious two men from Design Circuit, Inc.—the firm responsible for the light, music, and foggy effects—what 'high-temperature level' was. They said about a hundred and sixty degrees. The collision of dry ice and water at a hundred and sixty degrees naturally creates a, shall we say, ground mist. Or, rather, waist-level mist. The Design Circuit men agreed that the water had a 'moisture content,' which would account for the fog's being damp, or, rather, wet. The humidity effect, which is not part of the total-environment plan, is added to by the heat of the room, the air-conditioners' having to be turned off so as not to wreck the fog or the shafts of the dancers' cigarette smoke as it rises in the lights of the overhead revolving beams. The wetness is agreeable if you are a woman in tights, but it takes the creases out of men's trousers. I noticed one man peering down at himself when the fog had been turned off for a few moments; he was pinching the trouser legs of his safari suit, trying to press the creases back.

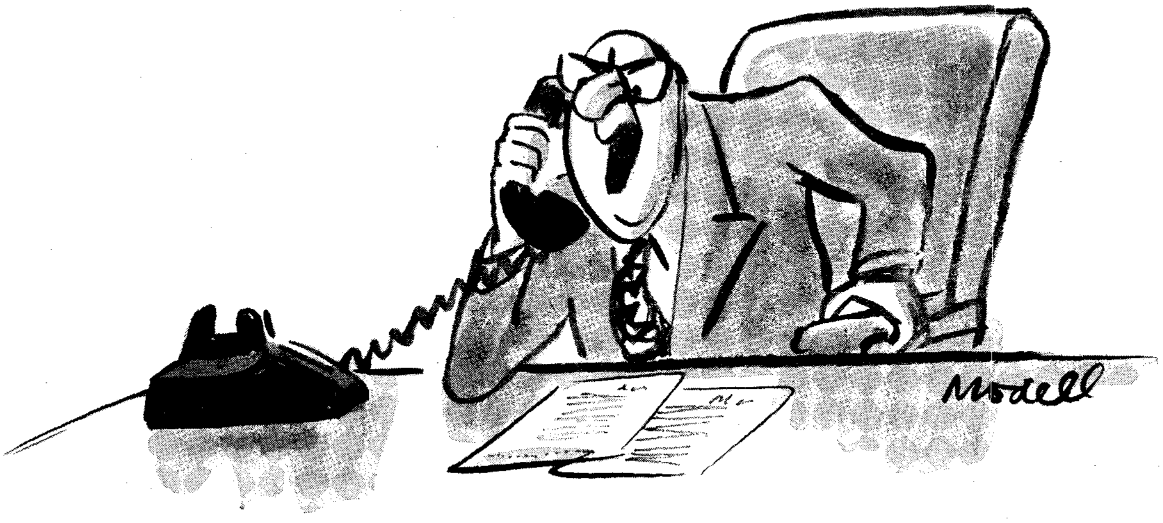
"One of the first things that strike visitors to New York about the city, though inhabitants often don't notice it, is the steam that gushes out of the streets. I asked if this had been the inspiration of the fog effect at New York New York. My informant seemed mystified and said that the idea had been to create an atmosphere of Dr. Frankenstein."

• •

U.N.U.

LET us pass along something of what we've just learned about a new and novel academic institution—the United Nations University. We knew scarcely anything about it, except that it had some kind of headquarters in Tokyo, until we lunched the other day with an old friend from Princeton and Africa, Alexander A. Kwapong, who is currently the Vice-Rector of U.N.U. in charge of planning and development. The Rector is James M. Hester, who was recruited for the top U.N.U. job at the end of 1974, while he was presiding over New York University. Until December of 1975, Dr. Kwapong, a Cambridge-educated classicist—his doctoral dissertation was on the interrelationships of Greece, Rome, and ancient North Africa—was himself presiding over the University of Ghana, on the outskirts of Accra. "I'd known Jim Hester since 1961, when he was a dean at N.Y.U. and I was a visiting professor at Princeton," the Vice-Rector told us. "Subsequently, we sat together on the board of the International Association of Universities, one of a number of organizations that were consulted about the formation of a United Nations university not long after U Thant first proposed the idea, in 1969. When Jim asked me to help him organize a unique kind of university, with its roots in the earth and its head in the clouds, the invitation was too challenging to refuse."

Over salad, Dr. Kwapong went on, "What Secretary-General Thant had in mind when he made his original suggestion was a more or less traditional university that would attract people from all over the world to study basic



"Oh, yeah? You're not the only one who read 'Looking Out for Number One,' you know."

• •

international issues, such as peace. But it soon became clear to those of us who were thinking about it that no university could be truly universal once it was set up somewhere—anywhere. So the concept was modified to that of a university—and I wish there were a better word for what we are—that, instead of duplicating, even if on a grander scale, the work of existing institutions, would complement and reinforce their work through an established network of institutes for advanced research and training, all over the world, and, if need be, would help set up new ones, and would dispatch U.N.U. Fellows to all these places to assist them in searching for solutions to pressing global problems. By December, 1973, when the General Assembly granted the U.N.U. its charter, nearly everyone concerned had agreed that it should be a university with no permanent faculty, no student body, no awarding of degrees, and no football team. And, of course, it had to be nonpolitical. That had raised major questions about how it was to be financed. Academic freedom was a sine qua non, but this would hardly be attainable if one had to go cap in hand each year to national governments for support. So it has been written into the charter that, unlike other international agencies, the university would get its sustenance mainly from the proceeds of an endowment fund. Our governing council, similarly, would not be subject to the winds of political change, being composed of twenty-four individuals who, though they would be selected on the basis of geographical distribution, would represent not their states but themselves."

We asked what the next step was. "Global though we were designed to be, we naturally required a base of operations," Dr. Kwapong replied. "In 1974, Japan made an offer that the U.N.U. couldn't refuse—a hundred million dollars toward our endowment, to be paid in five annual installments, and the promise of even more to build us a headquarters in Tokyo and to take care of certain other future expenses. For the moment, we're simply occupying two floors of an office building in the Shibuya district of Tokyo, but eventually we'll have a site of our own somewhere in the center of the city, with a library and a data bank and offices—no classrooms or dorms or anything like that. Our entire staff to date consists of just seventy people, and we intend to stay lean and spare. Right now, we're concentrating on deciding what our major programs should be. Hunger, human and social development, and the use and management of natural resources are our priority areas. We have to be selective. In September, 1975, U.N.U. brought nineteen experts from sixteen countries to Tokyo to discuss world hunger, and asked them, 'What is being done that we need *not* try to do? What isn't being done well enough? What is the general state of the art?' Their advice was to steer clear of the subjects of food production and population control; these were already oversubscribed areas. What *weren't* being undertaken adequately, they said, were the study of post-harvest food conservation and the study of nutritional needs, especially in the developing countries, which, perhaps, can use our university the most. Accordingly, our Fellows have begun training at the Institute of Nutrition of Central America and Panama, in Guatemala City; the Nutrition Center of the Philippines, in Manila; and the Central Food Technological Research Institute, in Mysore, India. The Fellows have one- to two-year appointments, and are largely postdoctoral mid-career scholars. We'll naturally try to pick them from all over, but, unlike some universities, U.N.U. will have no quota system."

Dr. Kwapong shook his head. "Unfortunately, Jim Hester and I haven't been able to devote as much time to our programs as we'd like, because we've been too busy fund-raising," he said. "Our goal is an endowment of five hundred million dollars. With an eight-per-cent return on that, we could function quite nicely. We hope to raise it all by 1981, but so far it's been slow going. Jim and I have been to fifty-five countries in the last twenty months, and in addition to what Japan has put up we have only twenty-six million dollars in contributions or firm pledges, from fifteen other nations—ten million of it from Venezuela. We have been received with great sympathy and enthusiasm but with little cash. The African nations have led the way, whereas the major industrialized nations have dragged their heels. We had hoped that the United States would match Japan's generosity, but your House of Representatives voted us merely ten million dollars, and then your Senate rejected that. I'm afraid that we materialized at a time when the United States was not very happy about the United Nations. The sooner the larger industrialized countries help us, though, the better it will be for all concerned. France has promised us a substantial contribution before long, and we have heard very encouraging noises from Poland. But, as it stands, we're in the position of having been born and needing to beg for existence. I was pleased, however, when Ghana came through not long ago with a promise—a truly robust one, considering its limited capacities—of two and a half million dollars. I'd been at the university there for twenty-three years, and I'd told them that they ought to pay something to

U.N.U. for taking me off their hands, but I hadn't really expected they'd respond as handsomely as that."

Taxi Jokes

A FEW months ago, we thoughtlessly permitted our subscription to *Taxi Drivers Voice*, the organ of the New York City Taxi Drivers Union Local 3036, to lapse. Then, the other day, somebody left a copy next to us on the subway, and when we picked it up and began to read, we were reminded that to ignore the *Taxi Drivers Voice* is to live without one convenient method of monitoring the pulse of the megalopolis. Of particular interest was an editorial titled "Taxi Driver Humor." Here is a memorable passage:

> Since Time began, or at least since the dawn of the Taxi Age, we have been the butt of comics' jokes from coast to coast. Sometimes these jokes can be cruel and personal and they hurt very much, but most of the time they are the same jokes told by cab drivers themselves when they are together.

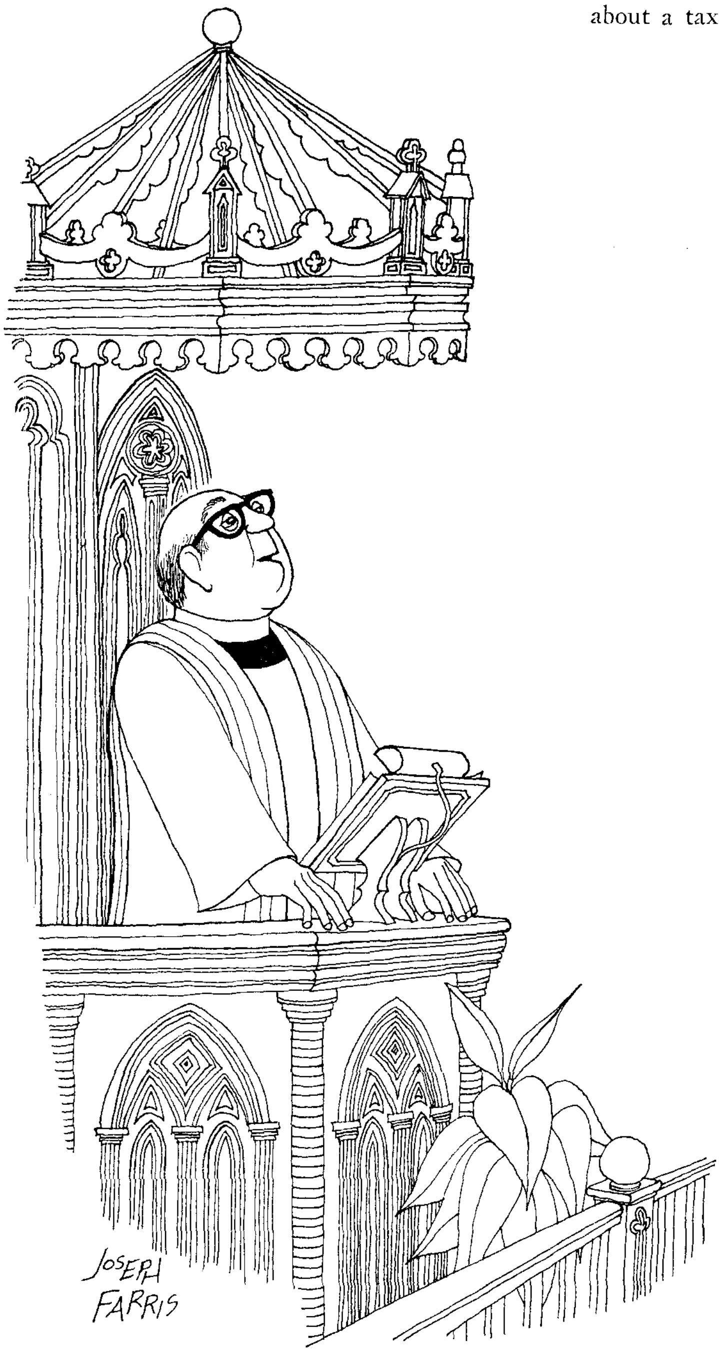
Taxi drivers, the editorial seemed to be saying, are just another oppressed minority. The writer went on to suggest that instead of trying to "stall the career of a Johnny Carson, a Dick Cavett, or an Alan King"—a thought that has apparently occurred to some vengeful hackmen—they should learn to laugh along with the jokes. This is an intelligent and humane sentiment, hard to quarrel with even for those of us who have negligently strolled into the Taxi Age without a single taxi-driver joke in our arsenal of slurs. To be able in the future to laugh along with cabbies when they magnanimously laugh at themselves, we went to visit Ben Goldberg, the president of Local 3036 and the managing editor of *Taxi Drivers Voice*, at the union headquarters, on Park Avenue South, to ask if he would recite a few selections from his private canon of taxi-driver humor. We were received in Mr. Goldberg's office—which, in addition to a desk, a couch, and filing cabinets, contained a large portrait of Harry Van Arsdale, Jr., the founder and president emeritus of Local 3036, and photographs of various union officials and mayors and governors—but before we were introduced to Mr. Goldberg, we spoke with his son Larry, a reporter for *Taxi Drivers Voice* and co-author of the editorial. Occasionally—when he isn't busy reporting or driving a cab—Larry Goldberg, a heavyset young man, performs a stand-up comedy routine. As a rule, his repertoire includes a lot of jokes about dieting and television commercials, but it has nothing to do with taxis. His last public appearance, he told us, had taken place a couple of weeks before at the Pan American Motor Inn, on Queens Boulevard. Then Larry Goldberg explained the motive behind the editorial reflections upon taxi-driver humor. "In that column, we were telling the driver that the comedian doesn't dislike him, as a driver, personally, so the driver shouldn't attack him personally," he said. "You'll often find, especially among some of the independent taxi owners and the mini-fleet operators, that if someone on television says something derogatory about a taxi driver, they will react by saying negative things about that comic's personality."

We asked Larry Goldberg to give us an example of the sort of joke that taxi drivers might tell among themselves.

"Well, you might hear a guy around the garage tell the other drivers about a passenger getting in the cab and asking the driver if he would please refrain from smoking," he said. "And the driver might say, 'So I put out the cigarette, but I used the guy's hand as an ashtray.' " He paused, and then said, "No, that's not really a joke, that's just a crack. Oh, yeah, I know one. Here. 'What's yellow and goes up Third Avenue sixty miles an hour at one o'clock in the morning?' Now, most people will naturally say 'A taxi,' but the correct answer is 'A tow truck.' "

"That's not really a taxi joke," we said. "That's a tow-truck riddle."

"O.K., then, I've got one," said Ben Goldberg, who had come in and taken a seat on the couch. "I don't know if you'd call this a joke, but it's a true story that once happened to me in Brooklyn. I picked up a guy at the corner of



"And next Tuesday, at eight o'clock, there will be a special meeting in the annex to consider moving the parish to the Meadowlands."

Marcy Avenue and Broadway, and I heard him say, 'Keep on Broadway.' So I'm driving and driving, and all the way he's saying what sounds like 'Keep on Broadway. Keep on Broadway.' Finally, we get to the end of Broadway, where it runs into Fulton Street, and I turn to him and say, 'Now which way?' And the passenger says he wants out at Keap on Broadway—so I realized that all along he really meant Keap Street *at* Broadway, but I thought he'd been telling me to *keep going* on Broadway. Get it?"

As Mr. Goldberg finished recounting this incident, a retired driver named Howard Richman appeared in the office with a question about some union matter. "Hey, Howie," said Mr. Goldberg, "you know any taxi-driver jokes?"

Mr. Richman did not. However, he did summon up a story in the Keap-on-Broadway vein, about a young couple who wanted to be driven to a Manhattan night club but were taken instead to a garbage dump in Astoria, Queens. "What they wanted was some joint called The City Dump, but I gave 'em the *city dump*. See, I take everything literally. Ya got that?" Mr. Richman was literally convulsed with laughter.

Next, the Goldbergs, junior and senior, gave us a guided tour of the union offices, and along the way we met another retired driver, a man named Harry Hoffman.

"I got one," said Mr. Hoffman. "A guy gets into a taxi on Park Avenue and says to the driver he wants to go to London. The driver says, 'Are you kidding?' The passenger says, 'No. Just drive over to the pier. We'll get on the Queen Mary. You keep the meter running the whole time. I'll pay you.' So they get on the boat and cross the Atlantic and they land in England and get off the boat and drive to London, and the driver lets the passenger off at Trafalgar Square, or wherever, and the passenger pays him and leaves a big tip. Now the driver realizes that he's got to get back to New York the same way he came over. So he's driving through London on his way to catch a boat, and a guy flags him down and asks for a lift. The driver says he's going to the United States. The guy says, 'Terrific, that's where I wanna go. Do you happen to know where Flatbush Avenue is?' And the cabby says, 'Sorry, Mister, but I can't take you. I don't go to Brooklyn.' "

We thanked Harry Hoffman and walked toward the elevator with Larry Goldberg. While we waited for the car to arrive, he introduced us to Mike Rosenthal, the recording secretary of the union, and Edward Zarr, a vice-president.

"Taxi jokes," Mr. Goldberg said. "Let's hear some taxi jokes."

There was a moment of silence, and then Mr. Zarr said, "Oh, yeah, I got one. You hear the one about the guy who wanted to go to London?"

Encyclopedists

WITH an advertising fanfare that promises to attain gale force at any moment, Random House has just presented to the reading public its brand-new, one-volume Random House Encyclopedia, which is formally priced at seventy dollars, take a nickel. Our advance word on this event came to us in the form of a fat press kit, stuffed with fact sheets and kind words about the work, from Harriet Blacker Algrant, the director of publicity at Random House. According to one of these fact sheets, the Random House Encyclopedia is "the first one-volume encyclopedia designed for the entire family in today's visually-oriented world," is "the first general encyclopedia in which pictures are truly integrated with text to convey information more clearly than ever before," and is "a complete reference sourcebook of the world's basic knowledge illuminated with thousands of full-color illustrations." Furthermore, it possesses what are called unique features. There is a "*Colorpedia:* 1,792 pages (875 double-page text and picture spreads plus seven introductory essays) that cover the entire thematic flow of subject matter from the Universe, through Earth, Life on Earth, Man, History and Culture, Man and Science, Man and Machines," which is accessible by cross-index from the "*Alphapedia:* 822 pages. More than 25,000 entries, from *Aachen* to *zygote*, with entries ranging from 20 to 1,500 words in length, with 1,600 black-and-white illustrations," and these are supplemented by an "80-page full color *Rand McNally Atlas of the World* and 48-page *Atlas Index* with 24,000 geographic names," a "48-page *Time Chart* presenting parallel events in all major aspects of history and culture in world civilization from prehistory to the present," an "8-page *Flags of the World*," and an "Extensive *Bibliography* for major subject areas." We learned that the book contains "more than 3,000,000 words," covering 2,856 pages—1,920 with color—and weighs eleven and a half pounds.

A few days later, we got our first quick look at the new encyclopedia, and upon riffling through it, without perusing more than a few of those 2,856 pages, we found it a lively-looking work, readily distinguishable by the brevity of its textual treatment, a relatively uncomplicated writing style, and the close relationship of its text and its often striking illustrations, which appear together in a double-page-spread layout style somewhat reminiscent of the educational picture-essay layouts that *Life* used to run from time to time. So when Mrs. Algrant telephoned to let us know that James Mitchell, the editor-in-chief of the Random House Encyclopedia, was coming to town from London, where he is chairman of the publishing firm of Mitchell Beazley, Ltd., to promote the new work in major cities across this country, we made an appointment to have a talk with Mr. Mitchell, and met him, together with Robert L. Bernstein, the chairman of the board, president, and chief executive officer of Random House, and Mrs. Algrant, in Mr. Bernstein's office at Random House headquarters, on East Fiftieth Street. Mr. Mitchell is a tall, round-faced, genial man in his late thirties. We found Mr. Bernstein, who has a freckled face and is even taller, to be genial, too. Ditto for Mrs. Algrant, who's a vivacious, dark-haired woman. Mr. Mitchell said that he and Mr. Bernstein had just put in an appearance on the "Midday" program on WNEW-TV to discuss the new encyclopedia, and that they had found themselves the friendly targets of a game that Mr. Mitchell said encyclopedists simply had to get used to: "The interviewers tried to catch us out on things they maintained should be in the encyclopedia and weren't."

We asked Mr. Mitchell for an example of what his interrogators claimed he had left out of the Random House Encyclopedia.

"The twelve apostles," Mr. Mitchell said, and he went on, "I was able to point out that the subject of the twelve apostles is dealt with in two sections in the encyclopedia; they occur in the 'Alphapedia,' under 'Apostle,' and, appropriately cross-referenced, in the 'Colorpedia,' under the heading 'Christ and the Apostles,' which can be found readily in a 'History and Culture' section that is placed between a section on Roman art and one on Roman literature." He added, "This happened to be one of the most difficult sections in the encyclopedia to handle, and I am pleased with what we did. I have been particularly interested in all the material on religion—my own training at Cambridge

University gave me a degree in theology—and I found the first two articles submitted to me as editor on Christ and the apostles to be inadequate. As a consequence, I tried to write this section myself, and completely failed, and learned in the process how difficult it is to present concisely the essentials of a given subject."

At our request, Mr. Mitchell sketched some of the background of the origins and development of the encyclopedia. He told us that the idea for it arose out of the work that he and his then partner, the late John Beazley, had done in England as publishers of such illustrated volumes as "Great Architecture of the World," "The World Atlas of Wine," and "Moon Flight Atlas." "The author of the last of these was the British astronomer Patrick Moore," Mr. Mitchell said. "On July 20, 1969—I remember the date because it was both my thirtieth birthday and the day on which a man first landed on the moon—my partner and I were having a talk in a London pub with Patrick Moore about the particular reference techniques and the relationship of visual material and text that we had worked out in the 'Moon Flight Atlas,' and Moore suggested that we might apply these ideas to producing a family encyclopedia." As a result, Mr. Mitchell said, he and his partner pursued such a project, but for the next few years they were unable to obtain the necessary financial backing. "Then, in the early nineteen-seventies," he said, "we got an invitation from a Dutch company that was working on a multivolume, Britannica-style encyclopedia to provide its editors with the sort of more or less orthodox illustrative material to be found in such encyclopedias. We arranged with them to allow us to provide some eight thousand specially designed diagrams and other visual material related to the text, on condition that we could use the same visual material in an eventual single-volume encyclopedia to be put together by us." As a result of this arrangement, Mitchell Beazley and the Dutch publisher formed a joint venture, which in due course employed the services of a large number of writers and artists. When financing out of Mitchell Beazley's own resources the kind of single-volume work that the firm had in mind proved difficult, the Random House people, who themselves had been interested in producing a single-volume encyclopedia but hadn't been able to muster all the very large necessary resources, got together with Mitchell Beazley in a joint arrangement under which the integrated-text-and-picture section—the "Colorpedia"—produced by Mitchell Beazley would be supplemented, with a suitable cross-referencing system, by an alphabetically arranged section—the "Alphapedia"—to be prepared here by Random House under the editorial direction of Jess Stein, a Random House vice-president. Altogether, the project has cost Random House and Mitchell Beazley about ten million dollars and has involved the work of eight hundred and thirty-seven writers, artists, and editors, working on both sides of the Atlantic. So far, Mitchell Beazley has licensed thirteen other publishers in Europe, Africa, and Asia to produce their own versions of the encyclopedia. (In England, Mitchell Beazley itself is putting it out in multivolume form, under the title "The Joy of Knowledge.")

"Where other encyclopedias are the last word, we look upon this encyclopedia as the first word," Mr. Bernstein said. "We want it to remain an enjoyable experience. The imaginative use of the illustrations persuades you, as the reader, to take a broader look at a particular subject you may have looked up for the purpose of answering a relatively narrow question. It encourages you to use the peripheral vision of your mind." To help in the general effort, Random House is spending a million dollars on advertising the new encyclopedia—surely a record sum for a single book. Half of that sum will be used for television commercials, most of them to be run on the networks in prime time. "There will be no door-to-door sales solicitation for *this* encyclopedia," Mr. Bernstein told us, "and there will be none of those old appeals to parental guilt—'Don't you want to invest in your children's education?'—in our advertising. All we'll be saying in our ads, really, is 'Look at the book.' "

"A word of caution. Pretense is anathema to Brodner."

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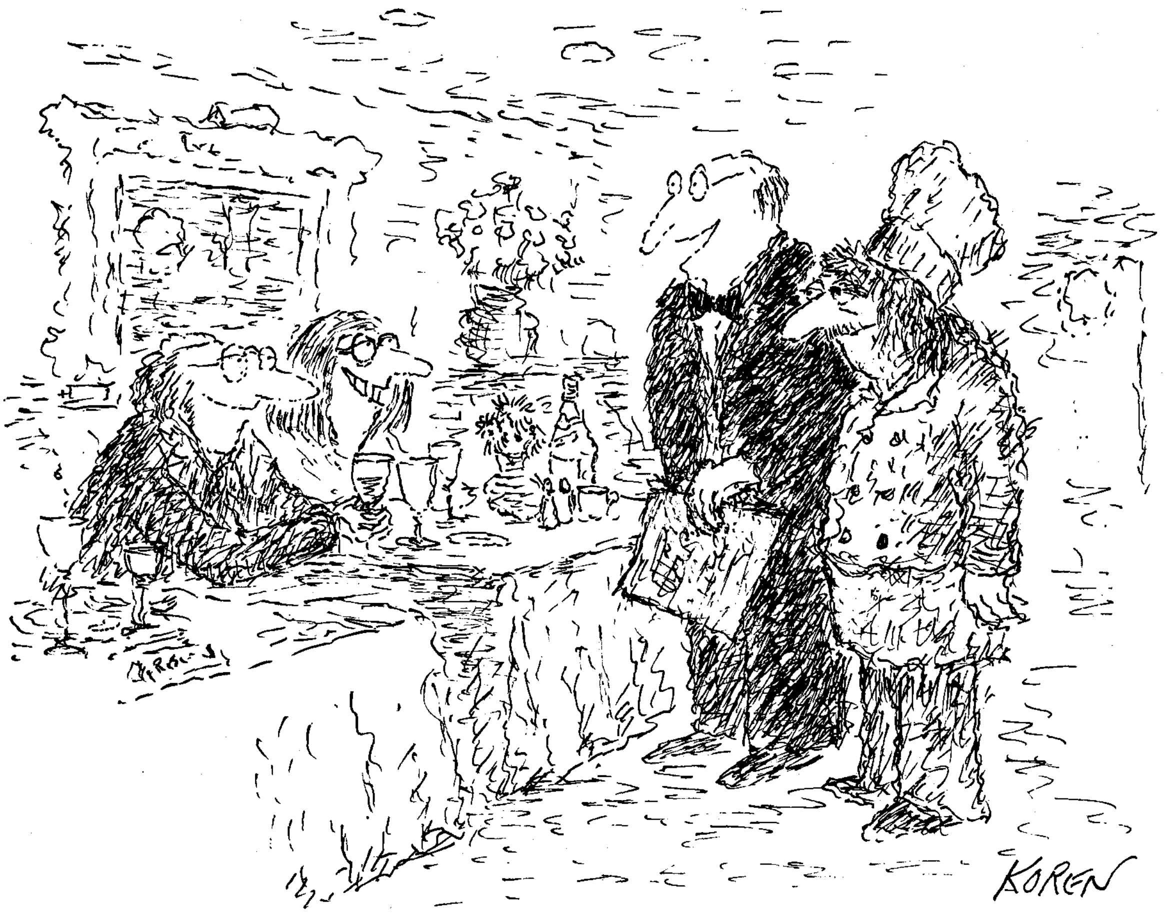
BOBBY BISON'S ENERGY BUDGET FOR THE EIGHTIES

THESE days if you press Bobby too closely about his energy budget, Bobby will get too anxious. Bobby has been under a lot of pressure. We have had to line his office with long strips of absorbent cotton—like the cotton found at the tops of vitamin jars but dyed black—to keep out the noise and light. Bobby has not had time for a haircut or a manicure, and he is a little depressed about his appearance. His fingernails, which really are much too long at this point, go *click-click-click* on the keys of his typewriter when he sits down at his typewriter to type up his Energy Budget for the Eighties. Sometimes just that sound (*click-click-click*) is enough to distress Bobby and he has to go back into semi-seclusion. We have suggested that Bobby *dictate* his Energy Budget for the Eighties to one of us, but Bobby doesn't trust us completely for a job of this sensitivity.

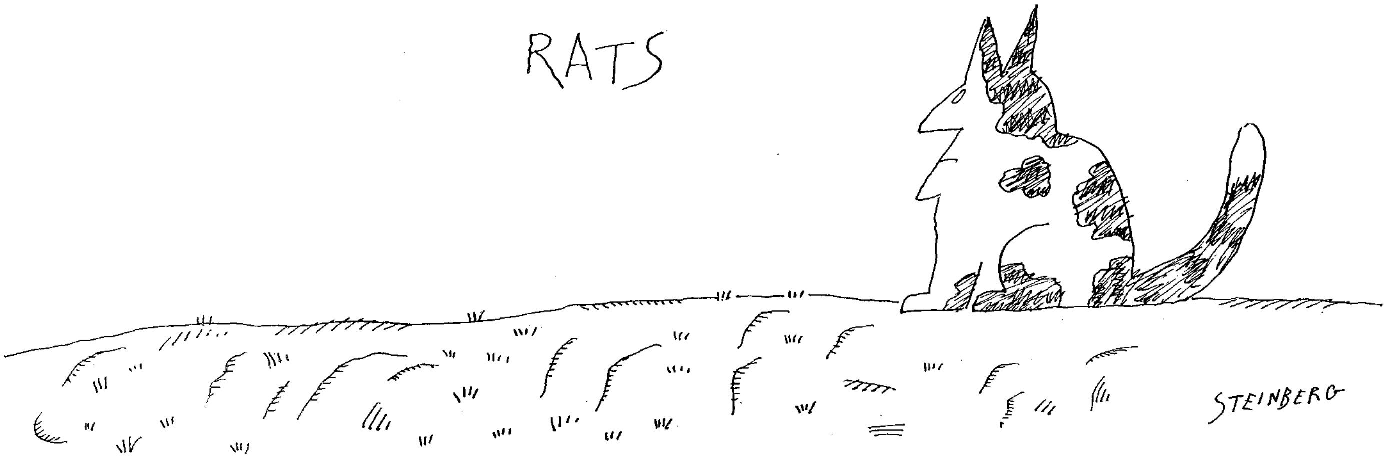
The Entertainment Group has suffered most. Geoffrey Nalendo, manager of several of our rock bands, has tried to get Bobby's O.K. for a spring tour for three of the new violent bands Bobby was able to sign when his fingernails were short; but Bobby just defers and defers and defers, and the final disposition—whether to go to Australia, New Zealand, across the industrial tier, or just to the New Jersey death-rock clubs—has yet to be made, and the bands are very restless, especially the Dead Geese, who could be very hot if they got the exposure, plus a real effort made for air play, plus product in the *stores*. Geoffrey Nalendo has had to keep a lot of the musicians under permanent sedation in order to prevent them from getting violently angry over the delay in promoting their careers. So, you see, from our end it is completely a holding action until Bobby finishes his Energy Budget for the Eighties. The idea that Bobby is *purposely* delaying the release of his energy budget is really not sensible, given the terrible strain that Bobby's whole organization is going through.

I'll run down some of the things that have come up so far to delay the energy budget. I won't go into every single detail, but I will give all the broad strokes. First of all, Bobby has felt a little *fat* lately—rolls of excess and so forth surrounding nearly everything he's done. Bobby thinks that he should be having a *trim* experience while he works on his energy budget. This has presented very real problems, because Bobby is able to eat only certain foods, many of which are high in bulk but very low in nutrients. Also, exercise has been difficult, because Bobby doesn't completely trust us and refuses to be strapped into the special exerciser we had made for him. Once, just for a joke, we *did* keep him in his special exerciser a little longer than was really comfortable for him, and I guess that preys on his mind.

There have been other things, which I will just quickly run through. Rich men being abducted in Italy: the statistics worried Bobby, and to get him back to work we had to export certain of his friends from Italy to keep those abduction statistics from going right over the top. Then the day-to-day affairs of the Sulfurlands Sportscomplex took up a lot of his time: stock raids on the Kronos soccer team, special considerations for the award-winning forwards (their personal lives—divorce from unsuitable starlets and so forth), all of which had to be handled by Bobby personally, because only he really has the clout. Then there was the question of a possible buy-out by Multi-Promo (Bobby's holding company) of all outside-held Kronos stock in the Sulfurlands umbrella organization (which had to be approved by both governors, because of Sulfurlands' bistate mandate); and then there was the dissolution of the Great Gamble Underwater Safari Park (because of revocation of its casino license) and the resale of its assets to the 54 Fifth Avenue Corporation, which is Bobby's real-estate trust. All of this took a lot of time. Meanwhile, Doris Bison, Bobby's wife, whom Bobby resettled in the Canadian west in the late nineteen-fifties, began to make a *lot* of noise—speaking to the papers and so forth, and dragging up the whole Bison Tool Company business (Doris holds stock in Bison Tool but not in Multi-Promo, which was formed in the early sixties after Bobby and Doris separated), with Doris saying she had information that Bobby



"*This is Alex, of Chicken Alex.*"



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purposely drained the assets of Bison Tool for the benefit of Multi-Promo (or, more accurately, for the benefit of Sea Gull Management, Bobby's talent agency, a wholly owned subsidiary of Multi-Promo), and suing for damages. We have all urged Bobby to sue for divorce from Doris, because we could get plenty of evidence from members of the Kronos soccer team about Doris on the road and so forth, but Bobby hates divorce and won't go along.

THE biggest difficulty has had to do with the Bobby Bison Affordables. In the late sixties (just about the time Bobby was phasing out Bison Tool as his main organization and forming Multi-Promo to facilitate his move away from hardware and so forth into service-oriented communications-based activities), Jim Trent, who was Bobby's number-one man at that time, suggested that Bobby go to various prestige locations—campuses, boutiques, discothèques—and actually *lease* a number of attractive but superfluous young people who would be obliged to do whatever Bobby asked them to do. Bobby (who, let's face it, is a very lonely man, somewhat afraid of ordinary human contact) liked the idea of a community of good-looking young people all bearing the Bobby Bison imprint and obligated to engage in all specified Bobby Bison leisure actions, so he leased several thousand "Bobby Bison Affordables." Somehow, the Affordables never really caught on. After a while, Bobby began to try to *sublease* them to other companies, but the market just wasn't there. A certain number were able to work as servants, but the majority were just useless—and a burden on the payroll. One reason Bobby has been slow to draw up his Energy Budget for the Eighties is that he is under a lot of pressure from the "old guard"—the guys from the pre-leisure-action days, who always opposed the Affordable concept (and who got Jim Trent out of the organization)—to put the Affordables to sleep. Bobby, understandably, is reluctant to do this, because it would be an admission of failure—and the end of a dream. Still, we are all aware that the company can't go on like this, in a state of complete inaction.

SOME of Bobby's early drafts for his Energy Budget for the Eighties just didn't make a lot of sense, and we had to ask Bobby to go back and try again. In one early draft, he did come up with a nice name for oil spills ("fuel-potential overages"), and in general he's been good on the whole resource-incentive area. But he keeps polishing one section, "Resentment As an Alternate Energy Source," which doesn't deal with the real problems faced at this moment by the Multi-Promo family of businesses and which inexplicably contains personal attacks on some of the people who are closest to him and who spend almost every waking hour right by his side trying to *help* him complete his energy budget.

Milo is with Bobby now. Milo has been with Bobby from the beginning, when Bison Tool was just a little shop on Erie Boulevard, and is the only one of us with any influence. Milo is going to try to get Bobby into the special exerciser and force him to come to some final decisions about his energy budget. Sometimes Milo can get Bobby into the exerciser by pretending that the straps have been disconnected, and then Bill Mandel (who hides in back of the metal understructure) jumps up and buckles down the *auxiliary* straps. It used to be that we couldn't get away with this, but recently Bobby's hair has fallen down in front of his face and he misses a lot of what goes on around him. —GEORGE W. S. TROW

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A spectacular double steal—Darrell Evans going from second to first, Gary Thomasson from first to second—sst up the tying run at 2-2 in the sixth, and Derrel Thomas got off a Willie Mays-like job in centerfield, flagging down eight fliss with the grace of a Nureyev.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

Let's see now—there's this guy stealing first, and somebody knocks a high fliss, and . . .

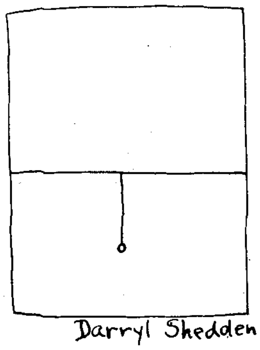
O'PHELAN DRINKING

MY brother, hateful Martin O'Phelan, has brought me to the admissions office at St. Justin's Hospital, where we are talking to a man named Mr. Doyle. We are in his office. Mr. Doyle picks up some papers and asks me a lot of questions about money and insurance. I tell him I have no money or insurance; I am destitute. This is almost the truth. Martin backs me up. He tells Mr. Doyle that this man, his brother, is a shiftless, drunken bum who has just escaped from a Boston booby hatch and finds himself in desperate need of treatment in your Alcoholic Rehabilitation Unit. I can no longer pay his bills, but he is still my brother, and I would therefore hate to see him wiping windshields at the stoplights on the Bowery. Please, Mr. Doyle, get this miscreant a Medicaid card and take him upstairs.

Doyle shuffles some papers, makes one or two phone calls, and soon we are joined by a middle-aged woman in a white coat, wearing a stethoscope around her neck. She is Dr. Sayles, and she sits down beside me in the chair, smiling warmly, and begins to ask me questions in a soft, quiet voice. You can't drink here, John, she says gently. Any drinking at all means you have to leave. Do you understand that? I understand that, I say.

Dr. Sayles invites me to get up and follow her to the elevator. She shakes Martin's hand. Martin looks as though he is about to burst into tears with gratitude. He backs slowly toward the revolving door. He waves gently at me. I wave back. Goodbye, Martin.

We slide upstairs. Here is the Rehab Unit. It is an L-shaped hallway, with a dayroom and various other rooms off the hall. It looks exactly the way the psycho ward at St. Justin's looked, when I was a patient here ten years ago. I shudder. I follow Dr. Sayles down the hall to her office. She closes her door, smiles pleasantly, and asks me to sit down beside her desk. She asks me more questions and writes the answers on prepared sheets of paper. Have you ever had the D.T.s? The shakes? Swollen ankles? Enlarged liver? Diabetes? Venereal disease? Pancreatitis? Ulcers? Hepatitis? I answer the questions by rote. They are always the same.



Dr. Sayles' door opens, and a pretty girl comes in. This is Angela, says Dr. Sayles, and I stand up and smile. We shake hands. Angela will be your co-ordinator while you are here. Fine, I say. We all sit down again. Angela crosses her legs. She is wearing a dress. She tosses her head. She has lovely big eyes. Dr. Sayles ends the questioning and asks me to take off my shirt, a turtleneck. I know by now how to slide myself up onto an examining table, which is always uncomfortable and too small, but at least not hard and cold like an X-ray table. Angela comes and looks over Dr. Sayles' shoulder while Dr. Sayles goes over my body, thumping and listening, pressing the liver gently. She gets it over with quickly. I slide off the table and put my shirt back on. Angela helps me. Dr. Sayles dismisses me in a friendly way. Thank you, Doctor.

I follow Angela out. She takes me down the hall and shows me my room. It is a small room, with a window looking out onto several courtyards and the backs of a row of brownstones across the way. Two beds stand against opposite walls. One is a low bed with restraining bars. The other is mine, an ordinary hospital bed. I follow Angela out into the hall. She shows me the men's bathroom, the shower, and the dayroom at the end of the hall, which has comfortable chairs, a coffee urn, an air-conditioner, and a television set. The television set is turned on and is being watched by a group of patients, mostly men. Then Angela takes me to the dining room, which is on another floor. Across the hall there is a small music room, which contains an ancient hi-fi, an upright piano, a couch, a big fan, and some chairs. A lot of rooms in this hospital.

I suddenly want Angela to take my arm. I want us to stroll arm in arm. She must sense this, because she says it's time to go back to my room. I follow her. She sits on the other bed, I sit on mine. What brought you here? she asks. You did, I say. Just now. Don't be cheeky, she says. Cheeky? I say. I'm Australian, she says. What can we do for you? Kiss me, I say. Angela squirms on the bed. She looks as though she is going to cry. I'm sorry, I say, I didn't mean to be fresh. It's just that I've told my little horror story to so many doctors, social workers, counsellors, technicians, and what-have-you over the past sixteen years that I could drop dead with fatigue and boredom. Forgive me.

Angela is smiling now. Let's skip it, then, she says. She stands up. Dinner is at five, she says. I take her hand and squeeze it. She leaves.

A short, fat man comes into the room. He is wearing nondescript pants, a soiled undershirt, and a broken fedora. He is my roommate. His name is Willard. We shake hands. He has just come from Welfare with some money for a hotel room, so he will be leaving here before long, he says. He throws his hat in the closet and takes me down the hall to the dayroom, where he immediately begins to play solitaire. He smiles and laughs when he plays solitaire. In the next few days, I learn that whenever Willard is not at Welfare or his Social Security office, he plays solitaire in the dayroom and enjoys himself immensely. He is a good roommate.

I sit down at a long table opposite Willard, and drink a cup of coffee. The coffee is terrible, but there is plenty of it, and I have not always been able to get coffee during the day in loony bins. I do not feel like sitting with the other patients and watching television. I notice a middle-aged lady in a flowered bathrobe across the room. One of her ankles is in a cast, and she is sitting in a wheelchair, reading. A man next to her has two fingers missing. Willard tells me that the man has a bad case of diabetes and that he is moving over to the medical wing the next day for further treatment of some kind. Another man sitting there, a young man, is also scheduled to go to the medical wing soon, for a nerve transplant. A man wearing sunglasses—a painter, Willard says—is waiting to go over there for a sinus operation. In a hospital, you know everybody's bad news.

I am restless and depressed. I wander downstairs and find a room marked "Occupational Therapy." A slim blond patient is sitting at a table in the middle of the room, toying with a tiled vase. She looks up and smiles, puts out her hand. Jennifer Lyons. John O'Phelan. We sit down at the table. I am not an alcoholic, she says, and I am not crazy. Then what are you doing here? I say. There is something wrong with my health, she says. I don't know what it is, the doctors don't know what it is, so I cannot tell you what it is. That's all very puzzling, I say.

Do you like occupational therapy? she says. I loathe occupational therapy, I say. It is meant for kindergarten classes. But we are all children, aren't we? she says. I smile at her. There is

"The jury will disregard the witness's last remarks."

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nothing wrong with *your* health, Jennifer, I say. Oh, yes, there is, yes, there is, she says. I'm so frightened, so unsure of myself.

We sit there saying nothing for a few minutes, and then there is a lot of noise from the hall—the sound of people. It is five o'clock, dinnertime. Jennifer Lyons and I get up and join a line outside the door of the little dining room. The lady in the bathrobe is waiting in front of me. She is leaning on crutches now, out of the wheelchair. What happened to you? I ask her. She looks around at me and smiles. I stood up from a chair and suddenly fell down and broke my ankle, she says. Right here in the hospital. I don't really know how it happened.

The line moves along, and when I get to the serving window the cook piles my tray to overflowing. I look for a place to eat, and find one at a table with two other patients, one a fellow with long gray hair called Ray and the other called Clyde, who is fat, like Martin. Clyde works for the Parks Department, has cirrhosis of the liver, is allowed to drink only one glass of milk a day, and eats everything in sight. Ray is more scholarly and conservative, but he cleans his plate, too. He is a concert pianist who came to St. Justin's with pneumonia, which they cleared up in the medical wing. Then they transferred him over here, to the Alcoholic Rehab Unit. Ray tells me that he has a room at the Hotel Chelsea, next to a man who keeps a lot of birds and snakes. He owes the Chelsea a lot of money, but it does not seem to bother him.

There is a commotion at the table next to us. My roommate Willard is being pummelled and shouted at by a man in a white shirt with a starched collar. Willard is grinning and fending off the blows. The man in the white shirt is shouting, Did you ever hear of the psycho ward? You belong in the psycho ward! Clyde yells across to them and tells them to cut it out, and the man in the white shirt cools off. I hardly touch my dinner. I dump the remains in a garbage pail and go back to the dayroom for coffee.

LATER on, in the dayroom, we move our chairs into a circle. A speaker from Alcoholics Anonymous has come to conduct a meeting for the patients. He is a nice-looking man who works for a television network. He tells us that he went to Miami as part of the crew covering a national convention there but wound up drinking ice-cold Martinis every morning with some of the local station personnel. His boss back in New York heard about it and called him up and told him to come back and clean out his desk. Later, back in New York, he went to a girlfriend's apartment one night, drank with her, and ended up in the gutter in front of St. Clare's Hospital. He does not remember to this day how he got there. After the meeting, I go up and introduce myself to him and we shake hands. I like him. Good speakers at A.A. meetings are few and far between. Most drunkalogues are dreary and tiresome. Not this chap's.

Willard has gone back to his solitaire. Jennifer Lyons is talking to the young man who is scheduled for the nerve transplant. Another young man comes into the dayroom, stops, and looks around. He is looking for new faces. When he sees me he comes over and we shake hands. He is a social worker. His name is Ed, and he says that quite frankly he thinks that everybody here is just waiting to get out and get drunk. He says that he has a father about my age, retired, in upstate New York, who once spent a month in a hospital drying out and losing his D.T.s. On the day he got out, he stopped in a liquor store on the way

"Well, here it is. The great American novelization!"

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home from the hospital, bought some booze, and took it home and got drunk. I like Ed's candor.

Ed asks if we want to go up on the Roof for some evening air, and a few of us take the elevator together. The Roof is a large recreation space, and we are sharing it tonight with some strangers from the psycho ward. One of them is a pretty, plump registered nurse, a patient now, who says she has been hospitalized fifteen times since 1956, when she first came to St. Justin's. Another one is a young overweight priest who confesses to being a compulsive eater, and another is a pretty young girl with an Irish name who talks gibberish but occasionally sings Irish ditties aloud. I find the psycho people much more interesting than the alcoholic people. I know both kinds, since I am both a psycho and a drunk. This time I am here because of the drinking.

Tonight, on the Roof, I meet a young man named Sailor. He is a young hillbilly with a beard. Nobody knows his real name. He simply wants to be called Sailor. Sailor tells me about his friends. One of them jumped off the top of a five-story building, turned completely over twice in the air, and landed on his feet. Two broken legs. He lived, of course. Sailor says that he himself is being transferred tomorrow to the Dengler Hotel, just down the street, where the hospital has taken over a couple of floors for rehabilitated alcoholic patients. The Dengler is a Welfare hotel, and Sailor says that there are men lounging in the lobby who have knives and wine bottles in their pockets. He does not like it there. Sailor has never been to sea.

Some of the other patients on the Roof are chatting, but most of them stand alone in corners or simply stare out at the lights of the city or at the lovely old clock tower of the Jefferson Market Library looming up in the dusk nearby. Soon it is time to go down. Willard is still playing solitaire in the dayroom. Nourishments are being served on a rolling cart. It is piled high with leftover meat and white bread from dinner, and there is also some canned fruit and cake and milk and juice. The men all make sandwiches out of the meat. I am not hungry. I go to my room.

THE next morning, in the Alcoholic Rehabilitation Unit, Dr. Sayles came to talk to me. She asked me if I would like to go to some A.A. meetings outside the hospital. I said fine. That night, I walked with Ray and Clyde to a meeting at St. Dunstan's Episcopal Church, on Houston Street. Ray and Clyde sat down in the front of the room. I stood in back, waiting for the speaker to start. When he did, I walked out into Houston Street and over to Seventh Avenue, where there was a liquor store on the corner. I walked in and bought a pint of Smirnoff 100-proof vodka. Then I stuffed the bottle into the right-hand front pocket of my bluejeans. I walked back to the meeting and took a seat on the left-hand side of the room. All the alcoholics listening to the speaker were very attentive. A man a few chairs away from me raised his hand and complained to the speaker that his roommate was drunk all the time, and asked why couldn't he drink, too. Everybody laughed. I did not laugh. When the meeting was over, Ray and Clyde and I walked over to Sheridan Square and I bought a Sunday *Times*. Then we walked back to the hospital. We went upstairs in the elevator, and I went to my room and took out the bottle of Smirnoff and drank half of it down. I put the bottle under the pillow. Then I carried the *Times* to the dayroom, sat in a comfortable chair, and opened up the magazine section to Russell Baker. While I was reading, Ed, the social worker, came along and asked me if he could borrow the News of the Week section. I said sure. Ed sat down and we read for a while. Then I got up and went back to my room. I got out the bottle of vodka and drank the rest of it. I disposed of the empty in a trash can in the men's room. Then I went to bed.

THAT night, in my room, I must have dreamed about Nantucket, because I woke up while it was still dark and found that I was thinking about 'Sconset. Years ago, when I was in the advertising business, I lived in a house in Darien, with my first wife and my three children. But my wife divorced me and took the house and got my insurance policies and whatever alimony payments I managed to keep up with. She did not, however, take my children; my children could see me freely, and I could take them on vacations. One summer, I rented a house on Nantucket for two weeks, and I was determined that the children and I would go there and have a good time. I was anxious to be with them, because I had been in a big hospital up in Westchester, from which I escaped and to which I had been returned, and I hadn't seen them in months.

The day came, and I drove to Darien, to my old house, where my kids were waiting for me. Melinda was sixteen then, and Jeff was fourteen, and Matt was nine. Matt was very excited about our vacation. We packed the kids' things into and onto the Volkswagen, and I distributed them inside, and we made for the ferry at Woods Hole. Halfway up the Connecticut Turnpike, I slowed the car and pulled over to the shoulder of the road. Jeff was sick. I let him out, and a state trooper pulled up behind us. I almost started up the car again, because I had been hiding from the police when I escaped from the mental hospital. But the trooper said, Do you need any help, and I said No, just a small emergency, thank you very much. He tipped his hat and drove on. Jeff got back in the car, and we drove to Woods Hole in time to pick up our reservation for the afternoon boat to Nantucket.

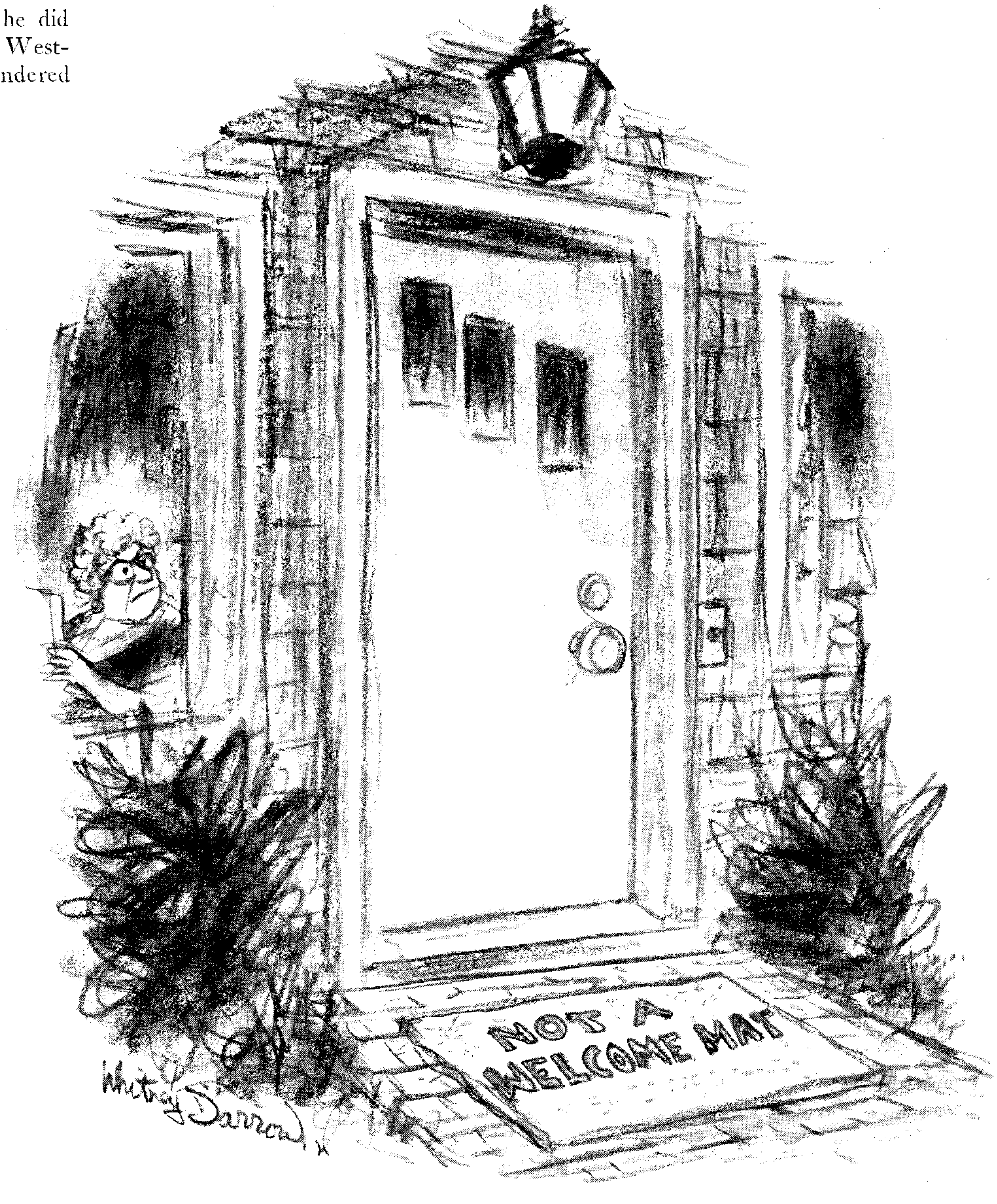
It was a pleasant trip. We sat in deck chairs on the foredeck listening to a conversation at the rail between two lawyers, one young and one old, who were discussing some mutual friends who had spent part of the summer at Westhampton Beach. The young lawyer was saying that he did not like people who went to Westhampton Beach, and he wondered why his friends had gone there. The old lawyer simply shrugged, but Melinda and I decided that although he probably felt the same way as the young lawyer did about Westhampton, he did not think it was something you went around saying.

We arrived in Nantucket as the sun was going down, and drove to 'Sconset, across the island. Our house looked like a boat and lay very near the beach, and when we had unpacked we went outside and played with a Frisbee. We had eaten on the boat and we weren't very hungry for dinner, so we came back inside and I broke open a deck of cards, and I taught my children the game of crazy eights, which I had learned at the hospital in Westchester. They loved it. We played for a long time. Then they got sleepy and went to their rooms.

When I had kissed them good night and closed their doors, I went to the kitchen and suddenly felt very lonely. I missed my girlfriend—my girlfriend then—whose name was Lucinda, and I missed a girl at the hospital named Peggy, and I even missed my first wife, who had come with us on these jaunts in the past. I did not really need a drink, but I made one anyway. I made a rum and Coke. It tasted good but it made me nervous, drinking it so soon after the hospital and daily doses of Thorazine. I poured the rest of it down the sink and then I went to bed.

The next day, the kids rode their bikes and swam, and on the following days we visited various beaches, went on picnics, and had a good time. Hummock Pond was our favorite place. Sometimes we cooked out in the evenings and watched the Northeast Airlines Yellowbirds out over the ocean as they made the turn toward the Nantucket airport. One afternoon, Jeff tried out the Volkswagen and knocked down part of the fence beside the driveway because he got mixed up about the brake and the clutch. I was mad and yelled at all three of the kids, but then we got over it and it was all right again. In the second week, I took out some oil colors and started a painting of our house. Twice, I went to general delivery at the post office to look for mail from Lucinda, but there was none.

One gray afternoon, some people from across the boardwalk dropped in. I knew them all from Connecticut, especially a striking blonde called Isabel Channey—a nice enough woman, I had always thought. Well, there was some sand in my bedroom and in the kids' rooms, and sand in my bed, and all the beds were unmade, and the house had a very casual look about it, and Isabel Channey chewed me out loudly. She told me I was no good and a terrible father. My kids heard her. I took it all, feeling very helpless and ashamed. I had been drunk and crazy, had blown my marriage, and now this. I decided I would not let it ruin the rest of the vacation, but it gnawed at me. When the people finally left, I



went in and made myself another rum and Coke and I drank all of it, right in front of the kids, and when I was finished I said to them, Don't sweep up and don't make your beds. Then we sat down and played crazy eights.

A few days later, we packed up and left. We felt good. We stopped outside Nantucket town for blueberry pancakes. This had been a farewell breakfast for us for years. The trip back to Darien was easy. I dropped the kids at the house and they helped me unload the stuff. I hugged them goodbye. Then I was off into the night. As I drove down the Hutchinson River Parkway, I had a sudden urge to turn off at the Harrison exit and drive over to the Playland amusement park, where I would buy a bottle of rum and demolish it aboard the roller coaster, screaming wildly and happily with every swoop and turn, and staying aboard until it closed down for the night. But I resisted that temptation and drove on to the city. The next day, I went back to work at the advertising agency, safe and sound.

THE next morning, in the Alcoholic Rehab Unit, I felt fine. I took a psychological test upstairs. Later on, Dr. Sayles came into my room and sat down opposite me on Willard's bed. She was a sweet, plump-faced lady with an aging face. She let one of her shoes scrape on the floor, like a little girl. It was hard to tell how old she was. She had my chart on her lap and she was flipping through it. She stopped at a page that was full of neatly computerized figures and said, Surprisingly enough, John, your liver function is quite good. Good, I said. She said, I am going to keep you here several more weeks and then I think you should go away for further treatment. Some place like Central Islip State Hospital. But Doctor, I said, I've been to Central Islip three times before. And I tried once to get into their rehabilitation program, but they wouldn't take me, because of my psychotic background.

Dr. Sayles shrugged. I guess that eliminates Central Islip, she said. We'll think of something else.

I said, Why can't I get out and get to work and get functioning again? It's too soon, John, she said. She took me by the hand and helped me to my feet, and I followed her into the office down the hall. She closed the door. I sat next to her desk and she said, You are first of all an alcoholic. No, I said, I am first of all a manic-depressive. At least, it's proved out that way in the past sixteen years. She said, I looked up your records of ten years ago here. They're on microfilm. You were psychotic then.

OX CART MAN

In October of the year,
he counts potatoes dug from the brown field,
counting the seed, counting
the cellar's portion out,
and bags the rest on the cart's floor.

He packs wool sheared in April, honey
in combs, linen, leather
tanned from deerhide,
and vinegar in a barrel
hooped by hand at the forge's fire.

He walks by the ox's head ten days
to Portsmouth market, and sells potatoes,
and the bag that carried potatoes,
flaxseed, birch brooms, maple sugar, goose
feathers, yarn.

When the cart is empty he sells the cart.
When the cart is sold he sells the ox,
harness, and yoke, and walks
home, his pockets heavy
with the year's coin for salt and taxes,

and, at home by fire's light in November cold,
stitches new harness
for next year's ox in the barn,
and carves the yoke, and saws planks,
building the cart again.

—DONALD HALL

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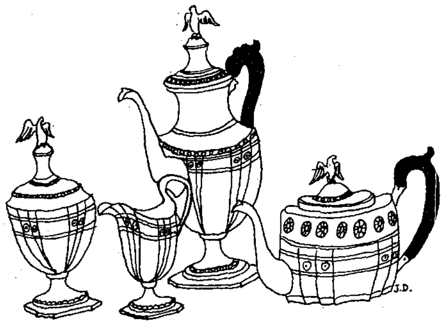
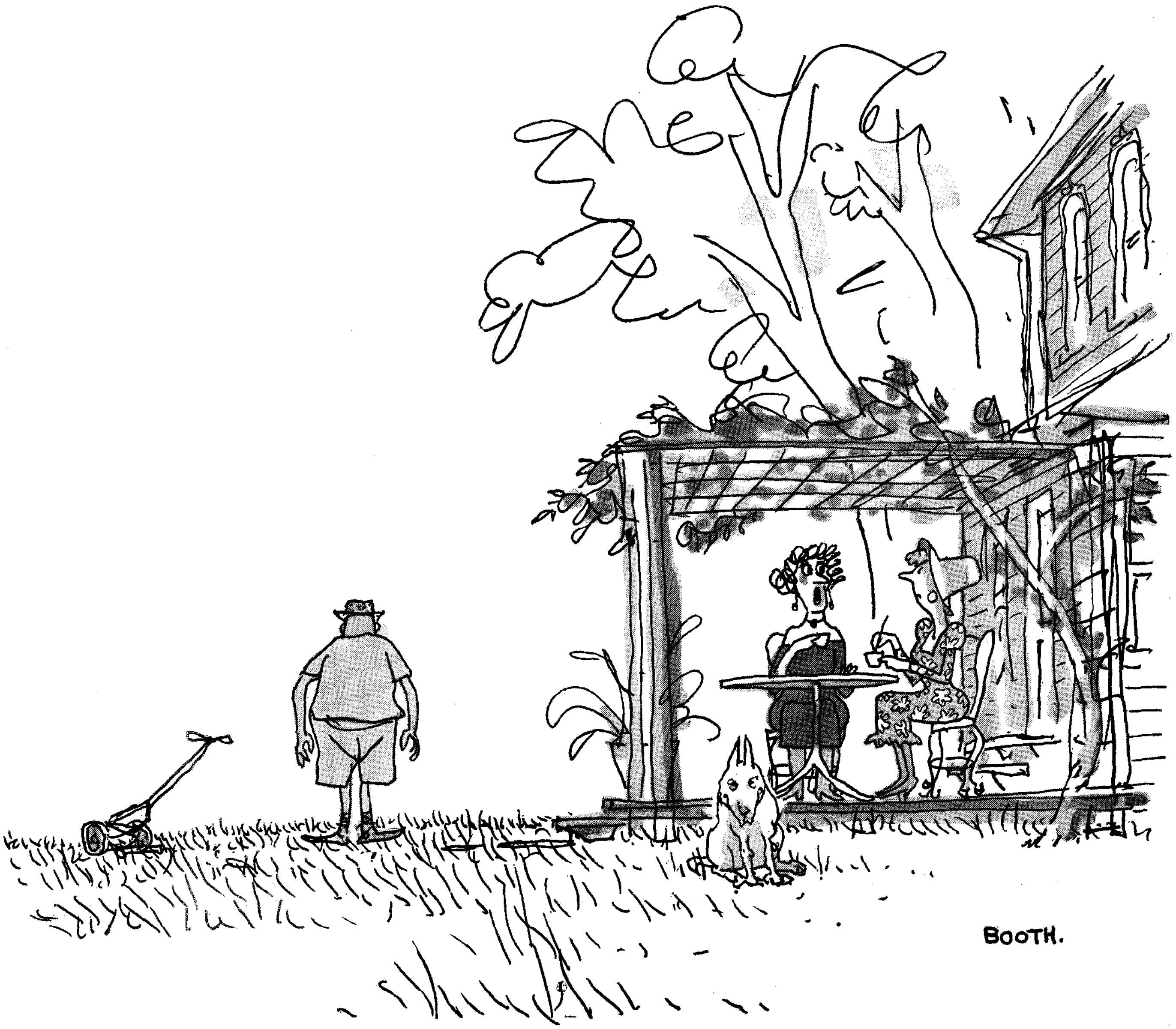
Now it's manic-depressive, I said. And partly alcoholic. Actually, I said, you hardly ever heard the expression "manic-depressive" in those days.

So the friendly dispute went on until it was time for another A.A. meeting in the hospital, downstairs. I got up and went down in the elevator with the others and walked to another wing, to a small air-conditioned room. I took a seat on a hard metal chair and sipped coffee and waited for the speaker to begin. Two beautiful young men with long hair were sitting in front of me. They wore hospital bathrobes, and both of them had Indian beads around their hair. One of them had a cast on his right forearm. An old man came in in a wheelchair. It had an intravenous feeding bottle attached to it, high over the chair. I could not tell what was in the bottle. Somebody pushed him to a place in front. His bathrobe was split apart at the back and his pajama pants had fallen down around his legs. I wanted to go over and hike them up, but I did nothing. Finally, a lady came in and sat down in front of the room and introduced herself. She told us a tale of her five husbands, of her constant drunkenness, of policemen who had beaten her up, of drunk tanks, poverty, sleeping in phone booths on Church Avenue in Brooklyn during the winter and rapping on restaurant windows to get free food, and, finally, of withdrawal and rehabilitation in various institutions. Now she was a hairdresser, in a shop on Madison Avenue. It was a terrifying story, and we clapped when she was finished. Then there was a discussion period.



When the meeting was over, I went back upstairs with the others and ate some dinner while Ray and Clyde gorged themselves, and then I waited in my room until it was time to go out to still another A.A. meeting—this one at St. Giles' Church, on Hudson Street. While I was waiting, Angela came in and sat on Willard's bed. You look prettier than ever, I said. I don't know what to say to you, she



"Rudyard is becoming incensed over the way congressmen can be bought. When he gets mad enough, he'll cut the grass."

• •

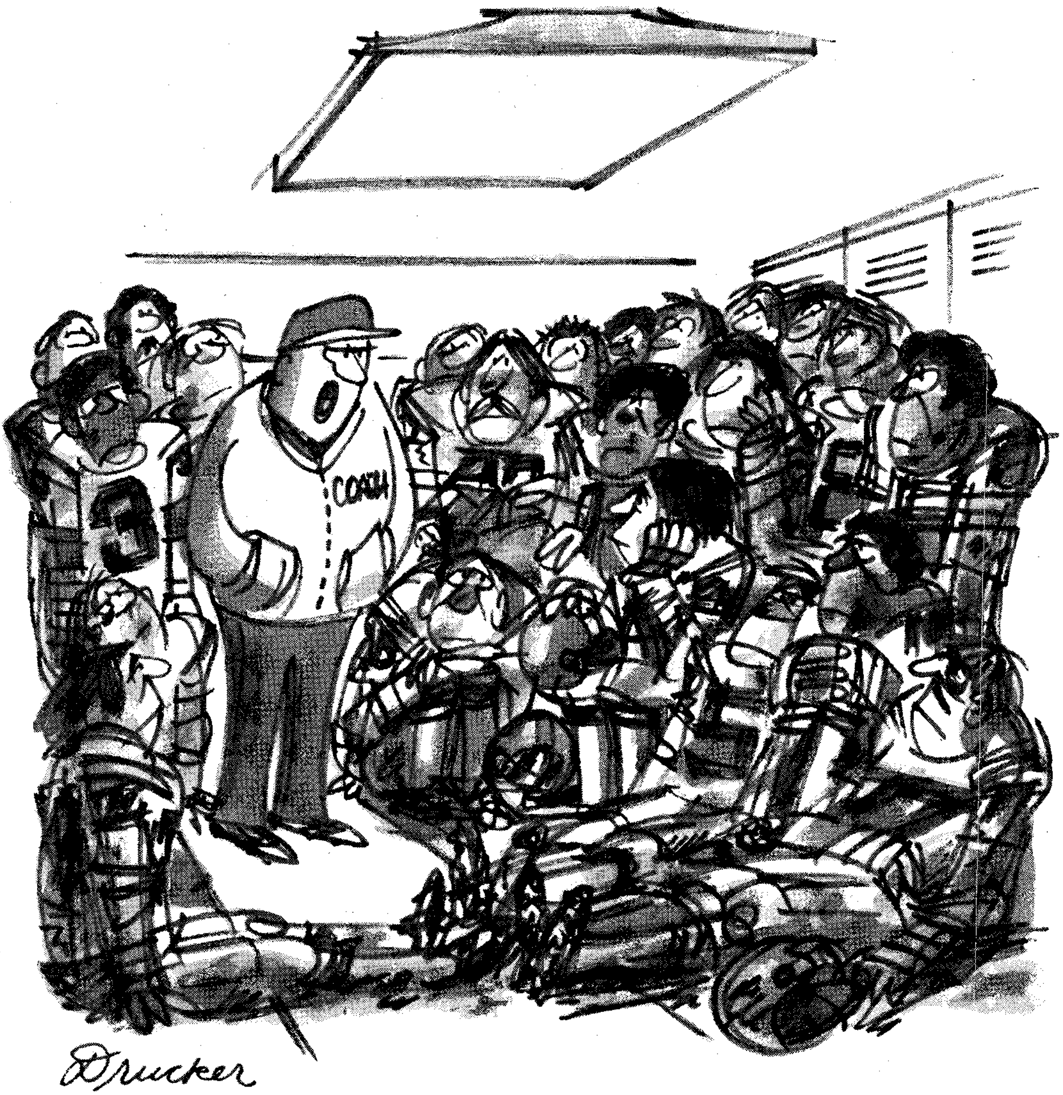
said. You're so—well, so aloof. You hardly ever talk to anybody. I'm sorry, Angela, I said. I'm very uptight. What can I do for you? she said. Nothing, really, I said. You could kiss me, though. Angela blushed. Then Ray came in and said it was time to go to St. Giles'.

It was a lovely summer evening, and we strolled over to Hudson Street and then through the flowered and tree-lined courtyard around to the back of the church. We sat down on a wooden bench built around the base of a tree trunk, and chatted for a few minutes. We were early. When we went inside, the meeting room was almost empty, except for two or three people slumped in chairs with hats pulled over their eyes. It was very depressing.

Clyde and Ray sat down, but I walked out and strolled back the way we had come. I crossed Hudson Street and walked south to a liquor store, where I bought a pint of 100-proof Smirnoff vodka. I stuffed it into my front right-hand bluejeans pocket, walked over to Sheridan Square, crossed Seventh Avenue, and went into the Limelight. I took a seat at the bar, and the bartender was a long time serving me. When he asked me what I wanted, I ordered a vodka Martini on the rocks. I sipped it slowly. The place was rather dark and dreary—not the way I remembered it from some years before, when I lived on Barrow Street.

When I finished, I paid the man, slipped out, and walked over to Sixth Avenue and went into O. Henry's. It had been fixed up since I was last there, and the sidewalk café was now separated from pedestrians by a glass partition. I took a seat where I could watch the street. I ordered another vodka Martini on the rocks, and sipped it and watched the vehicles and the pedestrians. I watched for a long time. Then I ordered another vodka Martini on the rocks and did the same thing. It was still light. I paid the check. I got up and walked back to Sheridan Square, bought a newspaper, and went back to the hospital.

A package was waiting for me at the nurses' station. The nurses made me open it up. It was two books that my daughter had picked out for me—"I Hear America Swinging," by Peter De Vries, and a collection of Raymond Chandler stories. I was delighted. I carried the books back to my room. I threw the bottle of Smirnoff under the pillow. Then I took the newspaper



"For those of you who just tuned in, we're trailing at halftime."

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back to the dayroom and sat down to read it. Bryan came over to me. Bryan was a hulking young college student who served the hospital as a part-time orderly. He wore his hair back in a ponytail, was into Gestalt, and was highly opinionated.

Bryan said, Have you been drinking, John?

I looked up from my paper. Of course not, I said.

But we could smell it, he said, when you came into the nurses' station. Ed could smell it, too.

I looked around and saw Ed, who was sitting watching a ballet production on television—"Swan Lake," I think—and keeping time to the music with his head. He did not even glance at me.

Did you have a drink? Bryan asked.

One, I said.

Thanks for telling me, he said. I'll have to report it, and they'll probably dismiss you tomorrow. I'll see you tomorrow night.

O.K., Bryan, I said.

We talked for a while. I liked him. He read a lot. I told him to read some of the works of Edmund Bergler, a Viennese psychiatrist who wrote fifteen or sixteen books on the subject of psychic masochism. Bryan said he would.

Why did you do it? Bryan said.

I have been awfully uptight, Bryan, I said. Liquor loosens me up.

He patted me on the arm, and I went to my room. I got out the Smirnoff, closed the door, and finished it off in three neat gulps. Then I threw the empty into the wastebasket.

THE next morning, a delicate-looking Indian doctor calls me into her office. She has a red circle on her forehead and wears a sari. Dr. Sayles is nowhere to be seen. Angela is there, sitting against the wall. I have trouble understanding the Indian doctor, but she says the hospital will have to discharge me, for drinking last night. I have no argument. I look at Angela. Is that a tear in her eye? The doctor turns to Angela and asks her if she has anything to say to me. Angela shakes her head. We all get up. I go to my room and pack a few things and go down in the elevator. Everybody else is at another A.A. meeting. Nobody sees me leave. I walk east to the I.R.T. Lexington Avenue train and take an express up to Eighty-sixth Street and walk over to my bank at Eighty-fourth Street and Madison, where I withdraw two hundred dollars, wiping out my account. Then I walk north to a place I know called the Hotel Ishmael and take a room with an air-conditioner, on the sixth floor. Then I go out and buy a bottle of vodka. Then I go back and drink it slowly.

I drink vodka for five days. Finally, I shave, shower, and sleep a little, and call some friends and invite them up, but nobody comes. Finally I call Martin. Where are you? he says. I tell him. Come up for a drink, I say. Martin arrives late in the afternoon, after riding up in a taxicab from Wall Street. I am lying on the bed, fully dressed. The air-conditioner is broken, but it is not hot in my room. I stand up when Martin comes in. He is furious. He says he wants to kill me. You cannot kill me, Martin, I say. I cannot even kill myself. I am indestructible, Martin.

I follow him out the door. We go down in the elevator, out the lobby, and jump in a cab. He directs the driver to take us to Metropolitan Hospital. Martin gets me into Metropolitan Hospital. It is my third stay there in the past two months. Poor Martin.

—JOHN F. MURRAY

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WASHINGTON (AP)—One of the latest of the Watergate books claims that Richard M. Nixon's predecessors committed "numerous political excesses, some of which make Watergate look like penny-ante stuff."

Victor Lasky writes in "It Didn't Start With Watergate," that the affair "has been blown up out of all proportion to the realities, becoming a veritable teapot in a tempest."—Dallas Morning News.

Anyway, Lasky turns a nice phrase.

A REPORTER IN GERMANY

A BACKWARD LOOK

FROM time to time, Germans of my acquaintance have mentioned that there is little disposition in their country to recall the days of Hitler's Third Reich. Some of them have cited as evidence the fact that the Germans—the principal actors in one of history's most horrendous chapters—have contributed but a trickle to the international torrent of books, plays, films, and scholarly studies dealing with *der Führer's* rise and fall. Since his suicide, in 1945, I have often wondered what Germans, looking back, make of his regime, and recently, despite their reputed reluctance to reminisce, I talked about it with a number of them in their country. I had had this idea since the war, but, oddly, I wasn't prompted to act on it until I heard of a high-school assignment that a history teacher in the Rhineland border town of Aachen had given his students—all boys of fifteen. The instructor, Paul Emunds, a fifty-three-year-old faculty member of long standing at the Kaiser Karls Gymnasium, had been lecturing about the Third Reich one morning in 1974 when, looking at the still unformed faces of his adolescent listeners, it came back to him that there had been a time, in 1943 and 1944, when similar fifteen-year-olds, from the Kaiser Karls Gymnasium and other Aachen schools, were pressed into military service as *Flakhelfer*—that is, anti-aircraft helpers. The boys had been assigned to six batteries ringing the city and commanded by Luftwaffe personnel, nearly all of whom had been ordered to the border town from other parts of Germany. As Emunds told me when we met, the recollection had given him an idea for a class project—namely, to bring together his students and these ex-*Flakhelfer*, now middle-aged, like him. Such an encounter, the teacher thought, would give the students a far more vivid sense of the war than he himself could ever hope to impart. Emunds, who had been an Aachener all his life, knew that plenty of ex-*Flakhelfer*—there had been seven hundred and seventy-eight—continued to live in the vicinity, as did a handful of former Luftwaffe men who had been their superiors. Then, too, Emunds foresaw, the project held out the possibility of a nice little field trip for his students: they could go to Koblenz, ninety-five miles to the southeast, where, he knew, government archives contained further data about the Kaiser Karl boys of decades ago.

The plan worked out well, despite an initial wariness on the part of the school administration. The K.K.G., as townspeople refer to the Kaiser Karls Gymnasium, is traditionalist in outlook, relying heavily on the teaching of classics. Founded in 1601, it is named for Charlemagne, whom Germans call Karl der Grosse, and it occupies a sombre brown three-story stone building that lies in the shadow of Aachen's cathedral, where Charlemagne was crowned King of the Franks in 768; the ruler spent much of his time in Aachen, a spa that is familiar to the nearby Belgians and French as Aix-la-Chapelle. In any event, once the school administration had agreed to Emunds' unusual project, his students carried out their tasks diligently, handing in copious reports, thanks to the ready co-operation of former *Flakhelfer* as well as the parents of some of these alumni, most of them now grandparents and well into their seventies. In all, the boys saw a hundred and forty-seven people. At Koblenz, the archives proved a model of thoroughness, yielding a welter of statistics, among them the information that the youthful gunners' helpers had assisted in the downing of as many as a hundred Allied planes. To Emunds' gratification, the school administration's approbation was forthcoming, but as things turned out Emunds had even more than this to show for his enterprise. Pleased with the material gathered under his supervision, he decided to put it together as a paperback, confident that it would make an interesting memento for students and parents; any proceeds from the book would go for such purposes as restocking the school library or inviting

"I'd like you to welcome Ms. Natalie Packman, whose presence on the board ends our search for quality boy-girl balance."

poets to give readings of their verse. When two public-spirited organizations agreed to underwrite the book's publication, Emunds began editing his students' reports and shaping them into a whole; he also found a university professor to write an introduction, and dug up a collection of photographs that some of the *Flakhelfer* themselves had taken during the war. One of the photographs showed a classroom scene in which a benign-looking teacher of English was bidding farewell to departing *Flakhelfer;* behind the teacher was a blackboard on which he had scrawled, in English, "Who can say what tomorrow will bring?"

MUSHROOMS

A dark sky blowing over
our backyard maples,
the air already cool,
Brockport begins its autumn.
My mower's drone and power
drift past the first leaves fallen
curled into red and yellow fists.
In a corner of lawn against
an old wire fence against the older woods,
a grove of mushrooms the kids
already hacked umbrellaless with golfclubs
rots into a mush of lumped columns,
pleats, and fans.

These are the suburbs
where I loved that tree, our one elm.
Now, an inch under the loam,
its stump is a candle
of slow decay, lighting, above it,
thousands of perfect pearls
tiered like anteggs,
and these, by nature, growing so low
my mower's blades will never touch them.

—William Heyen

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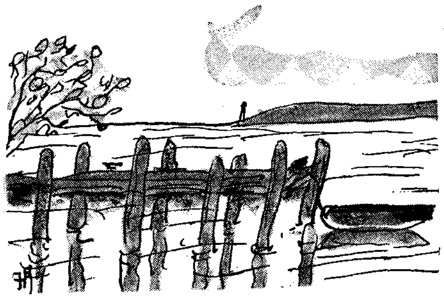
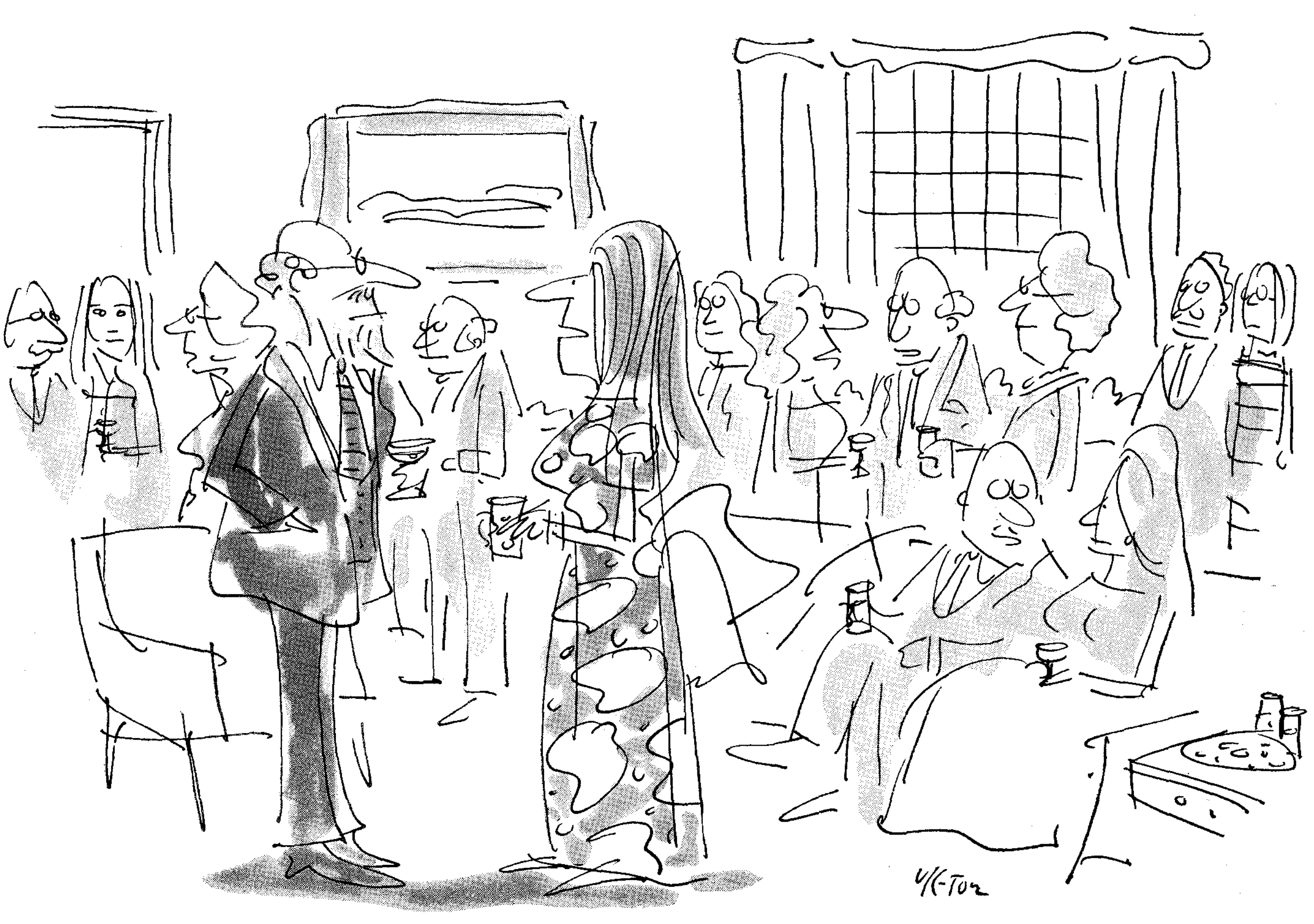
The book finally came out in late 1975, bearing the title "Mit 15 an die Kanonen" ("To the Cannon at Fifteen"). To Emunds' astonishment, its appearance was greeted as an event, small but definite. "It seemed to touch a nerve," Emunds told me. Within weeks of publication, orders had been received for more than five thousand copies. Scores of letters poured in to the teacher, all of which he put in a scrapbook. German newspapers and television stations reported the high-school assignment extensively, and so did the international press, including the New York *Times.* In the school lobby, as I was to see for myself, a glass case displayed dozens of clippings, one of them headed in part "Der Blick Zurück" ("The Backward Look"). As for me, I wrote to Emunds shortly after learning about "Mit 15 an die Kanonen." Here, it seemed to me, might well be a German who was prepared to look back at the Nazi past. In my letter, I told Emunds about my long-standing notion of recalling the war with Germans, and he responded warmly, offering to give me as much time as I might want; in addition, he said, he would arrange for me to talk not only with *Flakhelfer* and others who had been interviewed but with the interviewers themselves—his students, that is, who had now turned seventeen and were about to graduate. He would be most interested, Emunds said, to see what would come of a foreigner's visit.

BEFORE my departure for Germany, Emunds sent me a copy of "Mit 15 an die Kanonen." It was three hundred and eleven pages long, and its price was twelve marks—just under five dollars. Primarily, the book was a compendium of depositions, occasionally contradictory, with excerpts arranged under such chapter titles as "Now They Are Calling Children," "Student Soldiers—Soldier Students," "Youth Under Fire," "The Americans Are Coming," and, finally, "Thirty Years Later." The book followed no particular pattern. Interspersed at random among the excerpts were commentaries by Emunds' students, sections of official wartime documents, and tables of figures from which it was possible to glean such disparate facts as the number of air-raid alarms sounded in Aachen and the cubic metres of rubble per capita resulting from Allied bombings. Both the content and the tone of "Mit 15 an die Kanonen" struck me as curious. The book had an air of careful detachment that I hadn't expected. I had imagined that as long as the former anti-aircraft helpers had consented to recall the war, they would give vent to feelings about it that might have lain dormant for thirty years. The men had nothing to fear in the way of publicity, for they were quoted anonymously. ("Otherwise, they would not have spoken as freely as they did," Emunds explained when we met.) Even under this condition, however, and even after the passage of thirty years, no outcry against Hitler and his deeds is forthcoming from any of the book's contributors. Indeed, *der Führer's* name is rarely mentioned. And nowhere does one come upon any forthright expression of feeling concerning concentration camps and gas chambers; in fact, they are scarcely referred to. At one point, the book speaks of "rumors [*Gerüchte*] about the persecution of the Jewish people," and at another an isolated incident is recounted in which a student at the K.K.G. was unable to listen silently to a lecture about the "inferiority" of Jews that was being delivered by a history teacher. "The Jews are also human beings," the student had blurted out. Distracted, the teacher had looked up from his papers, and then, to everyone's surprise, he had carried on with his lecture as though nothing had happened.



In the book, the enemy, meaning the Allies, comes through as a linear tormentor, his single motive for going to war being the destruction of Aachen and the rest of the Fatherland. One *Flakhelfer* describes townspeople beating an American airman who had parachuted from his burning plane. Another tells of seeing the body of a British pilot—his first corpse—which led the then schoolboy to ruminate, "We were shooting at human beings; that was something we had never taken into account." One reads, "More and more there developed a . . . hatred of the cowardly attacks from the air," and "In spite of the devastating effects



"Where do you emanate from?"

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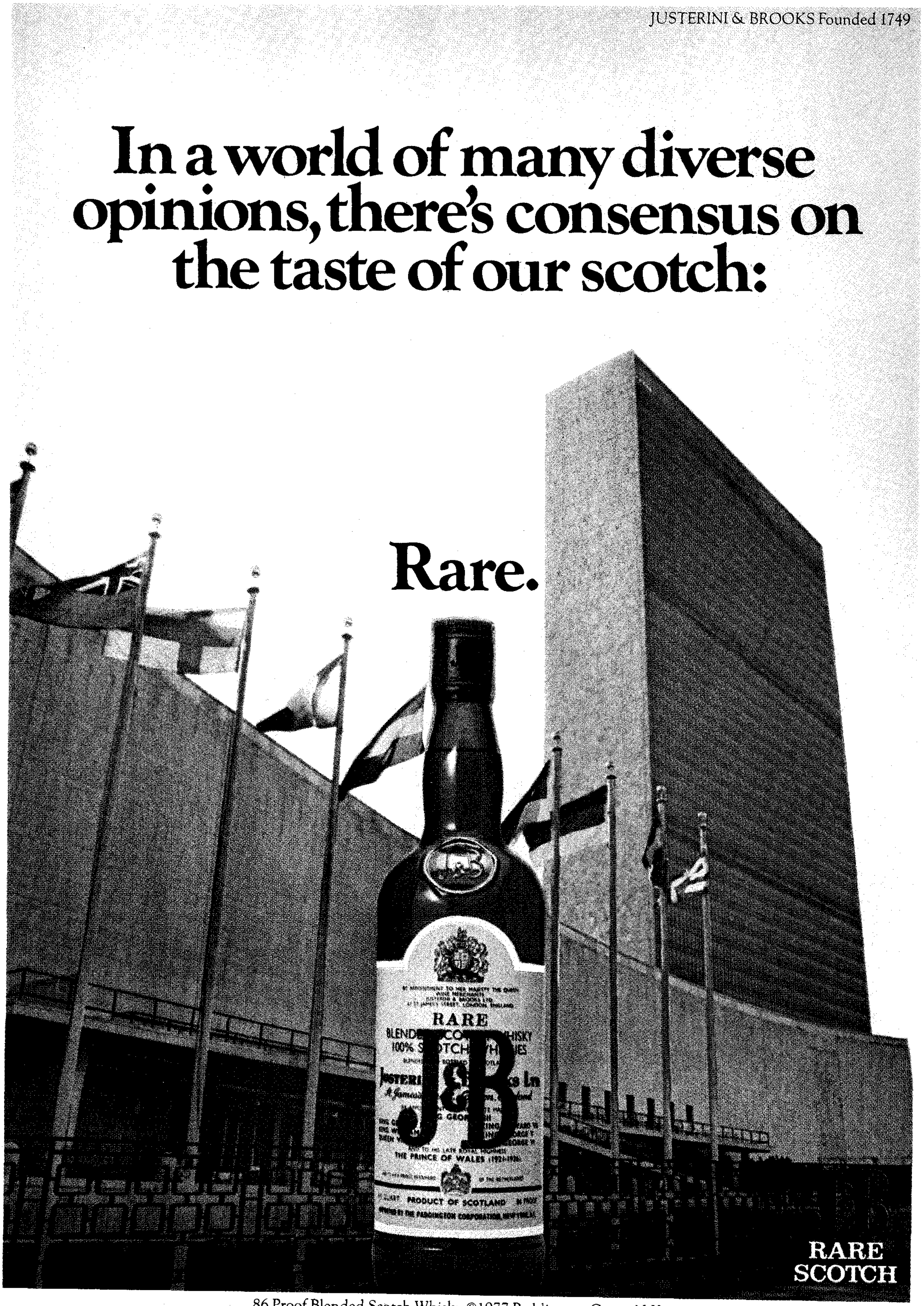
of the terror bombing, the Allies did not succeed in setting the German people against their leaders." This note of indomitability is sounded repeatedly. Indeed, if the book does have a crowning reflection, it is embodied in the statement "All in all, it will remain a historical truth that a people cannot be conquered by terror." Repeatedly, too, one finds the *Flakhelfer* looking back on their anti-aircraft days as having been "idealistic." "We were hopeless idealists," one *Flakhelfer* declares; one of the noncommissioned officers notes that "German idealism has always been a great, great problem." The observation is also entered that the end of the war meant "[going from being idealists] to becoming virtual nihilists, saying, 'Everything [we believed in] has gone *kaputt*.' " A section of the book deals with the question whether being a *Flakhelfer* was a good experience, and only a single reservation is entered; like other demands of the regime, the experience, it is said time and again, tended to kill any appetite for thinking. "To think—that we learned only after the war," a *Flakhelfer* remarks. Apart from this reservation, the response to the query is a positive one. The book states that "for many, the 'service' was above all an opportunity . . . of proving themselves to their parents and other adults." Other advantages of precocious military service, it is claimed, are that it hastens the onset of manhood, heightens one's sense of patriotism, and, praise be, does away with the bother of attending school.

The *Gymnasium* students, though, did not entirely escape classes, for, like circuit riders, teachers went from one anti-aircraft station to another to drill the boys in Latin, history, and other subjects. The visits were deflating to the boys. Strutting in pale-blue uniforms, they were proud of not being separated from the men. They were constantly on the lookout for insignia, to which they were entitled but which weren't easy to come by, owing to an acute shortage of metal. One *Flakhelfer* recalls that to overcome this he and some friends stole spoons from home, delivering them for refashioning to a Luftwaffe man, a Viennese, who had been a medal-maker in civilian life. In "Mit 15 an die Kanonen," one K.K.G. alumnus relates that he and his classmates "erupted into a dance of joy" when word reached them that bombs had partly demolished their school. The book also discloses that on more than one occasion, in return for cigarettes, Luftwaffe sergeants obligingly set off false air-raid alarms to keep the boys' teachers from making their rounds. Conceivably, the sergeants might have done as much without bribes, for the Luftwaffe was a Nazi innovation, and its personnel, far more than that of the Army or the Navy, reflected the regime's animosity toward book learning as well as toward religion. In short, Air Force people adhered closely to Hitler's own credo of "a heroic youth," part of which is quoted in "Mit 15 an die Kanonen": "I want young people to grow up so that they will frighten the world, a violent, dominant, cruel youth. . . . I do not want intellectual education. . . . [Young people] must learn . . . to conquer the fear of death—that is the standard of a heroic youth."

In Emunds' book, one sees at various times that the Luftwaffe men regarded *Flakhelfer* as pampered striplings, subjecting them to considerable harassment. Illustrating this, a *Flakhelfer* looks back with distaste on a sergeant who ordered him to remove a spiderweb with his face. In another instance, a group of boys returning from early Mass found their quarters a shambles, their belongings scattered, their beds overturned, litter everywhere. No sooner had the boys beheld this scene than an officer materialized, stridently barking, "In one hour this room will be spick-and-span!" The boys were trained to operate anti-aircraft guns and to identify enemy planes, but, as might be expected, their duties included menial chores. They were not, however, the lowliest of the low. That distinction went to a contingent of captured Russians who were officially designated *Untermenschen*—"subhumans." Their heads shaved, their garb prisoner-of-war overalls, the slave laborers led an ostracized existence, living in barracks sealed off by barbed wire, forbidden to eat or talk with Germans. Inevitably, though, there were lapses in these rules, for captor and captive had joint assignments to carry out and, at times, each other's lives to save. Emunds' book speaks of the coolness that the Russians showed in the face of the bombs that their would-be saviors rained on Aachen. Asked by an inquisitive *Flakhelfer* what sustained them, Soviet laborers answered that it was faith in the Red Army's eventual triumph. The book records, too, that the Russians were puzzling figures to the high-school boys. They couldn't see that the *Untermenschen* were so very different from them—except one, who was a math marvel and helped them out with their lessons. In the end, a *Flakhelfer* recalls, the boys rationalized their confusing observations by deciding that these particular Russians were "exceptions."

As we learn from the book, even in a wartime dictatorship German parents did not surrender their fifteen-year-olds to the military without protest. Two of Hitler's best-known collaborators, Martin Bormann and Hjalmar Schacht, spoke out against the conscription of adolescents. The fear in Aachen, and throughout Germany, was that the youngsters would be placed in "moral jeopardy" by being thrown in with rough types—woodsmen from the Bavarian Alps, for example—who would not hesitate to hold forth explicitly (*aufklären*) about the mysteries of sex. The parental qualms were warranted. In a letter included in "Mit 15 an die Kanonen," the commanding general of the anti-aircraft units around Aachen and elsewhere concedes that the tender sensibilities of the *Flakhelfer* are in truth being abraded, and one reads elsewhere in the book of the public seduction of a boy by two prostitutes. This issue, though, like so many others, faded as the country's military fortunes declined; it was recognized on all sides that every bit of help was needed to stave off defeat. Enthusiasm for *der Führer*, once so vociferous, became muted as German forces fell back. The book puts it bluntly: "After the Allied invasion in June, 1944, the opinion of most *Flakhelfer* about the war varied at exactly the same rate at which Germany's situation deteriorated." Most notably, this manifested itself on July 20, 1944, when a ring of officers and aristocrats, numbering perhaps a thousand, were caught plotting Hitler's assassination. According to statements in the book, the boys debated whether this development was good or bad—their very first show of political awareness. A far more important prod to their political education, one learns, was the aerial pounding that Aachen took—the area afforded Allied crews a complex of juicy targets, including railroad yards, factories that turned out railroad cars and U-boat engines, and a network of ground defenses that the Allies want-



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ed to soften up for their advancing troops. By the summer of 1944, bribes for false air-raid alarms were a thing of the past, and so were the visits of teachers. By then, one reads, with all public transport knocked out, parents trudged through the smoking city to see whether their offspring lived. Fifteen of them did not, and in each instance the parents were given two hundred reichsmarks for burial expenses. A *Flakhelfer* recalls running to hide when the parents of a friend who had just been killed arrived to visit their son. By September, 1944, all was in a state of collapse. The Americans were about to enter Aachen, and an ex-major, one of three Luftwaffe officers interviewed in Emunds' book, recalls asking himself, "Why sacrifice young people unnecessarily?" Fifty *Flakhelfer* were with him at the time, and the major, though unauthorized to do so, took matters into his own hands. He had no idea whether the homes of any of them still stood, but he told the youngsters gathered around him, "Now, you boys, go home, go home!"

In Aachen, I made my way to Emunds' house, a modest one of yellow stucco, where I was greeted at the door by the teacher and his wife, a green-eyed, reddish-haired woman in her middle years; cordially, she said tea would be ready for her husband and me when we had finished talking. Emunds showed me to his study, a small room with a large crucifix hanging above the doorway. He was of medium height, with a graying black mustache, and he smoked incessantly. He told me he had fought in Russia as an artilleryman and, along with thousands of other Nazi troops, had been taken prisoner in Bohemia, on the last day of the war; he had spent three years in Siberia. Emunds has three sons, the oldest of whom, Martin, was eighteen and about to graduate from the K.K.G. Out of curiosity, Martin, a tall, brown-haired boy sporting a semi-Afro, joined his father and me at the start of our talk. Emunds began by, again, expressing his surprise at the interest his classroom assignment had aroused, attributing it to the relatively small amount of German writing about the war. Much of what had appeared, he said, dealt with German resistance (*Widerstand*)—notably, the so-called Officers' Plot of July 20, 1944. Emunds said, "Some Germans still observe that date, but they have opposition—it's still a controversial matter." Martin shifted in his chair, his curiosity apparently spent. Emunds smiled wearily. "Our young people are all alike, they don't want to hear about the war," he told me. "They have Hitler on their minds about as much as they do Charlemagne."

I asked Martin whether that was so, and he replied, "I think of modern problems that have to do with now, with the future." Politely, he excused himself, saying he had to study for an exam.

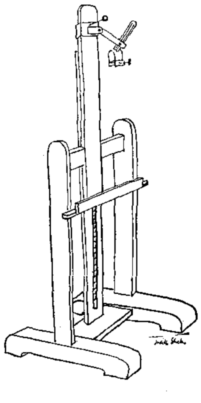
Ten years earlier, Emunds remarked as he watched his son leave, it wasn't at all uncommon for children to tell off their parents for having backed a barbaric dictatorship that had invented extermination camps. Such scenes were infrequent now, but one still heard of them. Parents in particular, Emunds informed me, had welcomed the publication of "Mit 15 an die Kanonen," many of them, it appeared, hoping to take on a certain stature in the eyes of their progeny. Pressing copies of the book into the hands of their children, they had urged them to read about the wartime pressures and dangers they had undergone, to persuade them that the comfortable lives they now took for granted had come in the wake of national suffering and sacrifice. Naturally, as a parent himself, Emunds hoped that "Mit 15 an die Kanonen" could bring that about, but, really, he asked, how was one to tell? All he had had in mind was to give his students a novel, stimulating assignment. A couple of moments later, though, on reflection, Emunds added another motive. As a history teacher, he said, he felt a certain obligation to pass on whatever firsthand information he could to future historians studying the dozen years that the Third Reich had lasted. He had worked as quickly as he could in compiling the material, he said, for even history that we ourselves make has a way of slipping past us, "like a flowing river." He had taught history for many years, and was still uncertain as to its uses. He rejected Cicero's precept "*Historia magistra vitae*" ("History is the teacher of life"), on the ground that it made too much of history. The most that history could do, he thought, was teach us how to avoid repetition of catastrophe. "Perhaps it can give us warnings," Emunds said. "I want to believe that, even though it may not be true. If I didn't, it would be very hard to go on being a history teacher."

Mrs. Emunds' tea proved to be a feast of varied delicacies, its principal ornament a small wheel of Camembert in whose exact center she had placed a tiny American flag. "In your honor," Mrs. Emunds said, bowing her head. We sat in the living room, she and Emunds and I; now and then, Martin and his two brothers darted in, long enough to help themselves to pastry. Mrs. Emunds seemed delighted when I told her I liked the Camembert; she seemed even more pleased when I expressed admiration for her home. She told me, "It was destroyed in the war. American planes did it." The original house, she went on, had belonged to her family; she had been raised in it. She had pictures of the demolished structure—did I care to see them? Before I could answer, she fetched them from a bureau, and I found myself leafing through a sheaf of faded snapshots. Mrs. Emunds stood over me, saying nothing. Holding the pictures in my hands put me in mind of the book's oft-repeated phrase "terrorist bombing." Mrs. Emunds did speak when I came to a snapshot that showed nothing but a shallow crater. Her tone even and pleasant, she said, "That was the cellar. My parents and two of my sisters and my brother were killed there." She and another sister had been away at the time, at school in Koblenz. After the war, the house had been rebuilt from the ground up.

When I gave the snapshots back she told me that Aachen had been the first German city taken, and I heard myself say that I was aware of that—that a friend of mine, an American, had been killed in its capture. "He's buried near here, in Belgium, in a military cemetery," I said.

There was a brief silence, which Emunds terminated. "When you wish, Martin and I will drive you there," he said. He looked at his son, who was gorging himself on cake. I hadn't expected to talk about my friend. I rose, and we shook hands all around, my first visit to the resurrected home at an end.

THE following day, I used a list that Emunds had drawn up and had given to me at his home. On it were the names of people he had found for me to interview; I was assured that none would be speaking anonymously—a departure from the approach employed in "Mit 15 an die Kanonen." The first of these people whom I met with was Father Heinrich Selhorst, an elderly cleric who had taught religion at the K.K.G. and other schools in Nazi times. He had retired some years earlier, and lived now with his sister, a lame, heavyset woman in her late seventies. The two shared a dark, street-level apartment in one of several small houses reserved for priests, half a block away from the cathedral square. Thoughtfully, Emunds had one of his students, a strapping seventeen-year-old named Lorenz Trümper, guide me on the brief walk from the K.K.G., which I had been visiting, to Father Selhorst's apartment. The priest waved us both to chairs; his sister puttered in the kitchen. Lorenz, I noticed, took his place self-consciously, but soon, his eyes wide, he was listening raptly to Father Selhorst's words. They came easily. The priest, portly and gray-haired, his black raiment loose-fitting, was not only pleased at having the company of visitors but also, it turned out, eager to speak up for the good name of the Germans. Perhaps fittingly, he subscribed to the devil theory of history. Hitler, he asserted, had been a godless misleader of his countrymen. "They never believed in him, they considered him mad," Father Selhorst maintained. They had followed Hitler solely out of fear for their jobs, their families, their lives. Hitler had been a passing phenomenon. His like would never be seen again. Glancing at Lorenz, the priest said he was at a loss to understand why schoolboys were made to study Hitler—his name was not worthy of utterance. "*Damnatio memoriae et erasio nominis,*" Father Selhorst intoned.



Having set forth his point of view, the priest proceeded to elaborate on it. In Aachen and elsewhere, he said, he had seen for himself that the Germans were not behind Hitler. In Aachen, he told me, students at the K.K.G. preferred to listen to him rather than to attend meetings of the Hitler Youth. The priest said, "At Hitler Youth meetings, the young were indoctrinated with the beliefs of Adolf Hitler. When I talked to small groups, it would be about the difference between a saint and a hero—between care for others and care for one's own glorification." Eventually, in 1939, a boxing instructor at the Hindenburg School in Aachen, a Nazi fanatic, reported Father Selhorst to the authorities, charging that he was undermining the morale of young people. Father Selhorst was sent to Dachau, and he spent three years there. He arrived in the company of a Jew, who, he learned, was soon executed by means of an intravenous injection of gasoline. Uneasily, Father Selhorst said, "That didn't happen to me." With other inmates, he was used as a farmhand; the camp administration augmented its budget by selling farm crops to the public. Occasionally, coming in from the fields, Father Selhorst carried the remains of cattle that had been accidentally butchered by British bombers: the meat was also sold. The camp paid for labor—at least, at the time Father Selhorst was there. The pay was paltry, but, even so, attempts were made to relieve the field workers and the others of their earnings. An outstanding instance of this, Father Selhorst recalled, was the establishment of a bordello. The project didn't succeed. The inmates didn't have the strength for sex—neither the women selected to serve as concubines nor the men who might have been customers. In the end, Father Selhorst said, the clergymen at the camp were punished for allegedly fomenting a boycott of the brothel. "We lost our bread rations for two weeks," Father Selhorst said. Three thousand clergymen, from more than two dozen countries, were at Dachau, their living quarters isolated from those of the other inmates, he said. The camp's overseers, the priest told me, kept close guard against the spread of religious doctrine. Father Selhorst said, "*Veritas et caritas*—truth and love—sustained me throughout those years. In Dachau, I became as much a human being as it has been given for me to be."

Moving with effort, the priest's sister entered the room; a kitchen appliance wasn't functioning, and she wanted his help. The two stood together a moment, their closeness palpable—in age, in looks, in their long and daily need of each other. When they left, Lorenz spoke in a hushed whisper. He was exhilarated. He told me, "He's the first person I've ever met who was actually in a camp. Up to now, I'd only *heard* about those places. When my mother was a little girl, her parents used to worry that her father might be sent to a camp. They told her never to tell anyone what she heard at home."

Father Selhorst came back in a few minutes, apparently having reminded himself that he had set out to prove that Hitler never truly won the support of the German people. He cited the behavior of some of the S.S. guards at Dachau. One of them, he said, had told him in so many words that it was wrong for someone like him to be imprisoned, because in no way did he have "*eine dunkle Existenz*" ("a dark existence")—living with something to hide, that is, such as having been a Communist or a criminal. And another S.S. man, unburdening himself, told the priest that he deplored the government's cruel treatment of the inmates. "Why don't you tell someone in Berlin?" Father Selhorst asked, and the guard replied, "How can I? We S.S. men are just little people. I would lose my job. I might be sent to the Russian front." Spelling out the guard's response for me, Father Selhorst said, "The guard, you see, was acting not out of admiration for Hitler but out of simple fear." Throughout his incarceration, the priest went on, he perceived signs of goodness among the guards. They came to him with worries about relatives back home; they asked him to write letters to brothers and cousins who were about to marry or to the bereaved parents of fallen friends. And, for their part, Father Selhorst said, the guards helped *him* with *his* correspondence—they got his messages out of the camp uncensored, and that was *verboten*. "I wrote to my sister eighty times, all about myself, all about the details of life at the camp," he told me. Nor, he added, was he unique. Plenty of other prisoners had messages smuggled to the outside world. And, the priest continued, his voice rising, if one multiplied Dachau by the number of other camps, then there must have been many, many messages that reached friends and relatives; and these people, in turn, must have passed on the contents to *their* friends and relatives, and this process, Father Selhorst concluded, had gone on for years and years. He fell silent, and when he spoke again, it was not to dispense praise. Why was it, he asked, that so many of his countrymen now denied having known, during the war, of the camps' existence, of the things that had gone on there?

"Have a good day!"

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"When will this falsehood leave us?" Father Selhorst asked. "It is like a devil's curse—Hitler's curse. Aren't those times of long ago dark enough? Do we have to go on living with a lie?"

ONE of Father Selhorst's students at the K.K.G. had been Rolf Lantin, who was now himself a teacher at the school, and it was to his home that I drove after leaving the dim apartment near the cathedral square. Lantin lived, with his wife, in a small stucco house in Aachen, whose most striking feature, as far as I was concerned, was a steep, ladderlike staircase that one had to negotiate before attaining the teacher's study, which was where we talked. The room was small and strewn with books on history and German literature, the subjects that Lantin taught at the K.K.G. It was easy to see why Emunds had put Lantin's name on his list, for Lantin, I found, besides having been a *Flakhelfer*, was someone who needed no priming to recall the war. Its memory was very much with him, as he attested, and as one could tell from a stricken expression that occasionally invaded his frank brown eyes. He was pushing fifty but looked younger, his narrow face scarcely lined, his hair black and only just beginning to recede. His voice was gentle, and his first words had to do with "Mit 15 an die Kanonen." Its publication, he hoped, would give young people some comprehension of the Nazi repression, of how difficult it had been "for Germans to behave decently." In Lantin's opinion, this had been especially difficult for heads of families, who had mouths to feed. He himself had been only eighteen when the war ended, so he could lay claim to no such excuse. Nevertheless, Lantin said, he had had his share of burdens. These had come his way after he completed his stint as a *Flakhelfer* and donned an Army uniform—with, as he put it, his shoulders squared and his heart beating for adventure. He had been a good soldier, Lantin said objectively, obeying orders, but not blindly. He had used his eyes, it appeared, and most assuredly he had done so on a certain freezing day in January of 1945, when he and three others had been on guard duty at the railroad station in Weimar, not far from the concentration camp at Buchenwald. It was on that day, Lantin said, that he saw camp inmates for the first time. Hundreds of them, organized in squads of eight, had passed before his startled gaze, each squad a work detail on its way to reconstruct bombed dwellings. But they hadn't just passed. "They ran!" Lantin exclaimed, a haunted look in his eyes. "It wasn't necessary, but they were being forced to run to their forced labor, and they were all skeletons, hundreds of them—unburied skeletons shrouded in striped uniforms." Later that day, Lantin and his three comrades had

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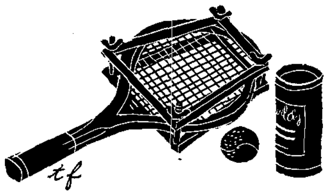
watched the inmates fighting like animals for scraps of bread that S.S. men tossed into their ranks. The feeding had made a repellent scene, Lantin said, but what had laid hold of him and the three other guards was the sight of the long, grisly procession, its members thinly clad against the frost, and panting, their puffs of breath curling in the winter air. That night, the four young soldiers had made a solemn pact that if ever they saw an inmate trying to escape, they would not shoot. Nothing had come of the pact, Lantin told me, but the image of the running cadavers had chased him down through the years, never letting him forget that he had seen with his own eyes that inmates of concentration camps did indeed exist, enslaved and degraded. Yes, he had had nightmares about it since, Lantin said ruefully, but he had experienced yet another consequence: his sense of beauty had been damaged, his enjoyment of art numbed. That might sound to some like a precious punishment, he said, but it was important to him, and he didn't see how he could fail to mention it. He quoted a line from a book by Theodor Adorno, an Austrian musicologist and thinker: "To write poetry after Auschwitz is barbaric."

Like Emunds, Lantin thought that his country had produced surprisingly little writing about the Third Reich—though in the last few years, he added, there had been intimations that a change might be in the making. At any rate, Lantin continued, much of the writing that had come out advanced the proposition—which I had just heard from Father Selhorst—that it was Hitler from whom all villainies had flowed. Lantin found this unfortunate. It had the effect of exculpating Germans for having made the Third Reich possible; it undermined the idea of personal accountability. His taste of Nazism, Lantin went on, had affected his teaching. He was determined to inculcate a challenging, critical sense in his students—something that had been denied his own generation, he said, which had been slavish in its veneration of authority. Certainly, Lantin said, the Allies' "reëducation program," directly after the war, hadn't turned things around. It had been a conquerors' program, prepackaged and sloganized, but then, he said, nothing of an educational nature could have succeeded at that time. Bread and wood were then everyone's watchwords.



Lantin told me how the end of the war had come for him. He had been lying on the floor of a makeshift hospital in Berlin, having suffered a bullet wound in his left leg during the defense of the city. It was the first week of May, 1945, and Red Army soldiers had burst into the capital, angry victors taking their revenge however they pleased. Grabbing up clothes left behind by a departed civilian patient, Lantin had thrown away his military uniform and documents, and passed himself off as Dutch, attributing his wound to American planes. Limping, he had set out for Aachen, four hundred miles away. He was eighteen, and he wanted to be home with his mother and father. He didn't know whether they were still alive or whether his home—the house we were sitting in—was still intact. His plight was commonplace; thousands of German soldiers were wandering the roads, homeward bound. En route, Lantin recalled, he encountered a Soviet soldier. Noticing a book bulging in Lantin's knapsack, the Russian had yanked it out, flinging it at Lantin's feet. Timorously, Lantin had said, "That's Goethe's 'Faust,'" whereupon the Russian, perhaps anticipating Adorno, ground the book under his heel. Lantin had pushed on, living from hand to mouth, swimming the Elbe one night, his good leg kicking him a half kilometre to the river's west bank. Chaos was everywhere, transportation and shelter a matter of wild chance. Lantin began to feel safe only when he reached Düsseldorf, which was well behind American and British lines. He had been on the road for nearly two months before he spied the familiar but now broken outlines of Aachen; its population, much of it evacuated or dead, had gone down from a hundred and sixty thousand to about forty thousand. After wending his way for hours through streets made surreal by rubble and ruins, Lantin finally came to his home; now his voice, which had been quiet, took on a buoyant quality. He said, "I cannot describe the joy that that moment brought me. My mother and father were alive, both of them, and the house stood." A moment later, as though Lantin were punishing himself, his exultation vanished. Soberly, he said he did not want me to think he regarded his family reunion as a happy ending to the war. His eyes perplexed, he said, "All that the war taught us was that we had to make a new beginning. We knew only what we did not know—how to be at peace, how to be young, how to think for ourselves. Perhaps we've learned those

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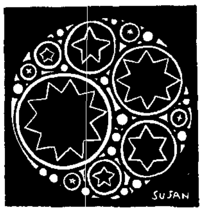
things, but I'm not sure. We still seem to respond to authoritarianism. There are times when I think that—with different details, of course—the whole business could happen again. Dictatorship is possible in every age."

THE day after I saw Lantin, I kept an appointment at the home of Leo Haupts, a former *Flakhelfer* who is now a professor of modern history at Cologne University, forty miles from Aachen, where he still lives; it was Haupts who wrote the introduction to "Mit 15 an die Kanonen," in which he observed that the book enabled *Flakhelfer* to see themselves "involved with history . . . [and] without need . . . to portray themselves as heroes." Entering the Haupts' living room, which was tastefully furnished and pervaded by an atmosphere of settled harmony, I found myself cordially received by Haupts and his family: Mrs. Haupts, a wan blue-eyed woman with honey-blond hair; Stefan, fourteen; and Michael, seventeen, who had a struggling mustache of blond down. Stefan wasn't with us long. Like Emunds' son Martin, he decided that harking back to the Third Reich wasn't for him, and soon took his leave. Michael, though, stayed on. An alert, intelligent young man, he had had a direct hand in the compilation of "Mit 15 an die Kanonen," having served as one of the K.K.G. interviewers.

Attired in a navy-blue suit that set off a neatly knotted foulard and metal-rimmed glasses, Michael's father, a short, dark-haired man, talked of the Hitler years with an air of genial, genteel detachment. Touching on Emunds' paperback, the Professor said he was confident that it owed its popularity in large part to an interest of young people in the hardships that their parents had withstood. Michael differed at once; he spoke insistently, his tone dispelling the room's contented atmosphere. As far as he was concerned, he said, the book was nothing more than a nostalgic souvenir for oldsters. For him, Michael went on, the book had but a single use: it gave him information about the war. His parents and their friends rarely talked about it, and when they did it was to impress upon the young how soft a life they led. Michael said to me, "If your father tells you to clean up the garden and you don't feel like it, he says, 'Oh, if you only knew how hard we had it in the war!' " Well, Michael said, now he did know a little about those hard times, but he could not see what good they had accomplished. "I can imagine everything happening all over again," he said, echoing Lantin.



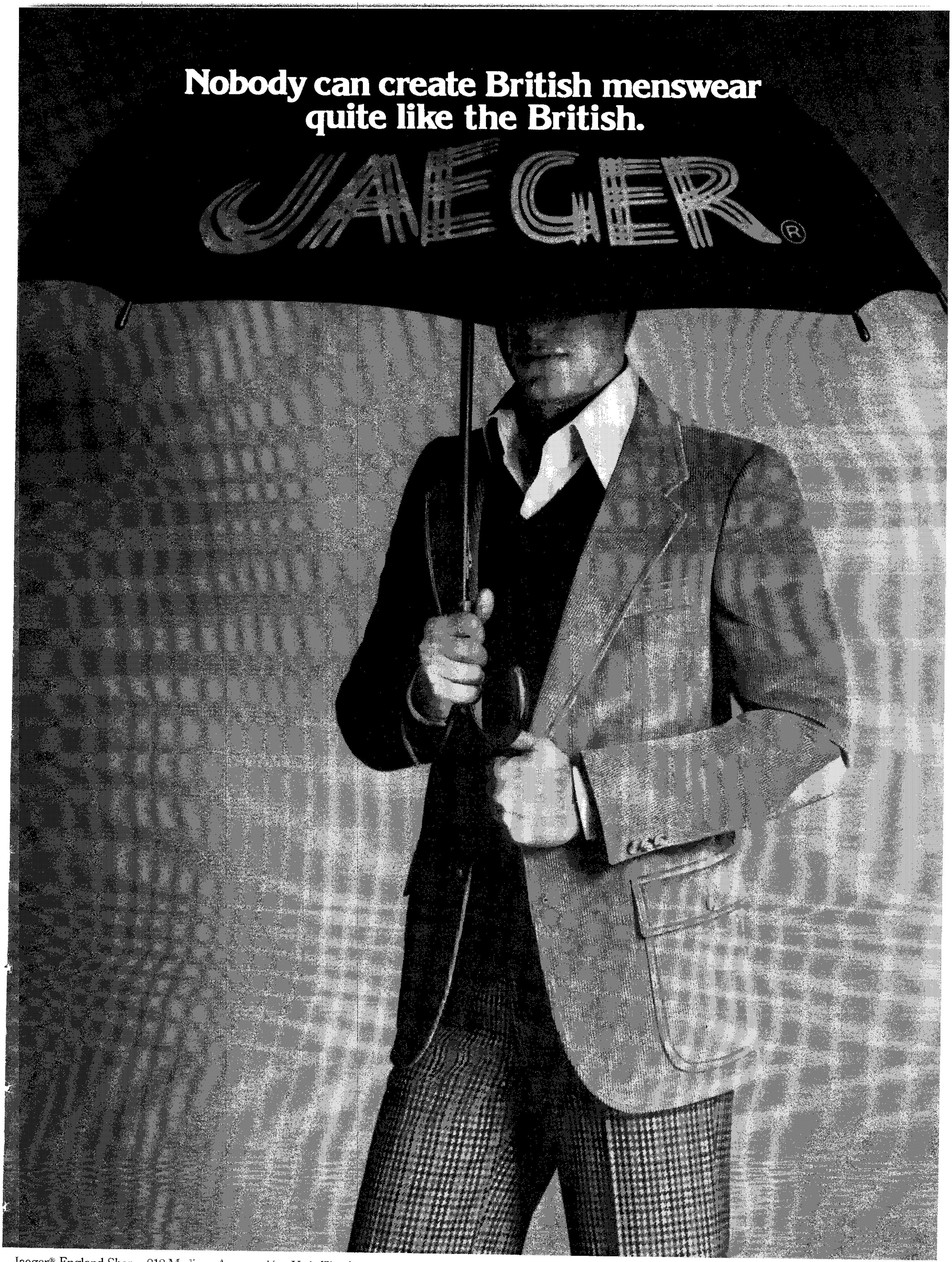
Mrs. Haupts appeared shocked. Apologetically, she said to me, "I can't understand my son."

Michael said, "We Germans are deeply proud of our economy and technology, but we try to hide our pride from other countries. We don't want them to think we could go back to our high-and-mighty ways." He read publications put out by Amnesty International, Michael informed me, and he knew for a fact that the use of violence was standard practice throughout the world; and *that*, he said emphatically, was not good—it could set old juices flowing in countries with militaristic pasts. "Patriotism," "the Fatherland," "the state"—such concepts, Michael said, were alien to his thinking. Next year, when he turned eighteen, he would have to choose between taking military training and performing *Ersatzdienst* ("alternative service"). Like several of his classmates at the K.K.G., he would be opting for *Ersatzdienst*.

Speaking hesitantly, Mrs. Haupts said, "In my youth, we didn't compare one political idea with another. We just wanted to be led, to have a leader."

"We were also idealistic," Professor Haupts reminded her. "We wanted to help our country. We had heard so much about unemployment and inflation—and, of course, there had been the defeat in 1918." Recalling the defeat that he himself had experienced in 1945, Haupts said that two or three years after that took place German moviegoers had laughed at Hitler when he was shown on the screen; five years later, however, they had stopped laughing. His genial detachment momentarily deserting him, Haupts said, "We can't forget what we did, but we can't explain it." On a recent vacation in England, Haupts said, he and his family discovered that the British, too, remembered Hitler, but did so openly. The family had been astonished to find an abundance of books, plays, and television programs dealing with the Third Reich; there had even been comic books that recounted the gallantry of the Royal Air Force in the Battle of Britain.

Mrs. Haupts said, "Our whole childhood was given over to Hitler. Parents had to be careful of how they acted with their children. One day, I remember, Mother came into my room when I was putting up a picture of Hitler, and she said, 'Oh, I know a better place to hang it—let's hang it on the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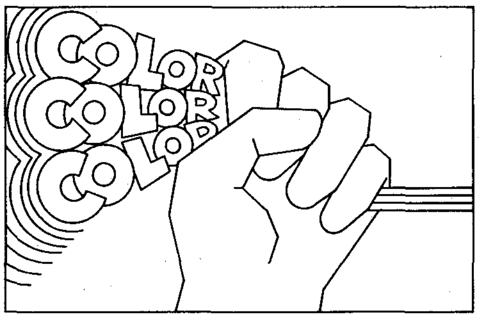

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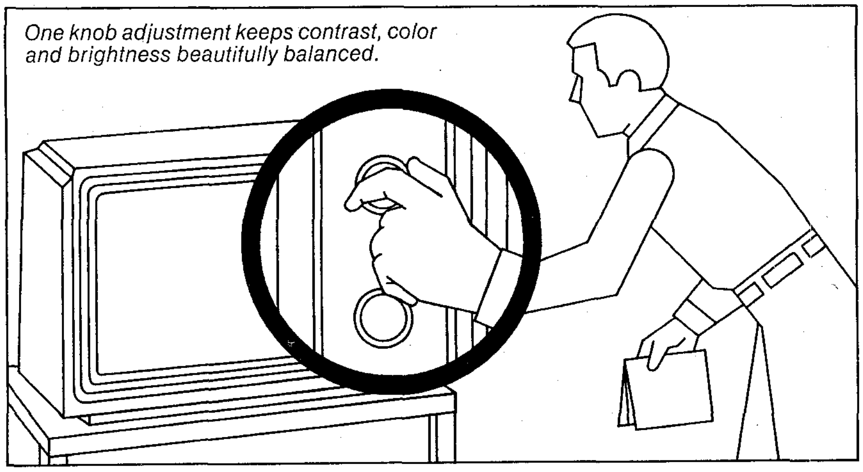

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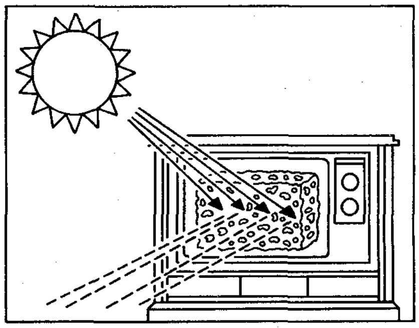

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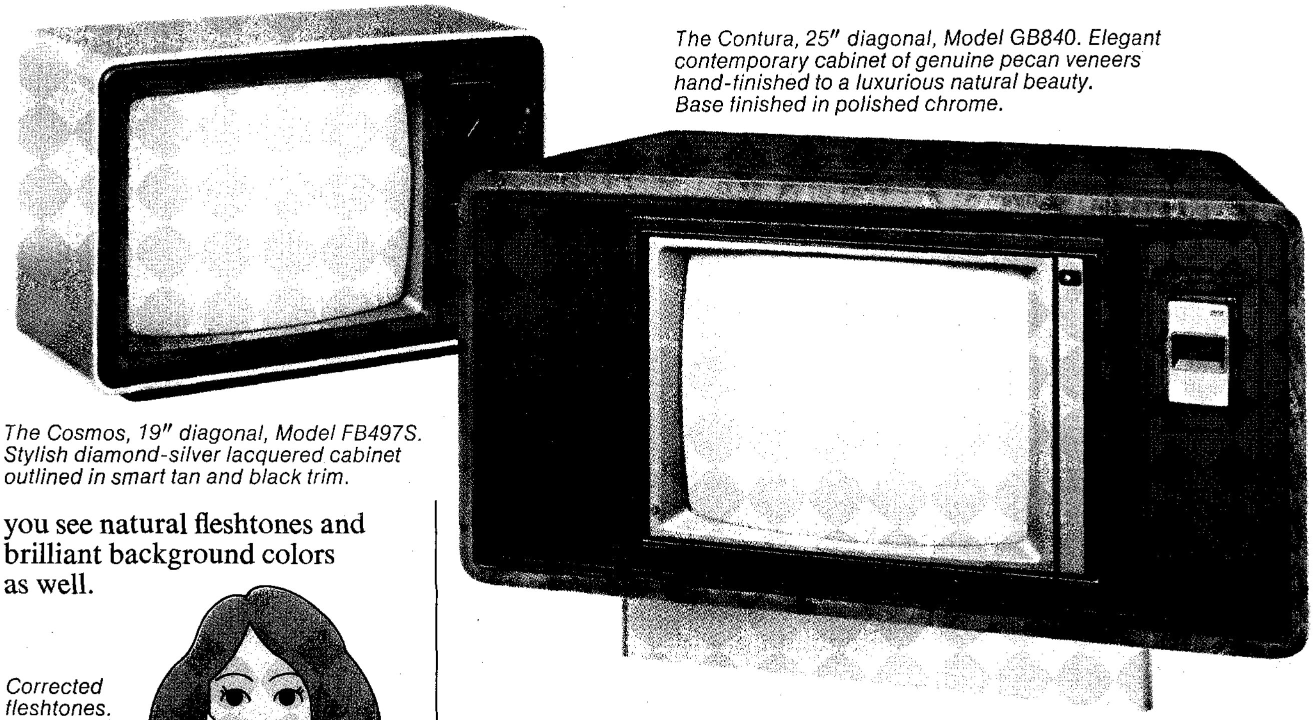

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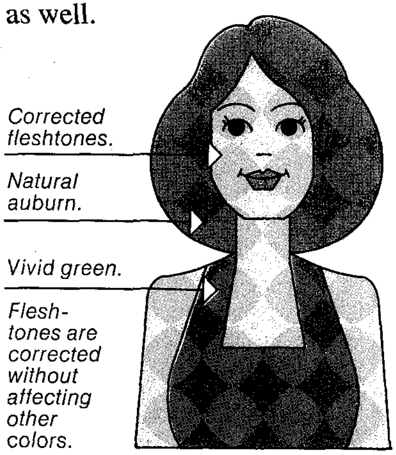
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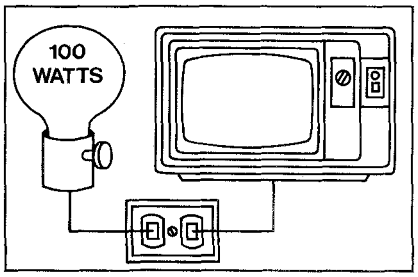

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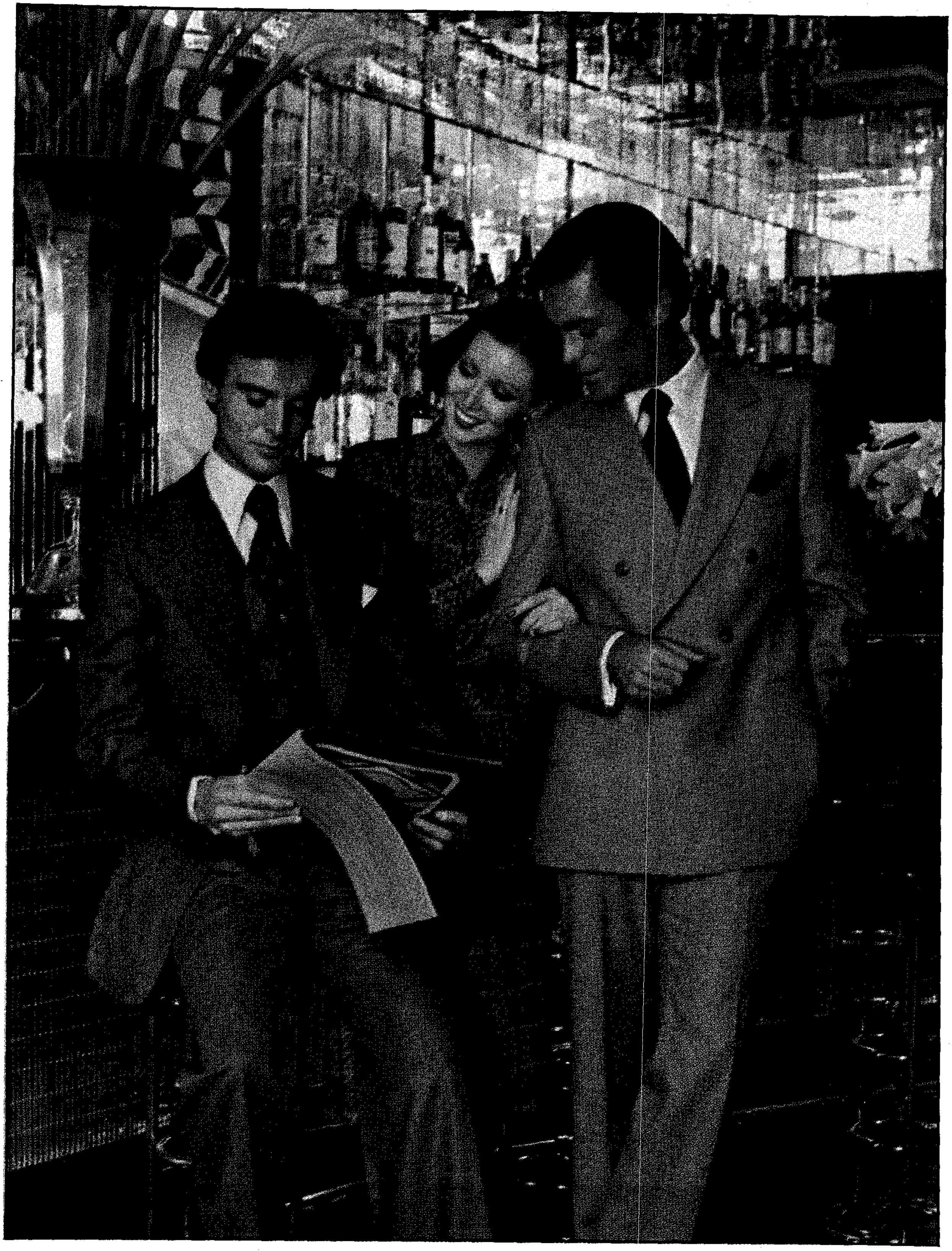

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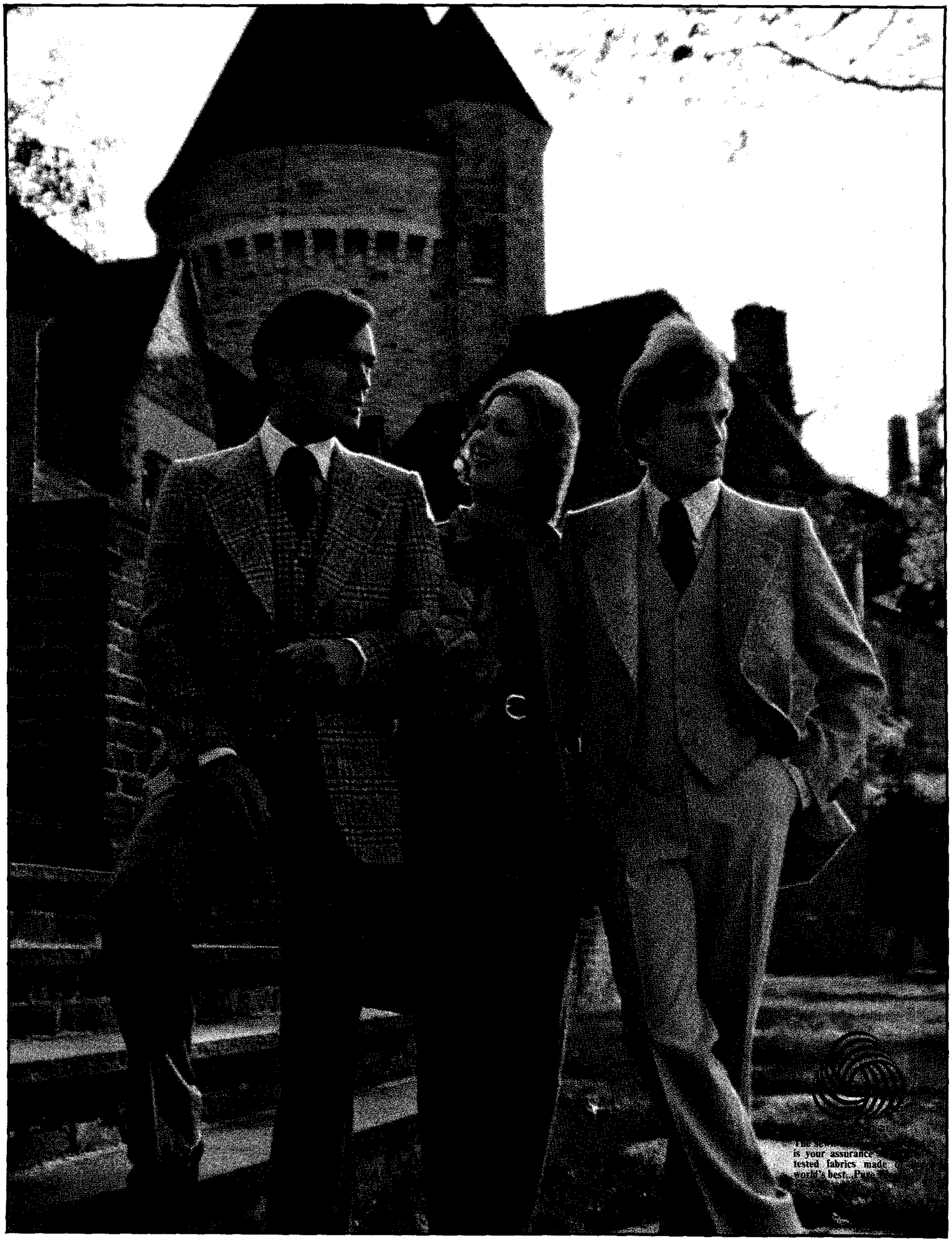

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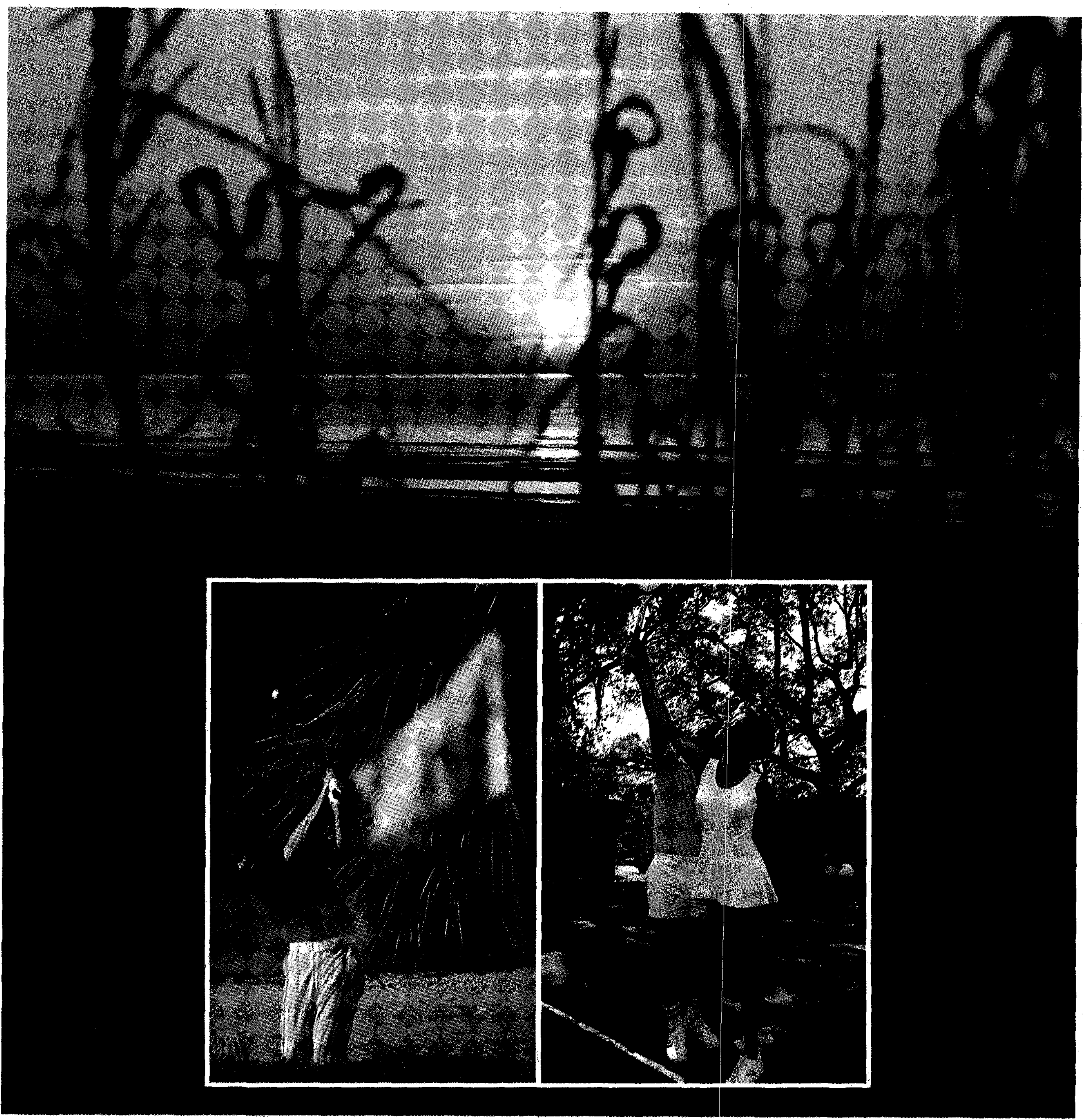

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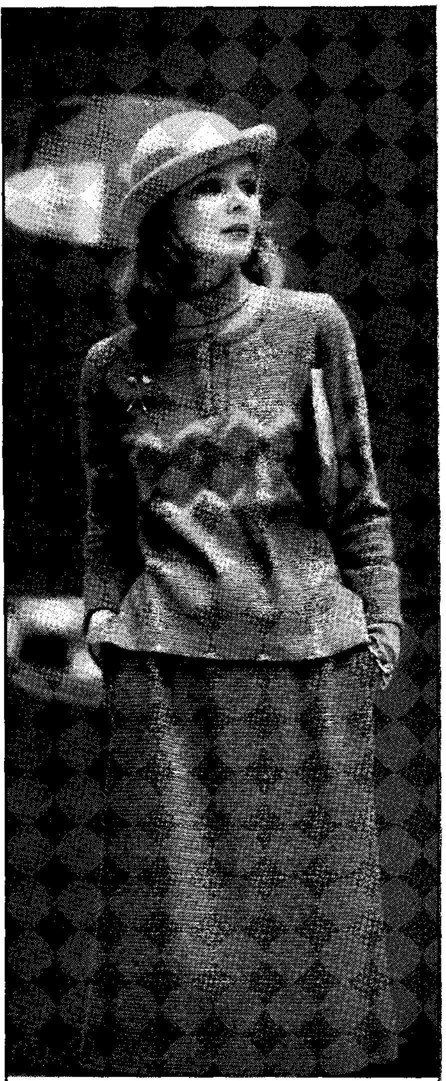
kitchen wall.' We did, and soon the heat from the stove spoiled *der Führer's* face. Another time—I was nine or ten—Mother made me stand at the window and watch two policemen leading a group of Jews to the railroad station. The policemen were crying."

Haupts, too, had known of the deportation of Jews during the war, he told me, but that was all. He said he had known nothing about concentration camps. He didn't envy Germans who had, he said—they probably lived with a guilty conscience. I asked Michael whether any legacy of guilt had come down to young Germans, and he shook his head. "Why should it?" he demanded indignantly. "We weren't even born!" His spirited reply drew a nod of approval from his father, and the two exchanged a smile, their abjuration of guilt a bond between them. Mrs. Haupts watched them, relieved. His detachment back, Haupts said good-naturedly that he wondered whether concentration camps were destined to be remembered. In time, the Professor observed, facts could turn fuzzy, lending themselves to revision. He cited an example. Among historians, he informed me, it had long been accepted that Charlemagne had decapitated four thousand Saxons in the eighth century for stealing cattle from the Franks. Well, Haupts said, in recent years some historians had been leaning toward the view that the Saxons had not been massacred but merely banished. Haupts concluded, "It's only speculation, of course, but it may be that there will come a day when people will ask, 'Were there really concentration camps, or was that just a myth?' "

ANOTHER *Flakhelfer*, Günter Frentz, had become a local newspaper reporter since the war, and his manner, I found, was much like that of many newspapermen I have met—brash, outspoken, pulling no punches. Frentz had a small house in Mausbach, a village east of Aachen, and we talked in his living room. He was bald and tall, his height accentuated by the room's low ceiling and by the fact that I was seated as he paced the floor, seemingly propelled by an eagerness to move his thoughts. First off, Frentz wanted me to know that he didn't think much of the general effect of "Mit 15 an die Kanonen." It put him off, he said, the way other ex-*Flakhelfer* carried on about their suffering. They seemed to confuse it with idealism, and, Frentz asserted, there had certainly been none of that—unless one equated it with allegiance to the regime. Frentz said, "We were just youngsters, yes, but we were running with the pack—why not face it?" Continuing to pace restlessly, he told me that it irked him no end to find *Flakhelfer* in Emunds' paperback repeatedly claiming that it was only after the war that they learned to think. Forcefully, Frentz said, "It did *not* take the war to teach us the difference between right and wrong, between beauty and ugliness." Even before he was a *Flakhelfer*, he had begun to "think," if that meant sensing that Nazi ideology wasn't all there was to life, if it meant recognizing that there was a transcendent human spirit—*ein Geist*. Immersing himself in the verse of Heinrich Heine had awakened him to this consciousness, Frentz told me; and he added that the great poet, a Jew, was on a long list of proscribed writers. Frentz laughed dryly. American soldiers had captured him in the spring of 1945, he recalled, and their anti-Semitic mouthings as they marched him to an interrogation center would have warmed the cockles of Hitler's heart.

Frentz returned to "Mit 15 an die Kanonen," laying about him with easy ferocity at the book's contents. It would have been nice, he said, if it had touched in the slightest on the truckling deportment of school administrators during the Hitler era. Specifically, Frentz said, he had in mind the K.K.G., his alma mater. Whenever suspicions of being anti-regime hovered over the school, as they did over all schools, the headmaster would advise security officials to investigate the parents, not the faculty. In retrospect, Frentz remarked sardonically, it had been good advice, for, with rare exceptions, the teachers at the school had been a collection of prudent party-liners. "Would you like their names?" Frentz asked me. When I declined his offer, he looked disappointed for a moment, then gave his attention to the Catholic Church, of which he was a member. According to him, nowhere in "Mit 15 an die Kanonen" could one find a breath of criticism concerning the Church's actions, even though everyone knew that the hierarchy had been as pro-Hitler as the leaders of any Protestant denomination. Nowadays, Frentz said, it was fashionable among Catholics to blame Prussians and Protestants for the Nazis' accession to power, but hadn't Bavaria, a Catholic stronghold, been the birthplace of the Nazi movement? And what was so great about his own bailiwick, the Rhineland? It, too, was predominantly Catholic, and it hadn't exactly served as a bastion of anti-Nazism.

"What about Father Selhorst?" I



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inquired, and, grudgingly, Frentz replied, "He admired aristocrats, but he did have courage. He wasn't like most priests."

"Is it true that Germans don't care to remember the Third Reich?" I asked.

Frentz nodded, then recited an old German saying to the effect that the less Germans talk about something, the deeper their awareness of it is. He wasn't certain, Frentz went on to say, but conceivably a measure of contrition had something to do with this reluctance to recall the Third Reich. The treatment of the Jews, he said, had been a phenomenal, a unique cruelty: he estimated that nine out of ten of the death-camp inmates had been Jews, though Jews had made up less than one per cent of Germany's population and less than ten per cent of the population of the Nazi-occupied countries.

Did he think all wars produced their horrors, I asked. What about Hiroshima? What about Vietnam?

Frentz took no time to ponder his answer. "Hitler wasn't war," he said flatly, halting his pacing. He stared down at me then, shaking his head, and said, "War is one thing, Hitler was another. No, no, they are not the same. Alibis are not for me."

I WAS in Belgium, three or four kilometres from the village of Henri-Chapelle, having crossed a corner of the Netherlands to get there. Twenty minutes earlier, I had been in downtown Aachen, waiting outside my hotel for Emunds and his son Martin, who were making good their offer to drive me out to the American cemetery where my friend was buried. After attending Sunday Mass, the two had picked me up in a run-down family car, and, with Martin at the wheel, we had got under way; Emunds had brought a camera. The cemetery was situated in terrain over which once-famous battles had been fought—Bastogne, Malmédy, and others, all part of the Battle of the Bulge. The weather was drizzly, and when we had parked the car we took shelter awhile under the flat roof of a stone colonnade whose pillars were inscribed with the names of nearly five hundred men listed as missing in action. Before us were those whose bodies had been recovered—eight thousand in all, ninety-four of them unknown—their markers spread over an immense acreage of lawn running on toward a flagstaff from which hung an American standard. I didn't know where to look for my friend's grave, and, obligingly, Emunds and Martin went off to find someone who did. Alone in the colon-

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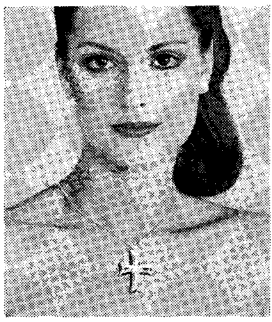

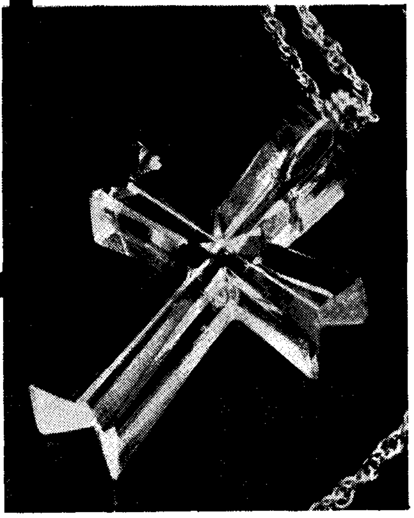

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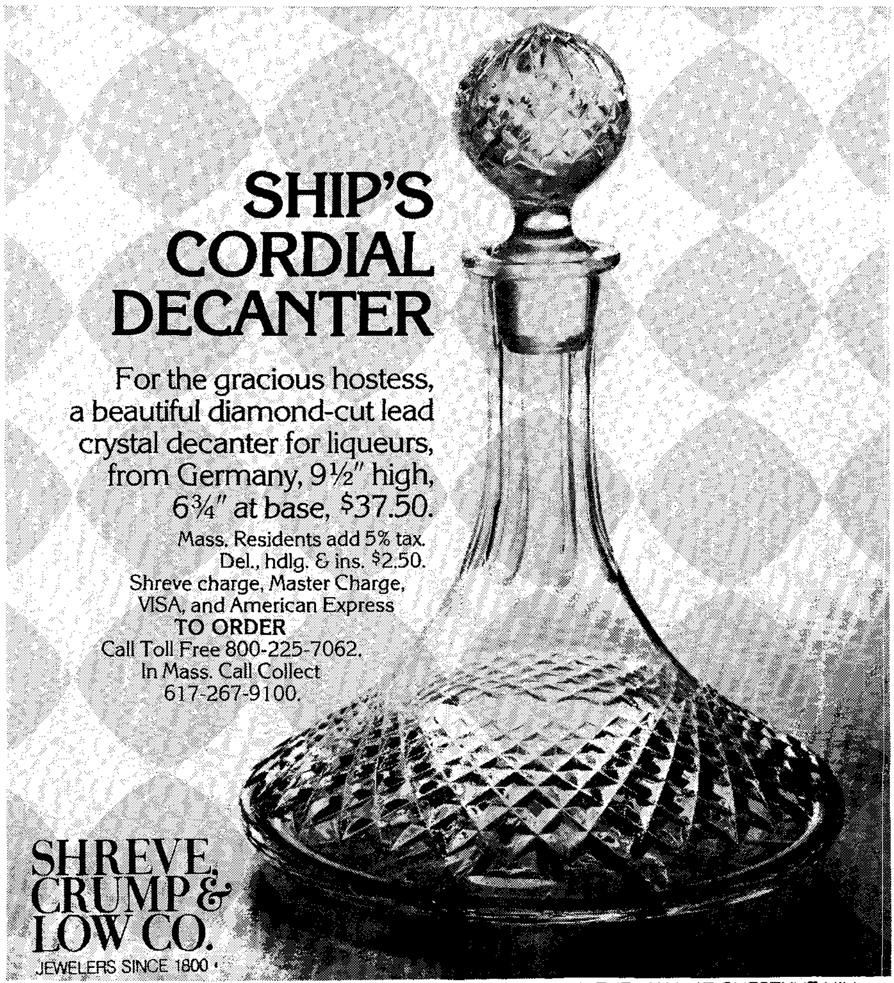

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nade, which sat on a knoll, I had a sweeping view of the countryside, rolling and peaceful, whose far reaches, I had learned, took in other military cemeteries, American, French, British, some of them more populous than the one I was gazing at. Only the living relieved the wet, cheerless scene. Wearing bright-colored raincoats, a party of fifteen girls had gathered near a grave perhaps two hundred yards from where I stood; the girls, ten or twelve years old, were in the charge of a nun, who was lecturing. Near the group, an elderly couple, their hands entwined, peered at a succession of headstones, plainly searching for a particular name. Apart from these old and young people, stillness reigned over the vast expanse of crosses and Stars of David. I had never been to a military cemetery before, and seeing this one took me aback. Unlike a churchyard, it had no lichened, half-collapsed graves. Here the thousands of monuments that met the eye were severely alike in age and size, all stamped from identical white stone, all arrayed in rows of relentless symmetry, as though the interred dared not break ranks. The interred themselves, I thought, had had little to do with their fates: gigantic events and the judgments of strangers, friendly and unfriendly, had contrived their demise. In a military cemetery, as nowhere else, it seemed to me, one could see with dazzling clarity the captivity in which imperial, impersonal forces could hold our lives; at Henri-Chapelle, the stony panorama could stir anew a yearning to lead a life of one's own, private and unassailed.

Drawn to the buried battalions, I left the colonnade, moving down a grassy slope that led to the cemetery proper. I had taken only a few steps when, directly behind me, someone said, "That's U.S. territory out there." The voice, I discovered, belonged to an American, an official of the American Battle Monuments Commission. Emunds and Martin were at his side, both pleased at having been able to find him on a Sunday. "He knows your friend's address," Emunds said. The official, it turned out, was a retired Army warrant officer from the Midwest who had stayed on in Europe. He spoke in a careful monotone, plying me with varied information. As the four of us descended the slope, which was lined by hedges, he said that the cemetery was fifty-seven acres in area and represented a gift of the Belgian government to America. The daily average of visitors was fifteen hundred; on holidays, such as Memorial Day, thousands came, including Germans,

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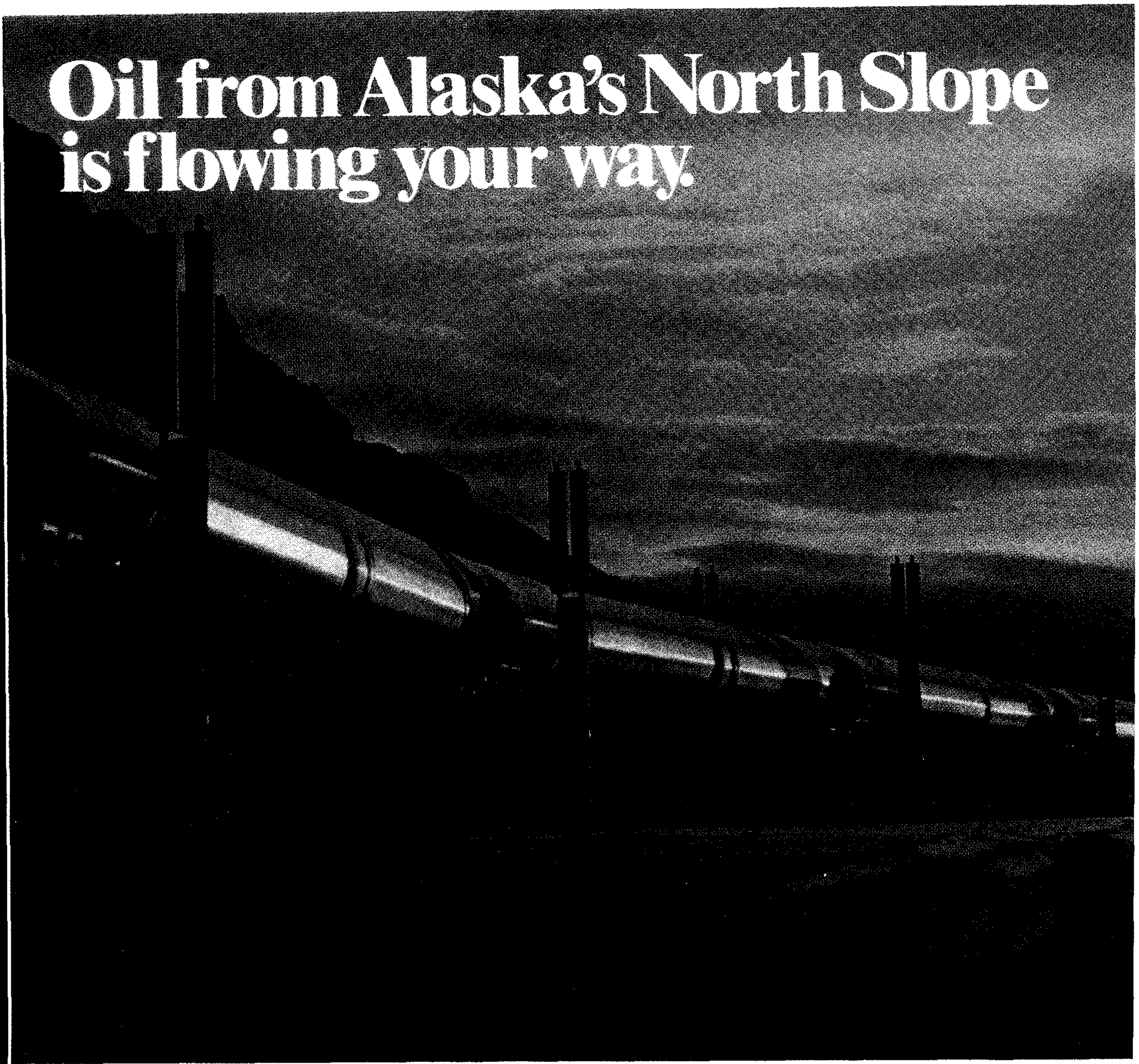

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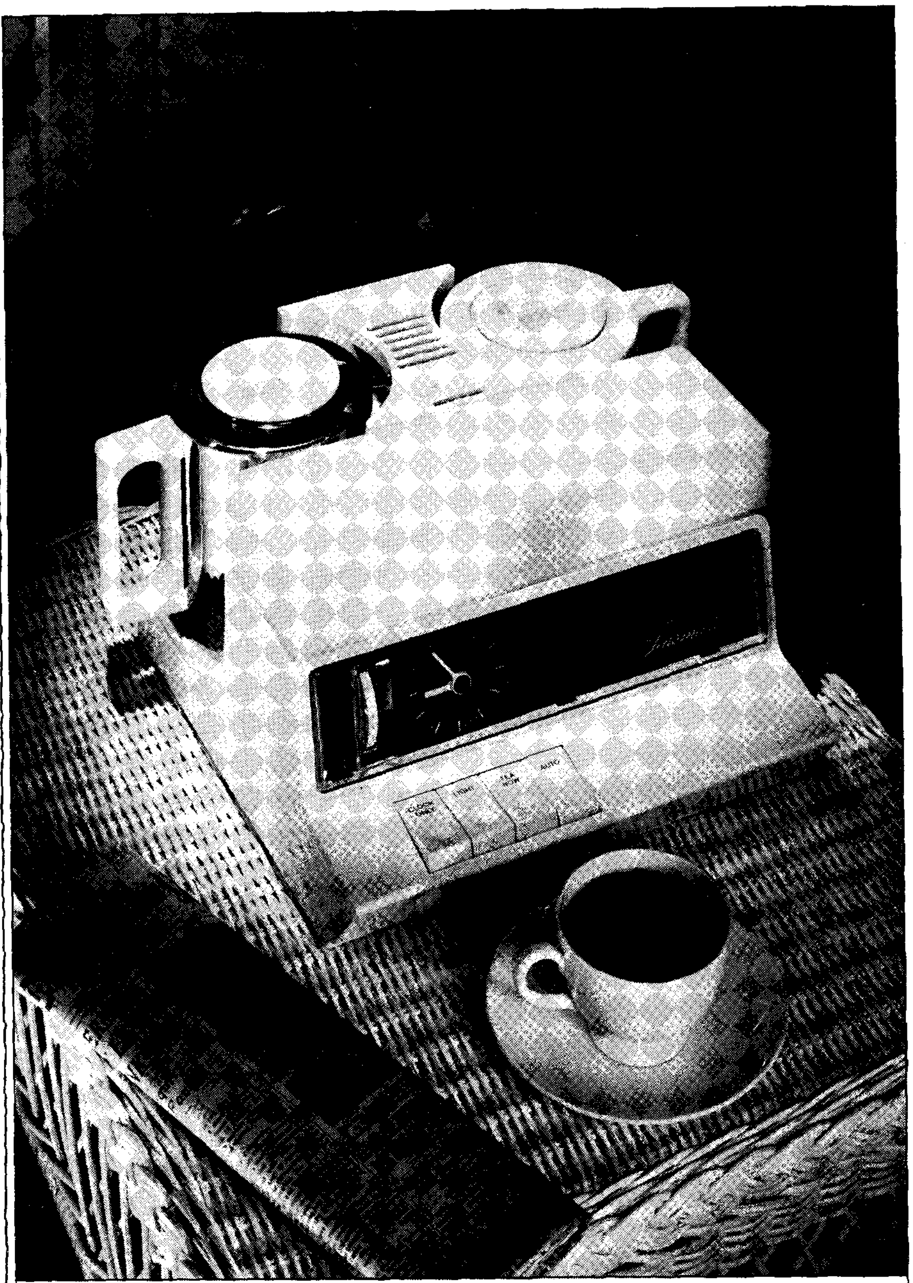
some of whom wept. A German, the official said, had once told him, "The war would have been different if we Germans had known how far in front of us your bullets were. We knew only that our own were right at our backs."

I moved away. I hadn't come to Henri-Chapelle to ponder any tangle of German motives. Seeing my friend's grave wasn't the sole reason I was in Belgium. Since arriving in Aachen, I had acquired a fresh incentive for making my visit: I hoped that it would restore to me the cleansing, simplifying anger I had known in the war, when right and wrong had been readily distinguishable, when treating with enemy explanations had been off limits. But time had spent the anger, and it would not come. Other things did, such as Emunds' picture-taking. When we reached my friend's grave, the American official retreated several yards, and Emunds, sizing up the day's light, went to work. My friend's tomb was a cross on which were inscribed his name, his status of war correspondent, and the exact date of his death, in 1944. He had been twenty-five, and already a writer of solid reputation. Deliberately, I recalled topics we had talked about—jazz, girls, sports; absurdly, a track-and-field meet we had been to came back to me in a profusion of detail. Finally focussing his camera, Emunds called out for me to stand closer to my friend's tomb, but I paid no attention. My thoughts were with the hosts of dead around us. In my mind, they had arisen and were young again, as in 1944, and on their way to a front, ascending winding mountain roads aswirl with dust from tramping feet, jeeps, half-tracks, open-hatched tanks. And again, as I had often seen them do, the climbers affected a lightheartedness, even though they knew full well that they would soon be taking casualties. It had been a necessary lightheartedness, sustaining in all a sense of immortality: others might die but not oneself. Those now at Henri-Chapelle had learned differently, but it didn't follow that any of their survivors—military or civilian, American or German—had given up the illusion that they themselves would go on forever. Only the suspension of time itself could persuade them to suspend that illusion. Until then, everything that happened—history—was but a forerunner of something else. Time ground all that befell us into incidents, discrete and transient, each fading in memory. Were we condemned to think of Hitler's deeds as but a passing incident? How could one keep from doing that? His camera still raised, Emunds shouted through



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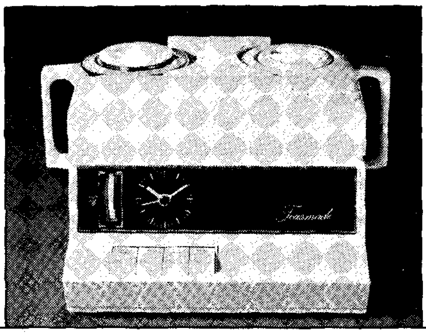

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the drizzle, "*Bitte*, *bitte*, move closer to your friend! To the stone—closer, closer!"

THE day before I left Aachen, I saw Pastor Heinrich Fuchs, of the Lutheran church in Heinsberg, a town a half hour's drive from the city. Unlike the other people I had met, Pastor Fuchs was not from the Rhineland—nor, for that matter, were his parishioners. They came from Prussia and Silesia, their numbers composed of *Vertriebene*—literally, "driven ones," meaning displaced persons who were forced from their homes by the Russians and Poles. In terms of "Mit 15 an die Kanonen," Pastor Fuchs enjoyed a certain distinction. He had been a Luftwaffe officer, one of three whom Emunds had been able to locate. As though to demonstrate that he had been an officer, Pastor Fuchs had two of his former *Flakhelfer* on hand in the living room of his rectory, which was our meeting place. One of them was a cousin of Paul Emunds', named Franz Josef Emunds. He was a livestock farmer from nearby, moon-faced and apple-cheeked; his visage seemed to invite the outdoors into the large, immaculate room in which we sat, its décor heavy with settees and carved wooden chairs. The other ex-*Flakhelfer* was Ludovikus Oidtmann, a lively, dark-haired maker of church windows, who had been to America numerous times on business. Oidtmann spoke more than his farmer friend did. It was the pastor himself, though, who held forth at greatest length. Perhaps out of a continuing deference to his wartime officership, the two younger men, like adjutants, eyed him a moment before they themselves spoke. The pastor, gray-haired and of medium height, talked with an easy assurance and a steady smile. He had on glasses that glinted now and then, when the day's sunlight struck; he was wearing a blue suit and a maroon turtleneck. The pastor was married, as I learned when he said, regretfully, that his wife was away or she would have prepared us all a splendid meal.

By his own appraisal, Pastor Fuchs said, he had been a mature man of thirty in 1944, when he was assigned as a lieutenant to the Rhineland for antiaircraft duty. By then, he went on, it was apparent that Germany's military fortunes were on the wane. Why else, he asked, would the Luftwaffe have drafted children? As both Oidtmann and Franz Josef Emunds nodded in agreement, he said, "They were homesick, even though they were near home. I often let them go home without official permission. I tried to be like a father to them. I called them by nicknames."

"Mine was Bib," Oidtmann put in.

"Jo-Jo," Emunds said.

Such informality, the pastor wanted me to know, was highly irregular for an officer. If his superiors had found out about it, he said, they would have suspected his theological training, given the Luftwaffe's anticlerical outlook. It was only as a sop to churchgoers, Pastor Fuchs told me, that that branch of the German military had recruited divinity students like him, enticing them with good posts. He himself, the pastor granted, had managed well throughout the war and ever since—his congregation of *Vertriebene* were an admirable folk, industrious and thriving. Most of his compatriots at divinity school, however, had not fared so well; more than half had been killed. Continuing, he said he had been lucky to survive the heavy air raids in the Aachen area. In one of them, in the spring of 1944, he recalled, British Marauders, clobbering some railroad repair shops, had left a *Flakhelfer* dead. Shocked and distraught, the other fifteen-year-olds had been unable to look at the corpse. Lieutenant Fuchs had dismissed them for the day. "But a few hours later, without being asked, they came back, one by one, ready for duty," he went on, his steady smile now broad and pronounced. He and Emunds and Oidtmann looked at each other, pride on their faces.

Abruptly, Emunds' cherubic countenance clouded. His tone censorious, he said that he had presented copies of "Mit 15 an die Kanonen" to nephews of his but that their reactions had not been satisfactory; after reading the book, they had informed their uncle that they considered him an accessory to the Nazi cause, and that they themselves would not have served as *Flakhelfer*. The farmer said, "I told them that they would have done *exactly* as I had—maybe more so. I told them that they could not even have entered school if they had not joined the Hitler Youth."

Oidtmann had undergone a similar experience. Watching a television program one evening, he had heard a K.K.G. student, one of those who had contributed to "Mit 15 an die Kanonen," find fault with the manner in which his parents comported themselves during the war; the student had referred to concentration camps in a way that incensed Oidtmann. He said to me, "The boy talked as if the regime did not have absolute control over ev-

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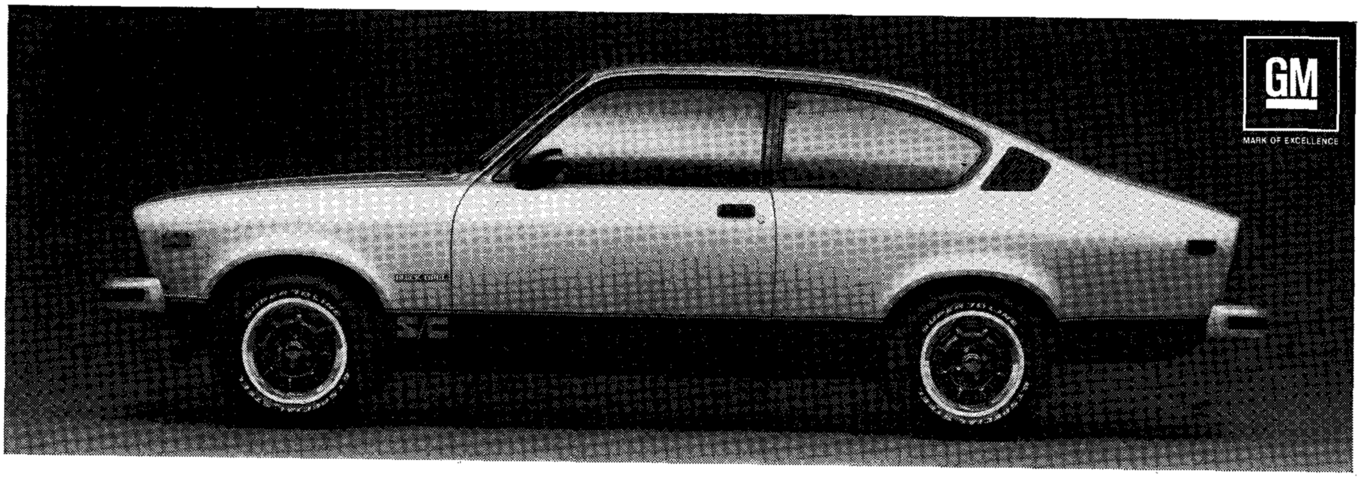

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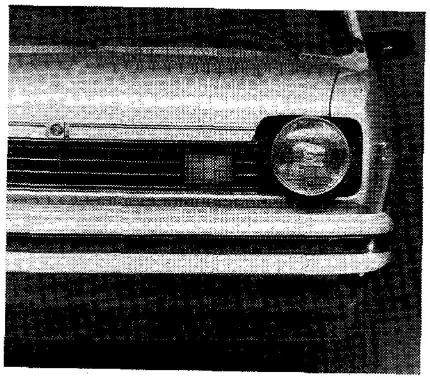

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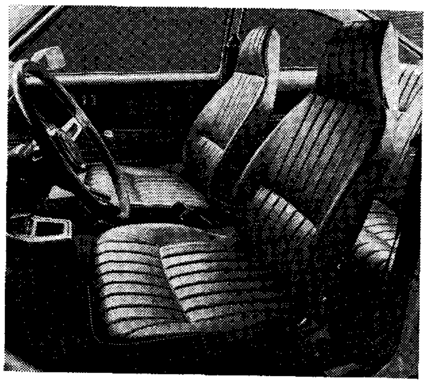

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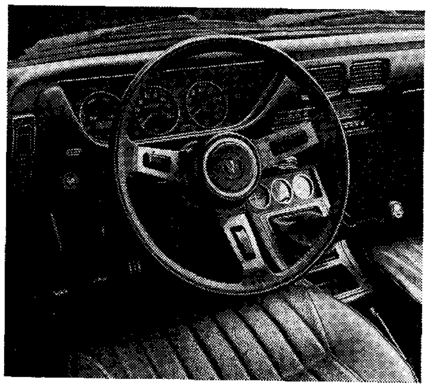

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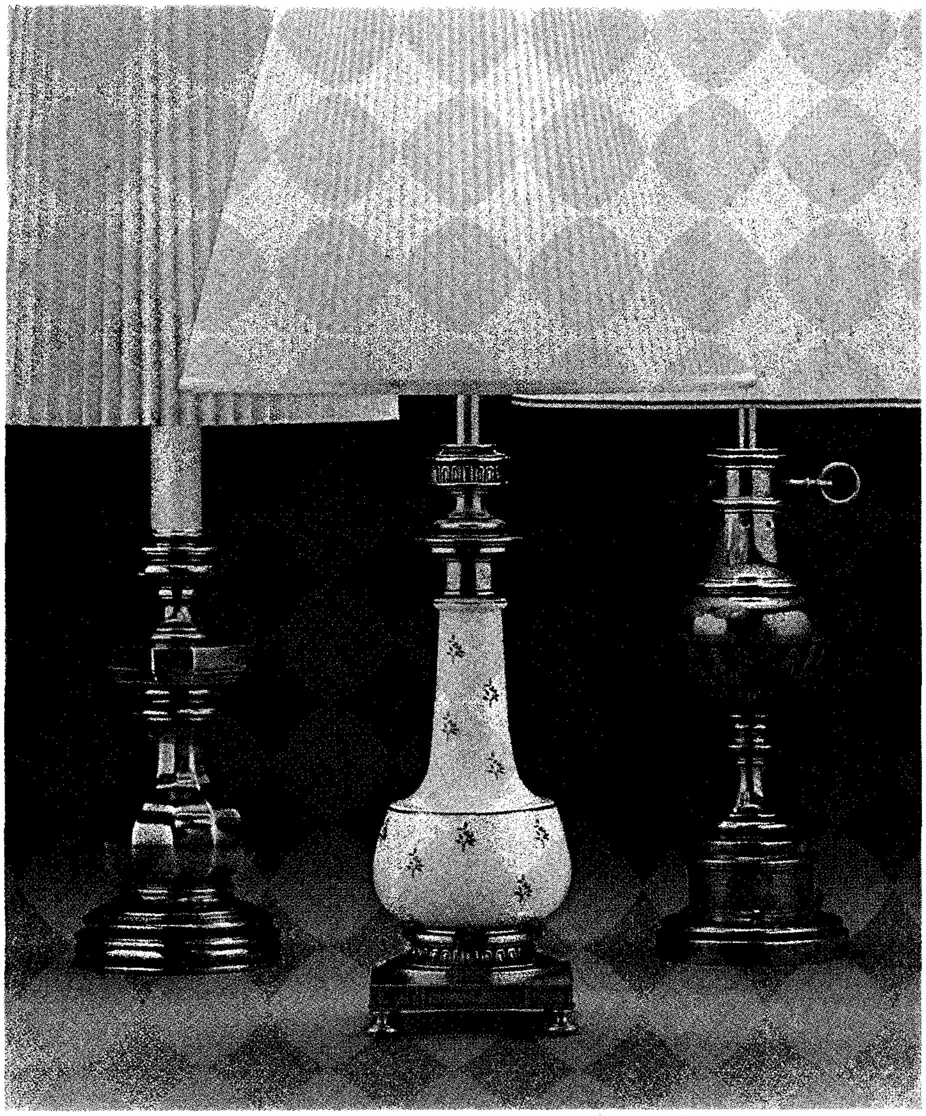

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erything we read and heard. He talked as if we knew all about the camps and the gassing."

"What would you have done if you had?" I asked.

Deferentially, Oidtmann and Emunds waited for Pastor Fuchs to respond, and he did so unhesitatingly. "What *could* an individual have done?" he replied. "The Nazis had a complete spy system. Children reported their parents. When I gave sermons, I was warned to watch my words."

"Even the Pope was silent," said Oidtmann, a Catholic.

Emunds, also a Catholic, echoed Father Selhorst's view. "Hitler was like the Devil himself," he said.

Such times as the Third Reich had brought about would never return, Pastor Fuchs predicted. All was changed. The old chauvinism was dead; it would be a distant day indeed before the old martial tunes were heard again. Humorously, the pastor declaimed a couplet from one of them: " '*Wer für Deutschland gab sein Blut, Ruht in fremder Erde gut*' " ("He who gave his blood for Germany rests well in foreign soil").

Oidtmann, who was the father of four teen-agers, was still incensed by the television program he had watched. The young today, he said, hadn't the foggiest comprehension of how self-indulgent their lives were. He said, "We didn't even know we were young. We skipped the years between childhood and manhood. One day I was a schoolboy and the next a *Flakhelfer*. And then one day I was a *Flakhelfer* and the next I was taking an oath as a member of the Army." He spoke intensely, as though his memories were a day old. He had fought with an armored division, eventually ending up in a prisoner-of-war camp in Belgium. "I was seventeen when I came back to Germany," he said. "I wanted cigarettes that day, so I went to a tobacconist. He asked me my age, and when he heard it he said, 'You have one more year to wait.' I couldn't believe my ears. I had dodged bombs, I had seen dead and wounded, I had been a prisoner of war, but a few cigarettes—that was *verboten, ganz verboten.*"

Pastor Fuchs spoke. Gravely, he gave it as his judgment that his two underlings of long ago had aired sentiments with which he was inclined to agree. Yes, he said, the modern young did appear to be a different breed from Oidtmann's and Emunds' generation. "When you two were *Flakhelfer*, there was a feeling for others," he said to them. "We didn't even think about it, it was so natural. There was no selfish-

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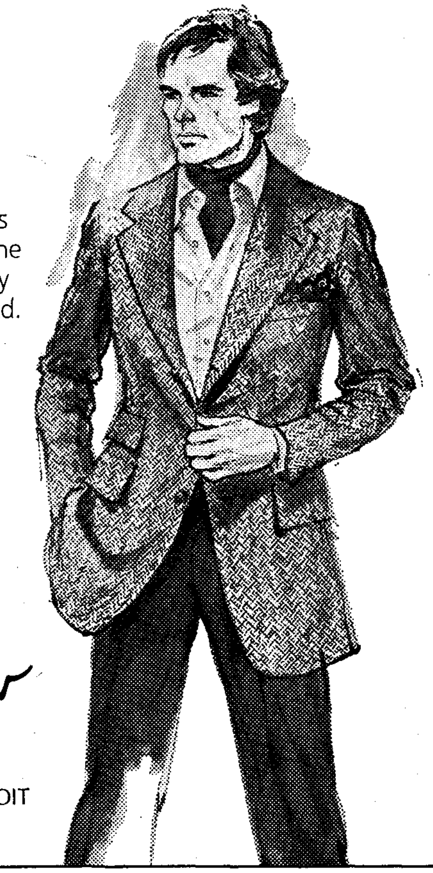
ness, no one was egocentric, like now. In those days, we gave everything for the nation, we lived for something greater than ourselves."

MY last hour in Aachen was spent in a classroom of fifteen-year-olds at the K.K.G. Twenty-two of them were taking a history course conducted in English. As I had learned in advance from Paul Emunds, the class had just reached a point in its semester where it was considering the Third Reich. Emunds had also told me that the classroom was in an old wing of the building, which had escaped the destruction visited on other parts of the school; *Flakhelfer* had once studied in the room we were occupying. Emunds was present as a history teacher, but the actual supervision of the class fell to Wilhelm Hellmann, a brown-haired teacher of English, about forty years old, who took great care to enunciate the foreign language slowly and clearly for the benefit of his students. They responded imitatively, so that their exchanges with Hellmann gradually took on a metronomic quality. The class members looked much younger than Michael Haupts and the other seventeen-year-olds I had met—those who had helped put together "Mit 15 an die Kanonen." The boys were dressed as one might expect—in jeans, scuffed shoes, tieless shirts. I had found as inconspicuous a place as I could in the rear of the room, but, inevitably, many of the boys eyed me as they took their seats. To explain my presence, Hellmann, after calling the class to order, announced that they had a visitor from America, and this elicited a fresh wave of head-turning. The students then faced the front of the room, where a screen had been lowered. Emunds prepared to give a slide-and-tape presentation, using equipment near my seat. The room was darkened, and he showed about two dozen slides, which included shots of Jews in the Warsaw ghetto; Storm Troopers in 1934 blocking patrons from entering Jewish-owned shops; anti-Nazis campaigning in the country's general election in 1932; Hindenburg shaking hands with Hitler, the victorious candidate, in 1933. The accompanying sound track was brisk and objective.

When the last slides had been shown, Hellmann switched on the lights and began to ask questions based on previous lectures and on homework as well as on the day's slides. His diction measured and orotund, he inquired of the class, "When we think of the Third Reich, what ideas come to mind?"

Hands shot up, and Hellmann pointed



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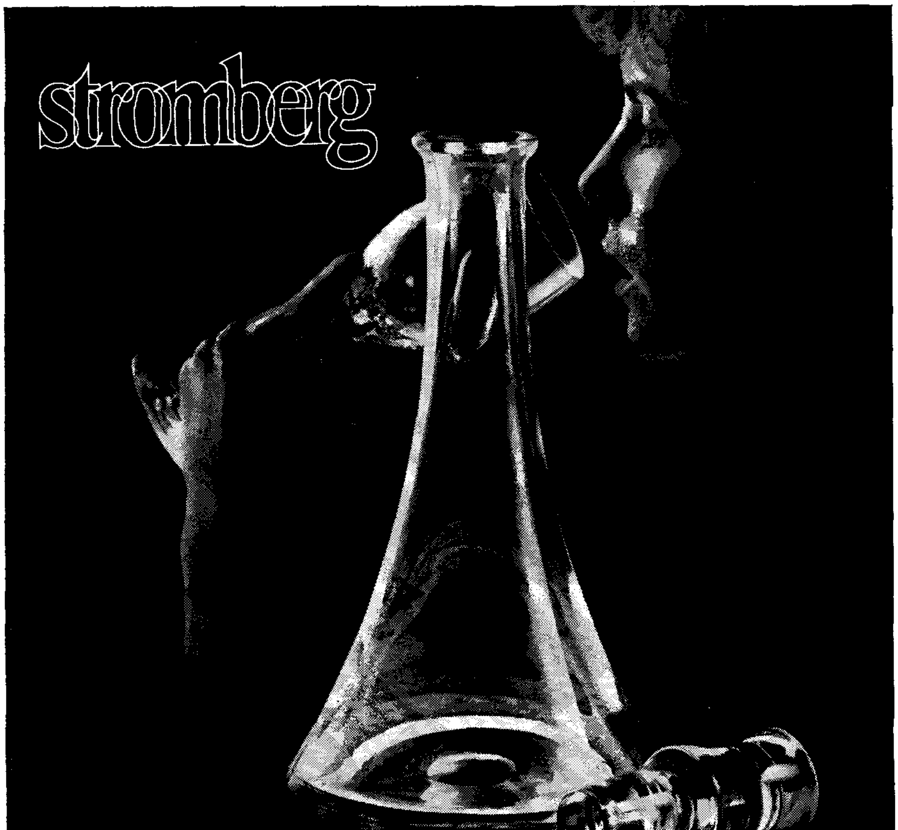

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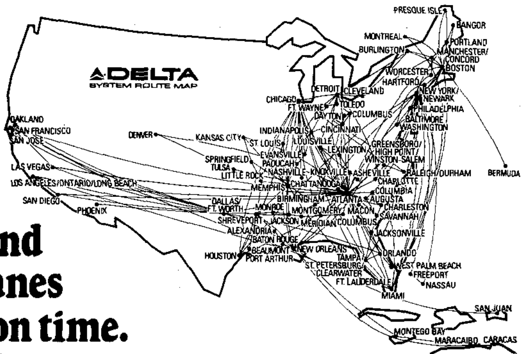
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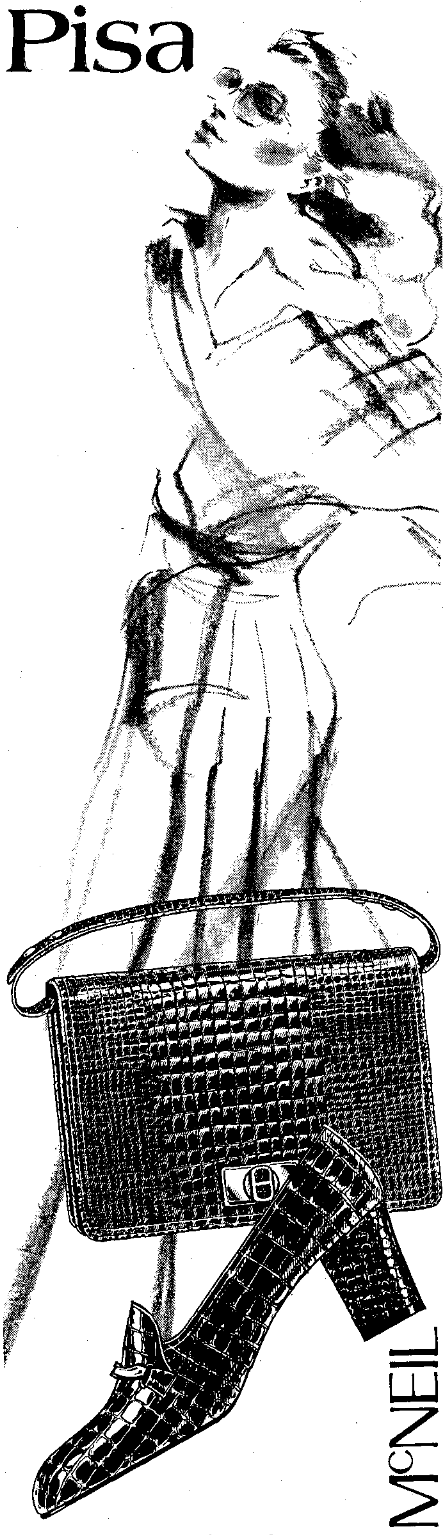

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to a boy in a purple shirt, who replied, in fairly unaccented English, "When we think of the Third Reich, we remember that we lost the war and that Jews were murdered."

Hellmann went on to another question. "In olden days, there were holy wars," he said. "Was this war a holy war?"

One boy raised his hand instantly, well ahead of three or four rivals, and Hellmann nodded at him. Eagerly, the boy said, "We had a crazy man who wanted the whole world."

"Hitler hypnotized the German people," another boy said.

"He knew Germans like very much discipline and militarism."

A stringbean of a boy said, "He gave employment, and he wanted to get land for *Lebensraum*."

"Did Germany need living space?" Hellmann asked, translating the stringbean's German word.

There was much raising of hands, and a husky student with a breaking voice responded, "Germany lost land in the First World War and wanted to get it back."

Hellmann pointed a finger at a boy who was waving a hand desperately. "Germany needed room for markets and industry!" the boy shouted. He looked around him triumphantly.

"In the Caucasus Mountains, it gave much raw materials," a towheaded boy recited, the cadence of his English extremely slow.

"Yes, Tillmann," Hellmann said, indicating a boy in a checked shirt.

Tillmann said, "Germans thought that they were the best race in Europe. Germans thought that they had the duty to rule other nations."

Seeing that no other hands were raised, Hellmann took up the topic of oppression.

"Hitler oppressed the Jews," a paunchy student with thick glasses declared.

"Also oppressed were the opponents of the Third Reich," Tillmann said. "Old people were transported and were not seen again."

"Where were the camps?" Hellmann inquired.

"Mostly, the camps were in Bavaria and the camps were in Poland."

Hellmann said, "The camps were in places that were not so populated. Hitler did not wish the population to know about them. The German people were not able to have information."

At no other point did Hellmann volunteer commentary of his own. Immediately, he reverted to throwing out questions and getting back answers. Half the time, I found myself listening as much for the rhythm of the exchanges as for their substance. Pure and often high-pitched, the boys' voices reminded me that *Flakhelfer* had sat in the same room, no doubt answering questions about the First World War. Almost tangibly, dust seemed to be settling on events that would always be a part of my life; it was as though they were being torn from me—from my generation—and converted into mere history, remote and receding.

The last two answers I heard had to do with the future; they came from opposite ends of the room. One student said, "It cannot happen again unless it gives a Communist dictatorship." Another said, "We have a democracy. We know more than did our parents."

After that, a bell rang and the session came to an end, the boys noisily scraping their chairs against the floor as they shuffled to their feet.

FROM Aachen, I went to Bonn, the seat of the Federal Republic of Germany. I wanted to talk with an official who could give me a backward look of a sort that was more encompassing in scope than the individual accounts I had been listening to. With the help of the foreign-press office, I was referred to Wolfgang Kaphammel, of the Ministry of Finance, who was in charge of the government's program of *Wiedergutmachung*, or restitution, the purpose of which was to make financial amends to, in the government's language, "the victims of Nazism." (*Wiedergutmachung* means making something good again.) Correct and obliging, Kaphammel, a gray-haired man who wore gold-rimmed glasses, received me in his office, a neatly appointed room in a modern building at the intersection of Kennedy Allee and Martin Luther King Strasse. Studiously, Kaphammel limited his remarks to *Wiedergutmachung* activities, which, I learned, derived from edicts issued by Germany's three Western conquerors—the United States, Britain, and France. (East Germany, in the Russian-occupied zone, pays some pensions to Nazi victims, but only if they are residents of East Germany. These payments are not called *Wiedergutmachung*, because the East German government maintains that it bears no responsibility for Nazi persecution.) Despite the foreign origin of the program, Kaphammel assured me, it had been carried out with a willing spirit. Indeed, he added, even before its inception, in the early fifties, the West German government, formed in 1949, had been restitution-minded; to support this claim, he produced an excerpt from

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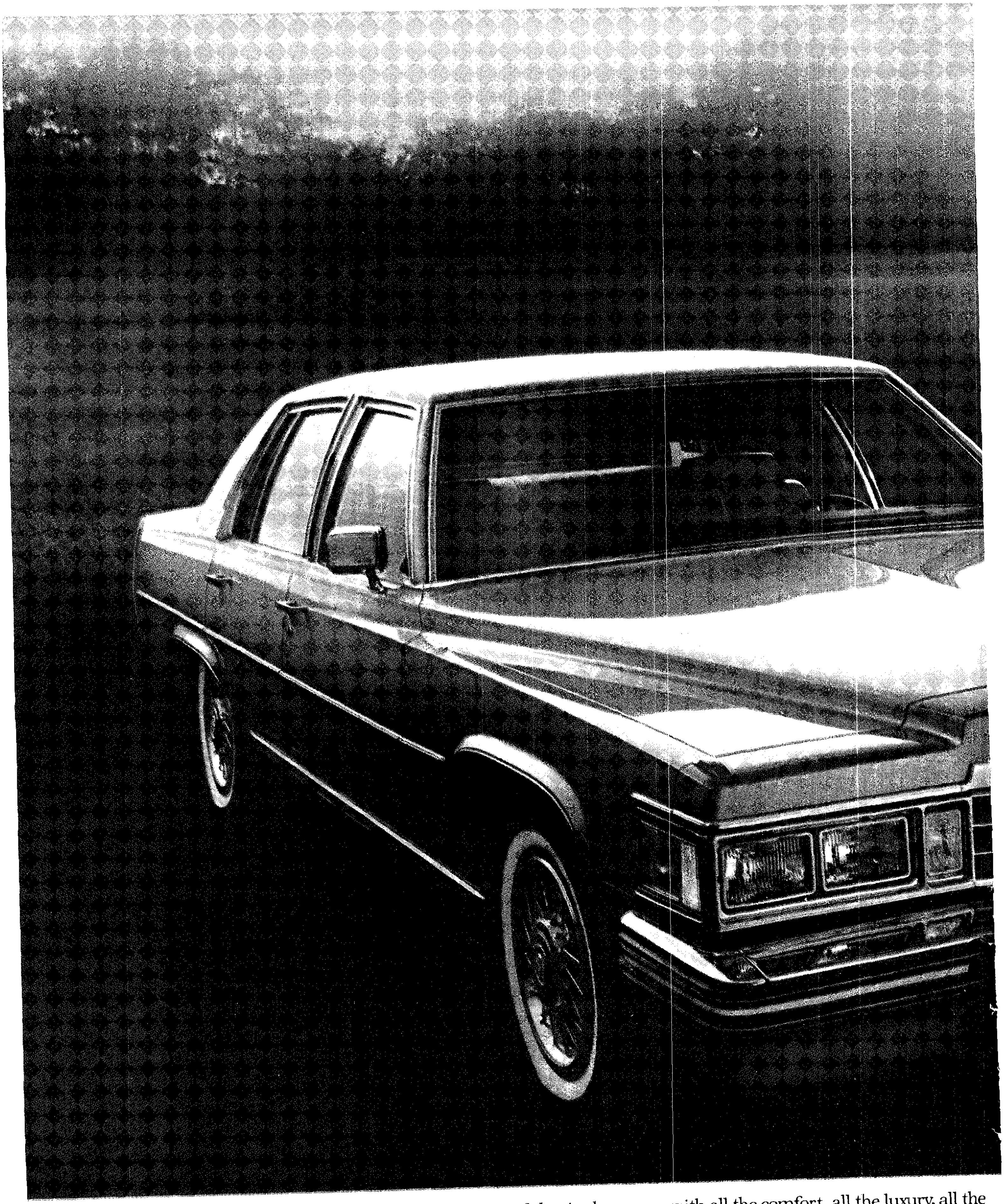

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a speech given in September, 1951, by West Germany's first Chancellor, Dr. Konrad Adenauer. Addressing the Bundestag, the Chancellor, a Catholic jailed twice by the Nazis, had stated, "In the name of the whole German people . . . unspeakable crimes have been committed and they demand restitution, both moral and material, for the persons and properties of the Jews who have been so seriously harmed."

Kaphammel went on to tell me that since those words were delivered, West Germany has spent fifty-five billion marks (about twenty-four billion dollars at today's rate of exchange) on *Wiedergutmachung*, more than ninety per cent of which has gone to Jews. The terms of restitution were worked out by West Germany, Israel, and the Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany, which represents twenty-four Jewish organizations around the world. Some eight hundred and fifteen million dollars' worth of goods and services were earmarked to go to Israel over a twelve-year period, beginning in 1952, when hundreds of thousands of Jews who had been persecuted by the Nazis were seeking a new homeland in the Middle East; their influx, Kaphammel said, created enormous financial burdens for the infant Jewish state. In addition, more than a million individuals have filed almost four and a half million claims (with a value, so far, of about forty-six billion marks), two-thirds of them originating outside West Germany. Principally, the claims have had to do with the loss of a family member's life; the loss of the claimant's own health; damage to property; and interference with the pursuit of the claimant's career. To offset inflation, the government has been augmenting its payments annually with cost-of-living adjustments. In determining compensation, I was told, the Ministry of Finance has relied heavily for information on official records of the Third Reich, which turned out to be voluminous and self-incriminating; miraculously, the bulk of them escaped destruction during the war. The files of concentration camps, for example, turned up meticulously detailed inventories of property taken from inmates. Nazi archives at the Reichsbank and the Ministry of Finance also yielded substantial data. The records, which are open to the public, are so comprehensive that, I was told, in combing them many heirs of those eligible for *Wiedergutmachung* discovered holdings of which they had not been aware, such as utility shares or treasury bonds purchased long before Hitler seized power.

In Kaphammel's view, the restitu-

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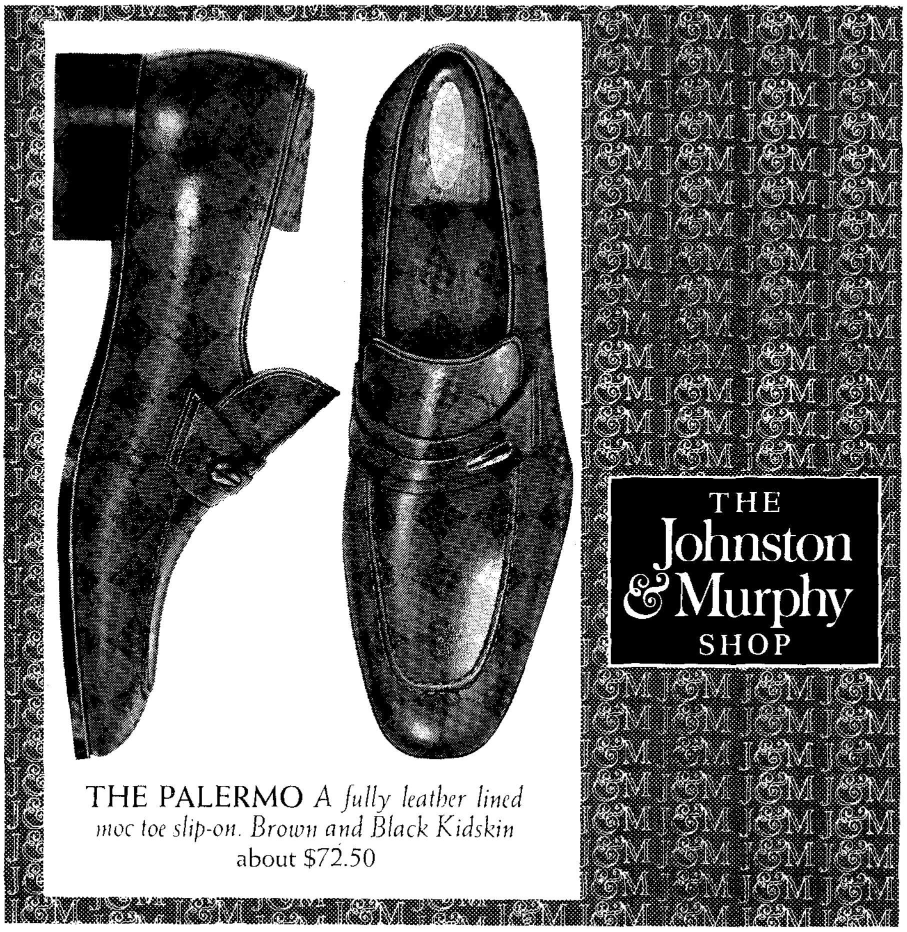

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tion program has proceeded smoothly (a view challenged by Ernest Weismann, a veteran consultant to the Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany). Initially, he told me, his Ministry was so inundated with claims that the program required the services of thousands of employees, but the roster has now been drastically reduced. "Ninety-nine-point-five per cent of the claims have been settled," Kaphammel said, consulting a document on his desk. Compensation, he went on, is made in the form of either pensions or lump sums. Loss of property, such as jewelry, bank accounts, and real estate, falls into the latter group, as does *Freiheitsschaden*—"loss of freedom." Examples of *Freiheitsschaden* run a wide gamut. Specifically, the Federal Republic has fined itself five marks (at today's rate of exchange, about two dollars) for each day that the Third Reich imprisoned someone in a concentration camp; two dollars a day has also been exacted for those who were deported to ghettos or forced to wear armbands with yellow stars. Flat payments have been made to those whose education was interrupted. Thus, Kaphammel informed me, if a Jewish medical student was prevented from continuing his courses, he could gain up to ten thousand marks (about four thousand three hundred dollars) in *Wiedergutmachung* (and he could put in other claims as well, for such things as time spent in a camp). Flat payments have also been made to those—artists, writers, and scholars, for instance—whose education was completed but whose budding careers were wrecked for racial or political reasons. In contrast, claimants who were already well established in their professions have been remunerated for life by means of monthly pensions. All civil servants are in line for pensions, but in their case the imponderables that operate are such as to approach the fictional. No matter how long ago a civil servant may have fled Germany, not matter what other vocation he may have since embraced, the government assumes that he persevered in his old profession, as though the Third Reich had never existed. Another assumption, I learned, is that civil servants received "promotions" during their phantom careers, which, naturally, entitled them to larger pensions than they would have received otherwise. In one instance that I know of, a former Berlin judge, who has long been a resident of New York, received three "promotions," making his monthly pension equivalent to that of a presiding judge of a German court of appeals.

As might be expected, Kaphammel

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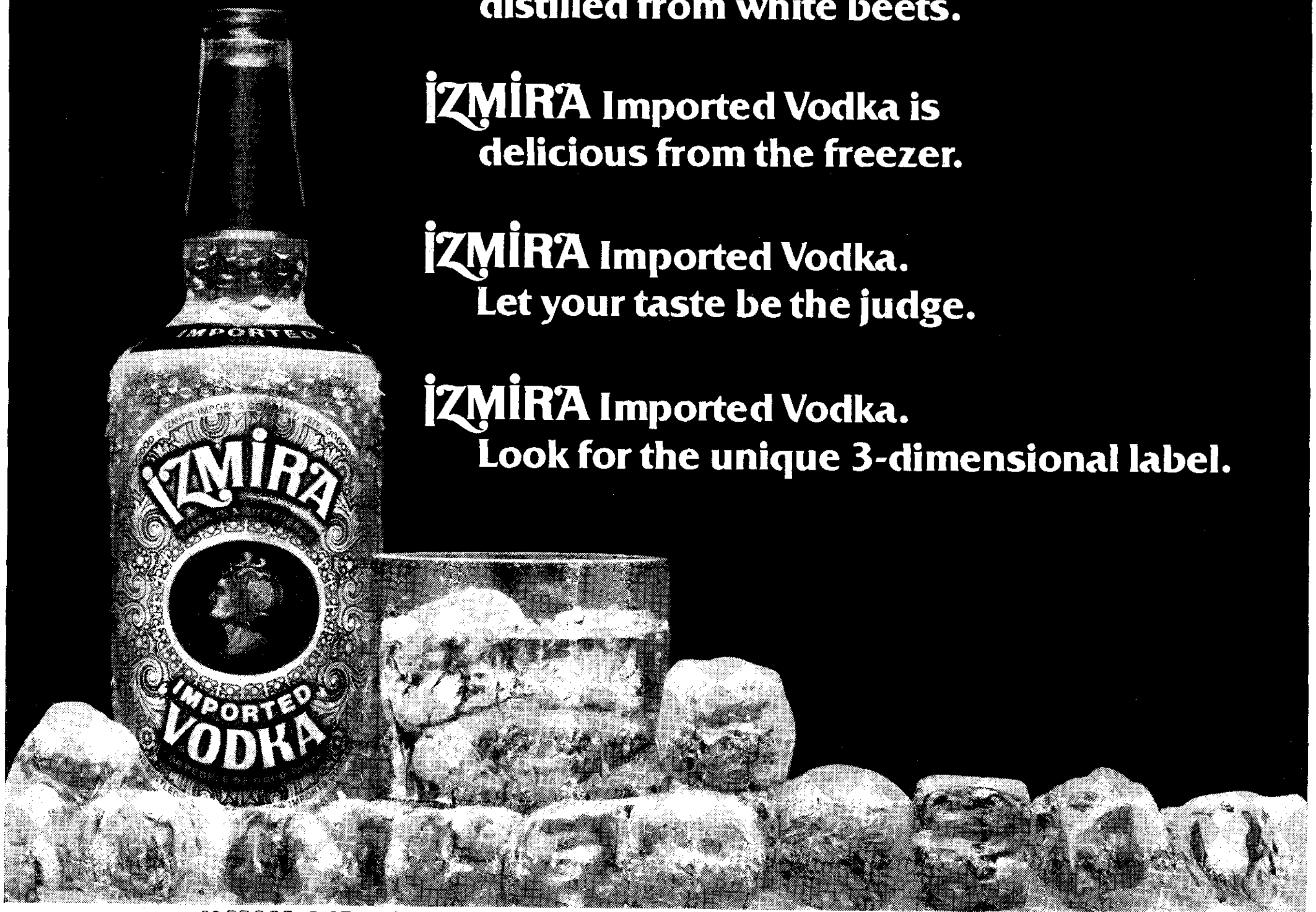

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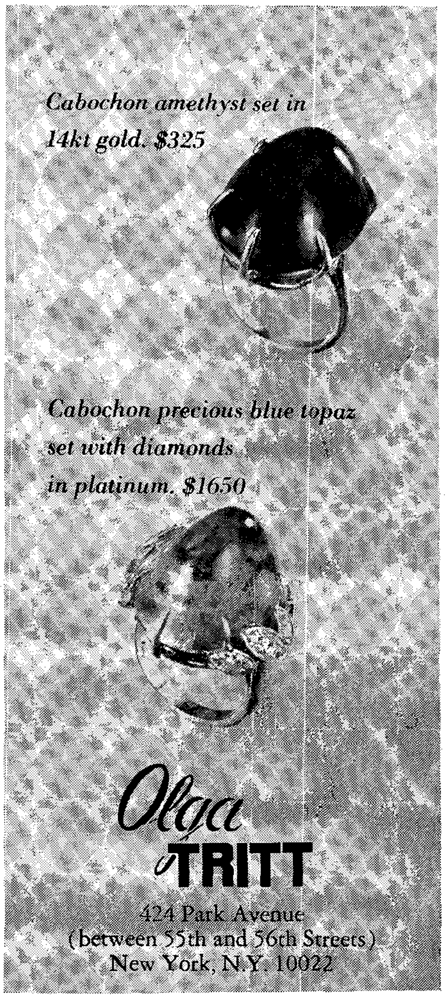
told me, those who lost family breadwinners in camps have also been given lifetime pensions. On the average, a widow's reimbursement comes to about seven hundred marks (a little over three hundred dollars) monthly; orphans receive no money after their eighteenth birthday. Where whole families were exterminated, *Wiedergutmachung* was out of the question, there being no one left to recompense. Pensions are mailed to those who have suffered *Erwerbsverminderung*—"reduction in earning power"—as a result of imprisonment in concentration camps. These claimants were permanently disabled by diseases or by beatings at the hands of S.S. guards, or they suffer from chronic psychological disorders (one of the most common being claustrophobia); often, I was told, the ring of a telephone late at night has caused former inmates to require medical assistance.

Inevitably, the program has had its share of snarls, for at bottom it is probably a program that no one has wanted, neither benefactor nor beneficiary. The Federal Republic—the enforced benefactor—can hardly have relished being stuck with a bill run up by a defunct regime. And as for the program's beneficiaries, which of them would not gladly have forgone their compensation if they could have lived their lives without the intervention of Adolf Hitler? In any event, I learned from Kaphammel, thousands of appeals have been lodged by those who have felt they were being dealt with inadequately. Most often, litigation has involved *Erwerbsverminderung*. Further litigation, I learned, has resulted from the fact that, oddly, a class system has held sway in the world of *Wiedergutmachung*, as a result of which those who suffered identical injuries have not necessarily been awarded identical compensation. The disparity, it was explained, hinges on the economic background of the claimants. Thus, I was told, restitution for a former locksmith would be far less than that for a former brain surgeon, because they belong to different "categories," of which there are four: lower, medium, higher, high. Given this setup, it is not surprising that those in inferior categories strive, through litigation, to have themselves elevated to a higher category—all of which, Kaphammel observed, has kept government lawyers busy over the years. Nevertheless, he said, of the four and a half million claims filed by individuals, only twenty thousand are still unresolved.

Halting his flow of information,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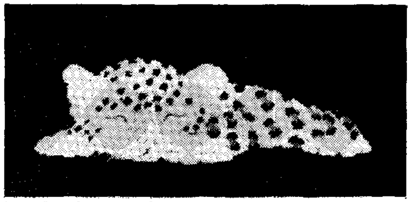

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Kaphammel indicated that he had probably given me as much of a backward look as was possible within the bounds of his work. He did go on to say that he had no way of telling how long the program of quantified atonement would continue. No doubt, he thought, that depended on attrition. "People die," Kaphammel said, reminding me that eventually the program will run out of heirs. Plans have been drawn that extend to the year 2000. If that seems overly foresighted, Kaphammel added, it might be well to bear in mind that his Ministry's clients are not subject to actuarial tables ordinarily employed by insurance companies. Medically speaking, he said, the clients are *widerstandsfähig*—"resistant to enfeeblement." "They survived the camps, they are among the physically hardy," he said.

I LEFT Bonn for Berlin, still the true capital of Germany—both Germanys—and, in a sense, of the world, for what other metropolis is there in which East and West meet each day in wary contact, what other multinationally occupied city is there whose seizure would almost certainly touch off an outbreak of war between superpowers? A plane would have had me in Berlin in an hour, but I caught a noon train, due to arrive in the early evening. I was in no hurry; I wanted to take stock of what I had been hearing for the past several days. Few passengers were aboard—it was the middle of a holiday weekend—and I had no difficulty finding an empty compartment, which would afford me the solitude I was seeking. As the train began to move, I waved farewell to a short, gray-haired man who was seeing me off. He had driven me to the station from his home, a cottage in a village several miles outside Bonn. I had stayed there two days with him and his wife, a spirited, perceptive woman of sixty who taught philosophy at a university; her husband, who was disposed to silence, wrote about medieval manuscripts for bibliographic journals. I had been put on to the couple before leaving America, by a young friend whose mother, a Jew, had escaped the Nazis through the help of my hostess; throughout the war, my friend told me, she had assisted in the rescue of Jews. In the many hours we spent together, she herself never mentioned these activities, and, in fact, only once did the topic of the Third Reich come up. That was shortly before her husband drove me to the *Bahnhof*, when, standing in the doorway of her house,

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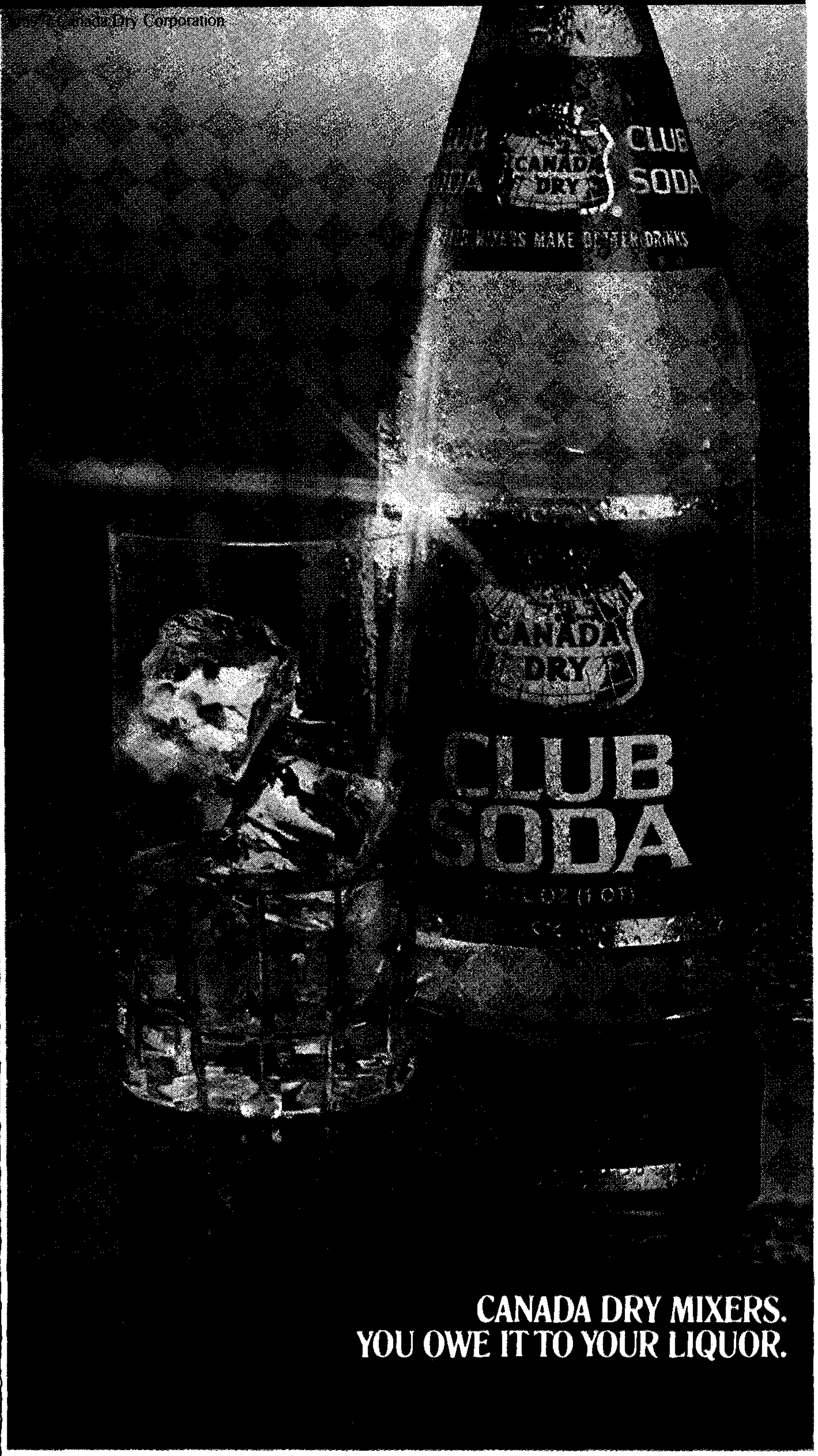

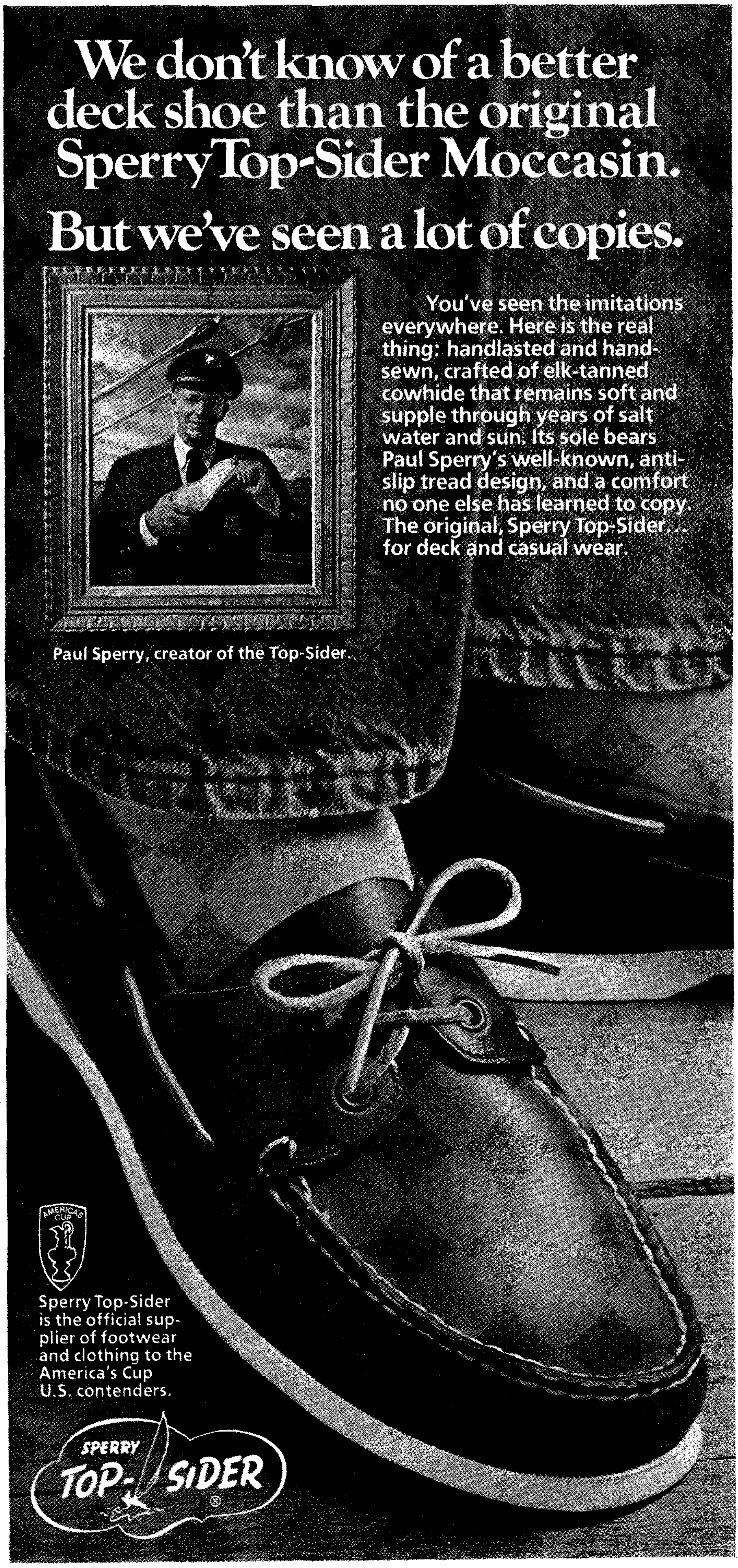
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she wished me well in my pursuit of "a backward look." She spoke then of the profound disinclination on the part of Germans to recall the Hitler regime. Others had made the point to me, but none had expressed it so passionately. A pent-up scorn marked her words. Her hands tightened into fists, she said, "How *can* Germans talk about themselves? Are they to admit they were Nazis, for which they might be punished? Are they to confess their shame, their guilt? They know full well they were utter cowards for following a madman, for murdering—what other word is there?—millions of innocent, defenseless people. A fog—*ein Nebel*—clouds their heads. *Der Nebel* is always with them; they live in it. Once in a great while, I hear some man or woman talk about those filthy years, but when they do, God alone knows what their memories have to do with reality."

As the train gathered speed, *der Nebel* was very much on my mind. Perhaps there was such a fog as my hostess had described, but if there was, I decided, it wasn't peculiar to Germans. Aliens, too, were susceptible to it. Certainly I was, I knew, for it had been coming home to me strongly that the more I looked back on the Nazi era, the more murky and knotted were the thoughts it summoned. Naturally, they differed in kind from those that Germans might harbor. Unlike Lantin, for instance, the K.K.G. teacher who had pulled guard duty near Buchenwald, I did not have to lie awake with an ineradicable memory of having watched, unprotesting, running gangs of striped, shivering skeletons. I had never raised an arm in salute to Hitler or packed human beings into camp-bound cattle cars or sat reading beside a lampshade made of someone's tattooed skin or mined the mouths of asphyxiated inmates for gold fillings. No, it wasn't such acts from which my own fog emanated but, rather, from a single fact: an atrocity of unparalleled—of unprecedented—magnitude had been committed for years and years, deliberately and efficiently, and it was going unpunished. In a framework unrelated to the prosecution of war (as Frentz, the tall, bald journalist, had noted), millions of people had been wiped out and thousands of others left to live on, reeling and envenomed, their days scarred beyond healing; and yet if one cast about for signs of retribution little more than a handful of show trials sprang to mind—and, of course, Kaphammel's pensions. In Aachen and Bonn, in Cologne and other cities, the sight of crowded German streets could give me a sense of witnessing complacent jailbreaks; surely, it seemed to me, many—perhaps a great many—of the jostling pedestrians and honking drivers, all going about their business, had had a hand in the unprecedented atrocity. But no dragnet, I knew, was in the offing—only questions fit for a fog. Staring out the train window, I again remembered Lantin telling about his January morning near Buchenwald. His stricken eyes had affected me, but that had been when we were alone, two men in conversation, in a small, dishevelled study. There had been no backdrop of ongoing assembly-line slaughter, impersonal and bureaucratic. Necessarily, that element had been missing from our talk, but this didn't occur to me until after I left Lantin's house, for which I blamed the expression in his eyes. It was after I left his house, too, that an overwhelming question came hurtling at me: What if Hitler had won? Would anyone's eyes have been contrite? Would anyone have compared Hitler to the Devil?

My fog thickening, I wondered what effects, if any, the holocaust had left behind. Were they destined to save us, like a vaccination, from a recurrence of a similar dread disease? Or, once loosed, did they render us forever vulnerable? Had the holocaust breached the known limits of evil, uncovering fresh temptations, beckoning us to renew old acquaintance? Dilemmas were a dime a dozen: one could go on juggling them ad infinitum. Emunds, for instance, had said he liked to think that the subject he taught imparted "warnings" that, to paraphrase Santayana, we would do well to heed lest we repeat the errors of the past. Ah, but then there was Hegel's apothegm: "What experience and history teach is . . . that people and governments have never learned anything from history." What could stuff like that possibly have to do with filling mattresses with the hair of inmates, with making soap of their fats? I rose and paced within the confines of my compartment. I felt an impatience with history and its worship of the past; it was a deliciously judgmental sport that added up to a pretentious cipher. Professor Haupts, I recalled, had revealed himself a shark at the game, arranging his knowledge so that Charlemagne and Hitler emerged as interchangeable characters, each bailing out the other. In effect, the Professor had seemed to be saying, Our behavior doesn't matter, given the inexorable, lavalike flow of centuries. Amiably, adroitly, he had detached our

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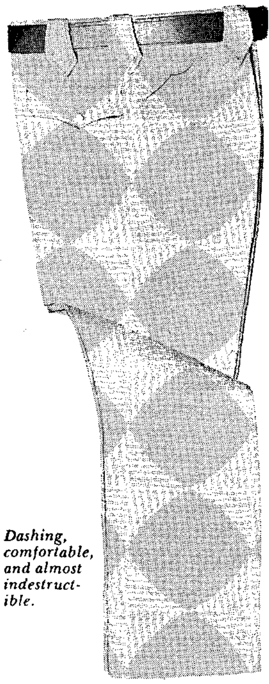

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lifespans from that flow, but to do that, it struck me, was to forget that it was only while we lived that we could affect time's course. In and of itself, looking back was an empty exercise. Our lives were events of immediacy. We had to act when it counted or lose our chance to touch time. If the exterminated had in fact left us a "warning," it was that, relentlessly, irreversibly, the present was at hand. The Professor's son had appeared more conscious of that than his father. I remembered Michael's indignation at the notion that someone his age had any atonement to make for the nefarious works of the Third Reich. "I wasn't even born!" Michael had exclaimed, and he was right—most assuredly, each generation fended for itself. In Jerusalem, in 1967, I heard a boy of Michael's age upbraid his Polish parents, both survivors of Treblinka. They had been going on at length about the camp when, impatiently, the boy had snapped, "Enough, enough! I forgive you."

BERLIN was a dizzying kaleidoscope. Nothing seemed to happen in an ordinary way. My first morning, rising in my hotel room, I tried to reach Heinz Galinski, head of the local Jüdische Gemeinde, or Jewish Community, a formal organization representing most of the city's Jews. Galinski, I believed, would be in a position to tell me how Jews were faring in the old capital. His office was closed for the holiday weekend, so I rang a common acquaintance for Galinski's home number. The acquaintance, his voice low, told me, "I can't give it to you. The Arabs are after Galinski." He suggested that we meet for a drink later on at the Kempinski, a well-known hotel, and I agreed. Before meeting him, I went on a bus tour, and, among other places, the coach stopped at the once-notorious Plötzensee prison, where the Nazis had tormented political opponents. Torture devices were on display, and in front of them a group of teen-agers stood laughing uproariously; one of their number had made a lewd joke about a particular device. Outraged, our guide, a man in his middle years, cut short our visit, resolutely leading us back to the bus. I had lunch in a crowded cafeteria on the Kurfürstendamm. A dowdy, beaming woman descended on an unoccupied place opposite me. She could hardly wait to tell me her age. "I'm sixty," she announced, sitting down. She was from East Berlin, whose travel restrictions had kept her from visiting West Germany for more than

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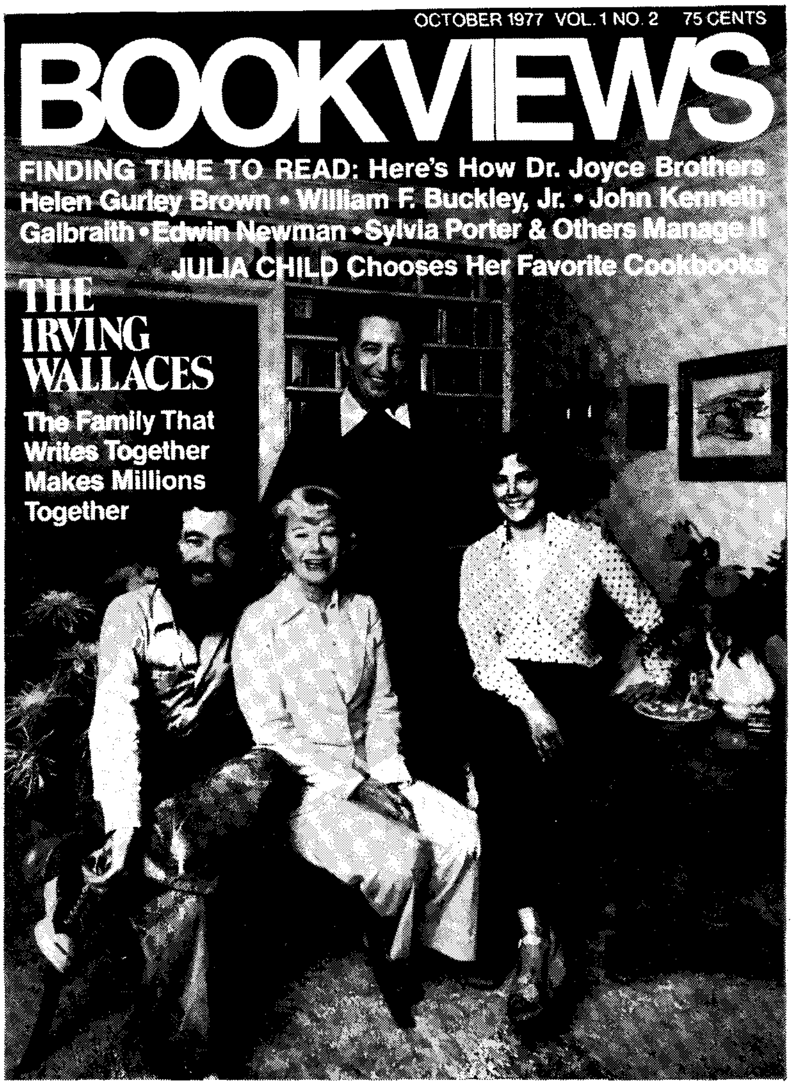

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twenty years. She had turned sixty a month ago, and after attaining this age, it appeared, East Germans were free to travel anywhere. In fact, the government would just as soon they kept right on travelling—they were considered unproductive workers, and their welfare costs were a drain on the exchequer. "It's such a pleasure to be on this side of the wall," the woman said. In an hour, she would be leaving for Hannover to visit a brother, a lapsed Communist. She said, "Two weeks with him, then I'll go back to East Berlin. It's my home. I'm used to it. I'm sixty. Where else can someone like me go?"

At the Kempinski, my acquaintance and I had drinks in the lobby while a tea dance was in progress in a room just out of our line of vision. A small band was playing ancient tunes—"You Are My Sunshine," "My Melancholy Baby," "Honeysuckle Rose." My companion, a Jew, was the same age as the ex-*Flakhelfer* I had met. He was an executive in the Berlin branch of an American firm; he lived, with his wife and children, in a comfortable apartment in a good district. He was an American citizen now, but he had been born in Germany, from which he and his parents had fled to the States in 1939. Our meeting seemed to put him on edge, for at its outset he made me pledge twice to refrain from quoting him by name. I thought that perhaps he was about to say something startling, but when he spoke it was to sing the praises of the Federal Republic of Germany. It had been kind to Jews, he said, and they should be thankful. He hoped that nothing would occur that might bring on pogroms—events that he had endured as a boy and would never forget. He cited the benefactions of *Wiedergutmachung*, adding that the government in Bonn was indiscriminate in its generosity, frequently extending it to people who in his opinion weren't entitled to it. Continuing his paean, he said that many German Jews who had found a haven in America had chosen to come back to their native land; if I wished, he said, I could find some of them in one of two homes for the aged that Galinski's organization maintained. He said, "Who would have dreamed that the climate for Jews would be good again in Germany? It's better than it was before Hitler." We rose, and walked in the direction of the tea dance. A dozen couples were on the floor, and half as many were relaxing at tables laden with food. Everyone present appeared to be about my companion's age. The women were nearly

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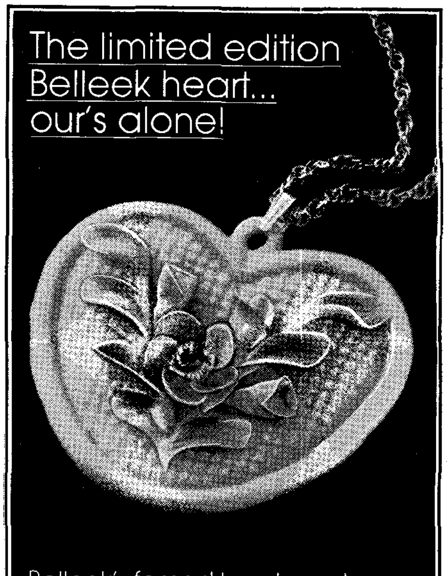

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all buxom, bejewelled, overdressed, with conspicuous eye makeup. The dancing was sedately athletic, the men leading their partners with determination, wearing fixed smiles, eager to exchange greetings with anyone. My ex-refugee friend frowned at the assemblage. Speaking more to himself than to me, he said, "Tea dancing at the Kempinski. This goes on every day. They're all Jews." He seemed to remember my presence, and turned to face me. An instant later, his features gave way to a weak grin, and, barely saying goodbye, he walked away.

The following day—the long weekend's last—I had a lunch date, but before keeping it I made a brief visit to a home for the aged that was a part of Galinski's organization. It appeared to be a clean, well-run institution, and it housed a hundred and twenty elderly people, a number of them married couples. I talked with a few of those who had returned from the States, all of them several years back. Unlike the man I had been with at the Kempinski, they did not think of the Federal Republic as a fount of beneficence but, rather, as a mechanism for providing funds to see them through their senescence. Certainly there was no disposition to regard the government's payments in any redemptive light as far as the vicissitudes that had befallen them under Hitler were concerned. One frail man in his eighties who had lived in Queens for many years told me with pride of fellow-refugees who had refused to apply for *Wiedergutmachung*; some of these friends had vowed never to set foot in Germany again. He wished he could emulate them, but, alas, he said, "*Alle von uns sind nicht Helden*" ("All of us are not heroes"). Another octogenarian ascribed his return to economics, pure and simple. Had he stayed on in America, he explained, he would have become a financial burden to his children; medical aid and living in an old-age home were more costly propositions in America than in the Federal Republic. Another reason for returning, it appeared, was a nostalgia for Berlin. Walled city though it now was, one could be reunited there with friends who had come back from scattered points around the globe and from other parts of Germany. A former bookkeeper and his wife told me they had missed friends of theirs who were Christian. They owed their lives to one of them—a man who had fashioned a hiding place for the pair under the debris of a synagogue destroyed in an air raid. The Christian

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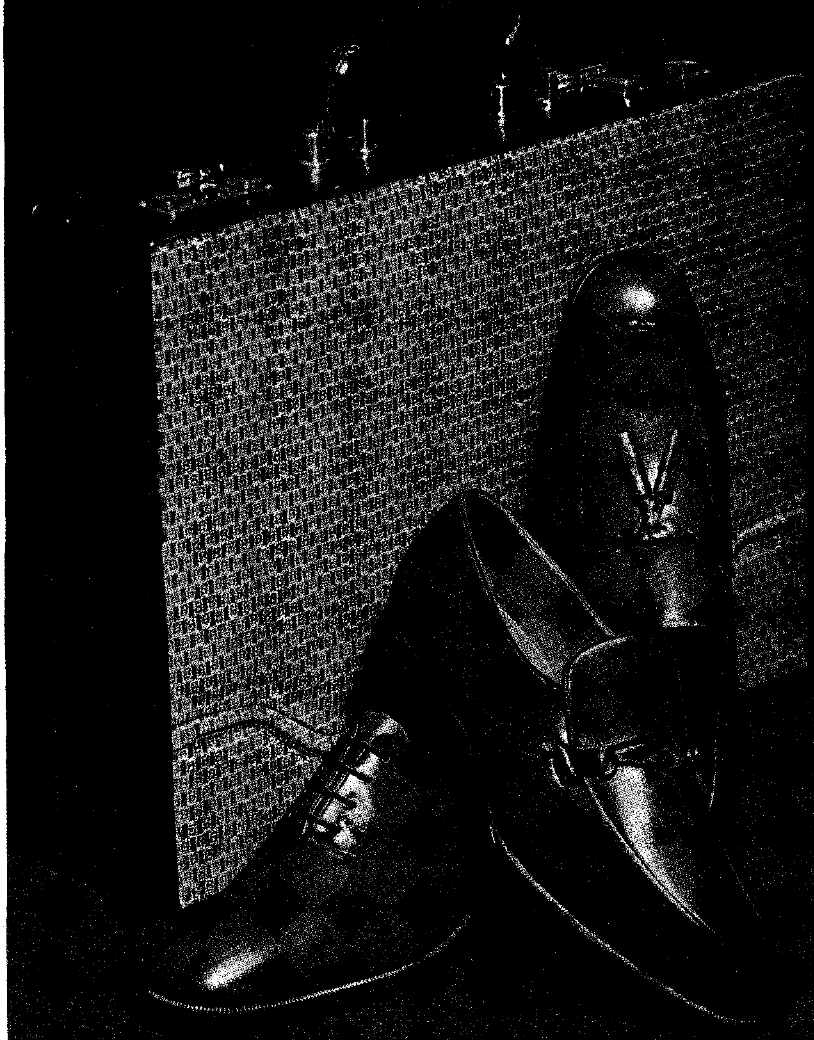

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had brought them food for months, then helped spirit them out of Germany. The former bookkeeper's wife, a slight, blue-eyed woman, said that it hadn't been easy to leave America, where she and her husband had children and grandchildren, but that the pull of the German language and culture, of old streets and familiar foods, had proved powerful; she assured me that the same pull had operated for the other people in the home who had returned from distant places. She said, "The memories of childhood are stronger than those of Hitler. Besides, time has passed, new generations have been born. We must go forward, even we whose future is short."

My lunch date had been made from the other side of the Atlantic. A neighbor of mine, a refugee whose grandparents had owned a prosperous department store in Westphalia, had written to married friends—Clara and Karl Hartmann, to use pseudonyms—of my impending visit. The three had met as fellow-passengers aboard a cruise ship plying the Greek islands; they had hit it off famously and were now planning a joint visit to Australia. The Hartmanns brought their daughter Lili, a shy, blond high-school student of seventeen, along to lunch. We ate in a Yugoslav restaurant, and it didn't take me long to see how my neighbor might have been attracted to the Hartmanns. Like him, the pair were extremely well read and on easy terms with the arts. Mrs. Hartmann, a handsome woman in her early fifties, was an actress with a long career; as she mentioned at one point, however, she had never been able to land a sizable part. Her husband was a lawyer, a mammoth, fair-haired man with a genial air. Our talk was forced but pleasant, most of it concerned with entertainments that I might take in before leaving Berlin. Over dessert, though, the conversation slipped into a different key when, politely, Hartmann asked what had brought me to Germany. I spoke sketchily of "Mit 15 an die Kanonen," and after a moment's pause Mrs. Hartmann said, "Karl had a terrible time in the war. He was mistaken for a Jew." His surname, it seemed, was sometimes associated with Jews, and, for whatever reason, a Nazi official had suspected her husband, then a government employee, of passing as an Aryan. Hartmann's "case," I was told, had taken on an extra dimension when it was established that a late uncle of his had been a well-known Communist. For four months, it had been touch and go whether Hartmann would be trundled off to a concentration camp. Eventually, though, all had worked out well. Hartmann had been able to disprove the charge of being Jewish, and had spent the war as a legal officer in a Bavarian backwater that was of no interest to Allied bomber crews. Hartmann laughed reminiscently, for which his wife addressed him reproachfully. "You had a dreadful experience. Think what might have happened," she told him. Hartmann laughed again, saying, "Ridiculous, wasn't it, the idea that I could be a Jew? They're so emotional."

"But they're also good businessmen," Lili put in shyly, her voice scarcely above a whisper. "In my class in school, Jewish girls have clothes that cost much more than ours. Their clothes are prettier than ours. Even so, we try to be friendly to Jewish girls, but they are not friendly back. They stay to themselves, maybe because of their clothes."

"Lili is right," Mrs. Hartmann said. "They have made fortunes in films and television. They are the ones who decide which actors get the big parts."

Outside the restaurant, before the Hartmanns and I went our separate ways, Mrs. Hartmann told me that she and her husband were eagerly awaiting their trip to Australia with our common friend. Extending her hand, she said, "Please tell him that. Please give him our warmest greetings—*sehr schön grüssen lassen.*"

I spent the remainder of the day in the company of a friend, Paul Moor, a writer from Texas who has lived in Germany for twenty-six years. It was a leafy spring afternoon, and we walked awhile in the Tiergarten—Berlin's Central Park. Young Maoists were out in force distributing handbills that called on everyone to fight for earthly paradise. We heard march music, and, moving toward its source, found a brass band holding forth on the stage of a bandshell. Out front were hundreds of families at picnic tables, many in the audience waving steins of beer in time to the music; children scampered everywhere. We wandered through zoo houses, on the walls of which, opposite exotic birds and nervous leopards, were photographs showing the damage that Allied bombers had inflicted on the menagerie. Later, Paul drove me around the city in his car, showing me much of *die Mauer*—"the wall," twenty-eight miles long, that the German Democratic Republic, the Communist government of East Germany, had built in 1961 to halt the westward exodus of its citizens. In

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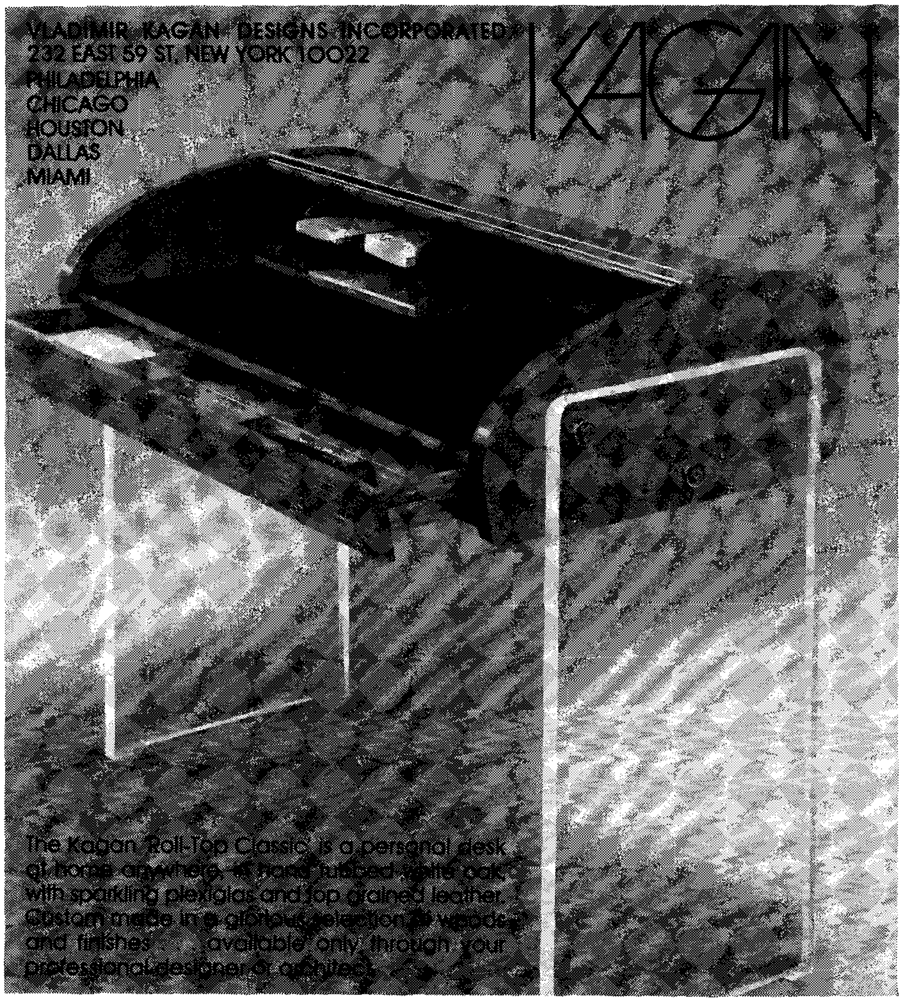

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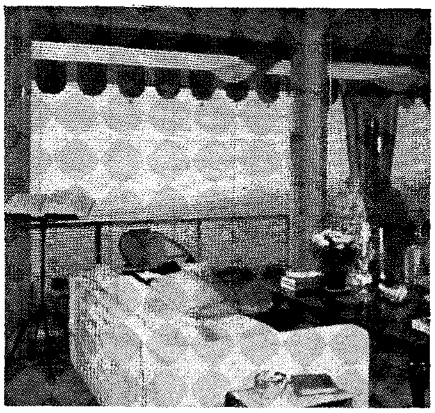

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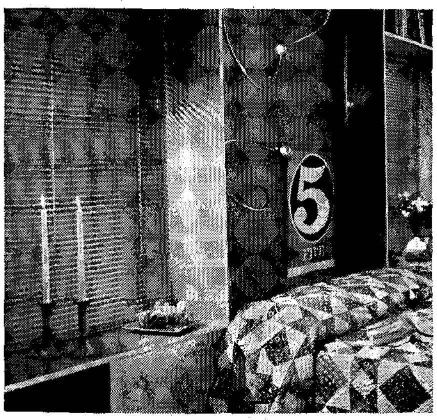

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Wedding, a working-class neighborhood, we left Paul's car and climbed the steps of a wooden observation post that the Federal Republic had erected. Confronting us was a section of the wall, gray concrete ten feet high, at whose base were a half-dozen or so black wreaths commemorating those who had been shot by Communist police while they were trying to reach West Berlin. Four feet on the other side of the wall, immediately in front of us, stood another, and lower, wall, and beyond that, as we could see from our high vantage point, lay a broad strip of plowed ground, its surface broken here and there by tank traps; paralleling the plowed ground was a narrow strip of asphalt for the use of motorized patrols. Still more obstacles awaited would-be refugees, for after the asphalt strip came a fence of electrified barbed wire. Attack dogs prowled on the other side of the fence. A final wall—the third—completed the formidable no man's land. In all, it was only twenty yards wide, but, staring beyond it into the streets of East Berlin, I had a sense of glimpsing another world—one in which the thought of flight, actual or suppressed or rejected, was a part of daily life. I was thinking this as we were about to descend from our wooden perch when Paul informed me that he had arranged for me to be taken on a quick tour of East Berlin late the following morning. My guide, he said, would be an Englishman he had known a long time—John Peet, who had covered Germany for Reuters, the British news agency; to the plaudits of the Communist press, Peet had gone over to East Berlin more than twenty-five years ago, well before *die Mauer* was constructed.

EARLY the next day, the holiday break finally at an end, I rang Galinski for an appointment. A secretary answered, and, after I had waited some minutes, she told me, "Mr. Galinski says he can see you in two weeks." Impatient to see him, I left at once for his headquarters at the Jüdische Gemeindehaus, which turned out to be a postwar building, two stories high, that had a beige façade; it stood on the site of a synagogue that Nazis had burned to the ground on Kristallnacht—the night of November 9, 1938, when throughout Germany mobs had smashed and set fire to Jewish-owned property. In the lobby of the Gemeindehaus, I informed an armed guard I wished to see Galinski. As I was saying this, a stocky man in his sixties who was passing by stopped

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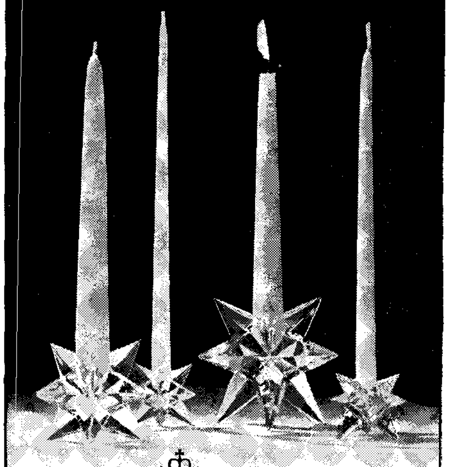

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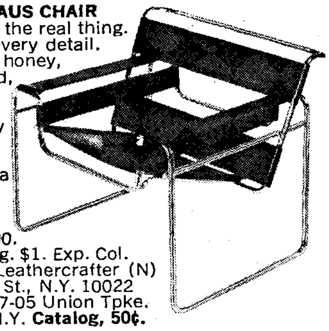

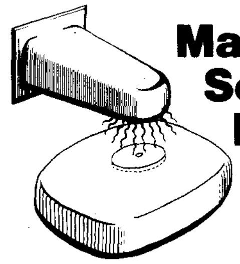

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Is the edition limited? Is the print numbered?
Did the artist personally sign the work?**

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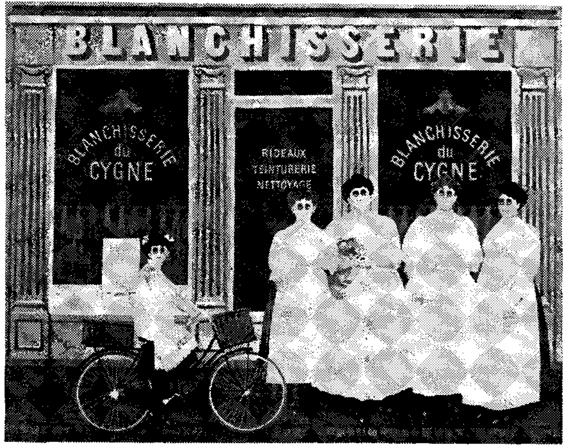

Jan Balet's original lithograph, "Blanchisserie." Signed limited edition of 300.

A few pointers, then about original prints: original prints, whatever the process used to create them, are "hand-pulled" undert the artist's supervision or by the artist himself. This means that any work produced photographically or by another purely mechanical process is not an *original* print. If you examine a print under a magnifying glass and discover a regular pattern of small dots, you will know immediately that it is not an original work. If the print is a serigraph (produced by a silkscreen process), the ink will seem rather like paint and appear to be sitting upon (rather than absorbed into) the paper. Etchings and engravings will produce a physical impression on the paper itself.

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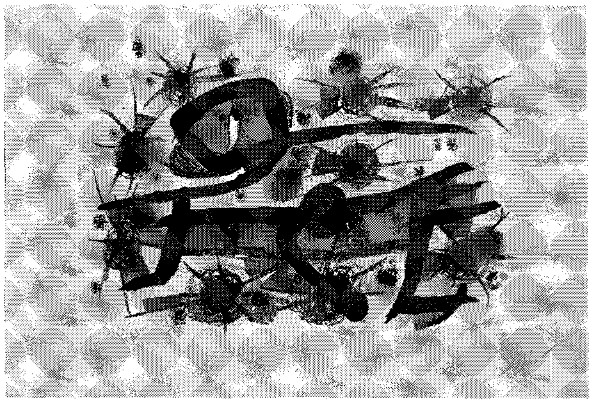

Joan Miro's original lithograph, "Entre Chien et Loup." Signed limited edition of 75.

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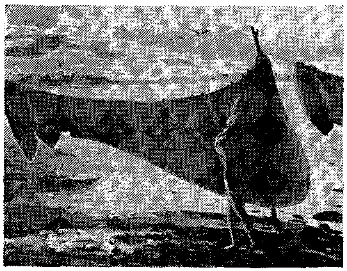
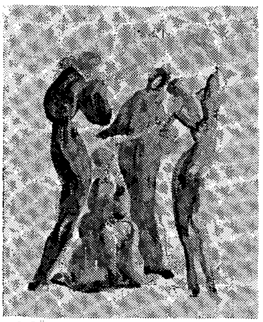


Alvin Sandler's original etching, "Laguna Luminosa." Signed limited edition of 99.



Salvador Dali's original lithograph, "La Danse." Signed limited edition of 195.

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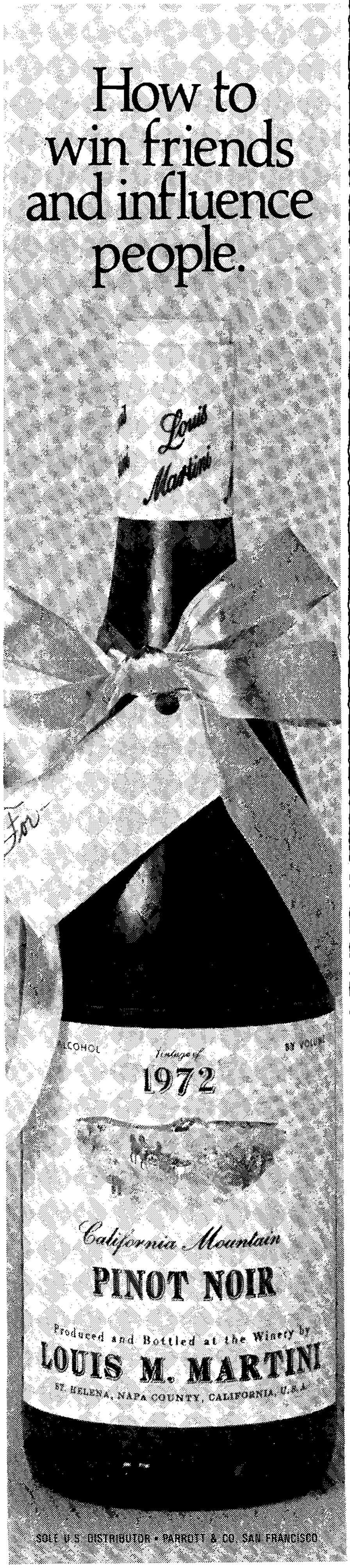
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short and looked me up and down. With a resigned half sigh, he said, "Come, come. I'll be just as busy two weeks from now as I am today." It was Galinski. He led me rapidly to his office, where, indulging in no amenities whatever, he told me to fire away. I asked whether the persecution of Jews under the Third Reich had left many Germans with a sense of guilt. Galinski shook his head. "Only a low percentage, and mostly, I believe, among older people," he replied.

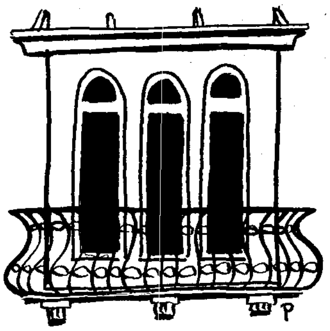
Did he think anti-Semitism persisted in Germany?

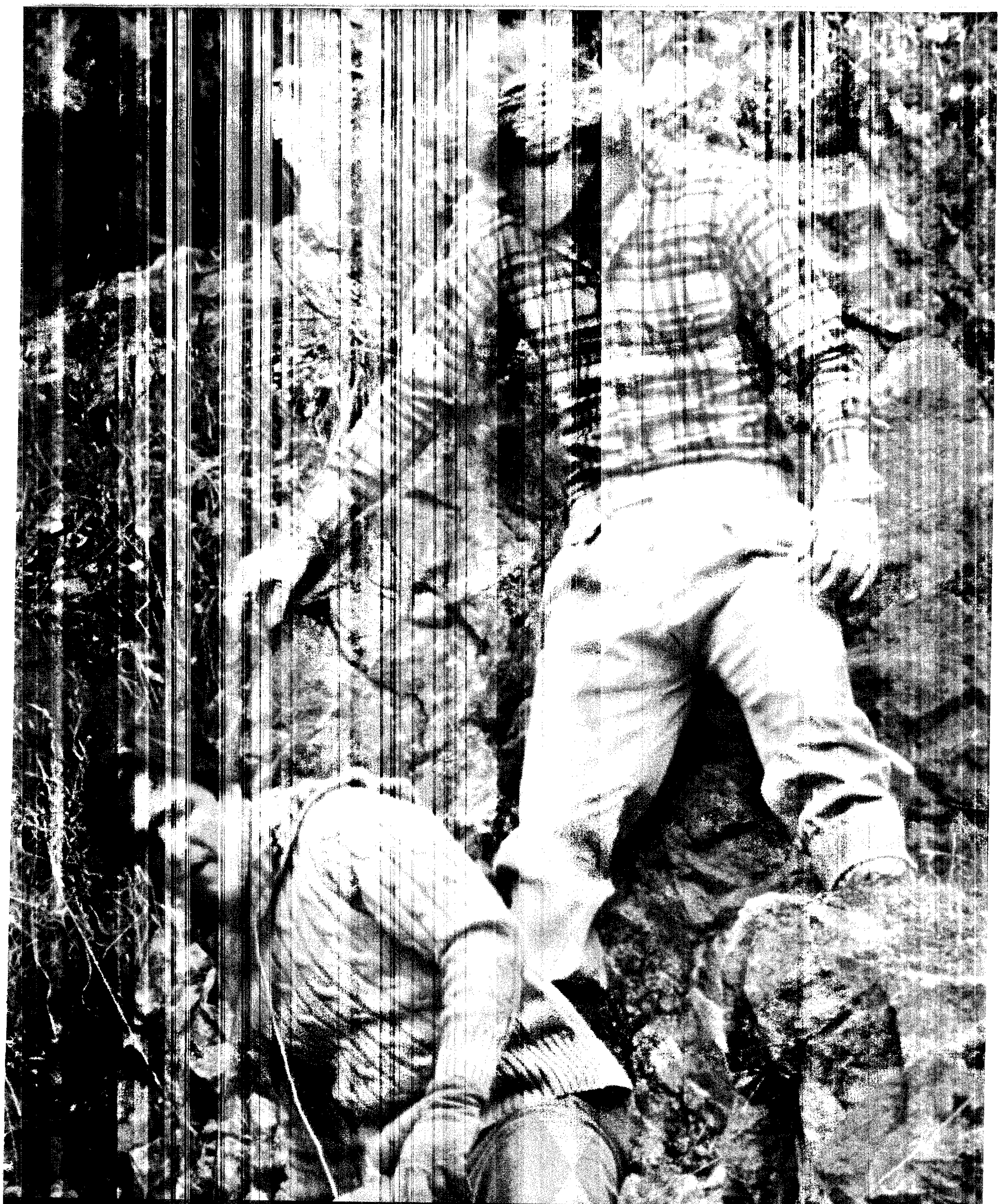
Weighing his words, he said, "Yes, in a more or less clandestine way, and, again, mostly among older people. Others disagree with me, but I myself do not believe that in our times there will be a return of what once was. Our official attitude is that we are German Jews who are ready to take a constructive part in German life." Of course, Galinski pointed out, targets for anti-Semitism were not plentiful; not many Jews were around, either in West Germany or in East Germany. In pre-Nazi days, he said, Berlin's Jewish community totalled a hundred and seventy thousand; today the figure was six thousand, including the Jews in East Berlin. In all of West Germany, there were only twenty-nine thousand Jews, predominantly elderly, and in all of East Germany there were only two thousand. Nor, Galinski added, did any marked influx of Jews appear to be in the cards. He did not care to guess whether there lay ahead the posthumous realization of one of Hitler's most cherished dreams: a Jewless Germany.

I inquired what future Galinski saw for his community, and he replied brusquely, "I am not a prophet. My future is now—this very minute. That is what I work for." There was much to be done, he went on, naming, among other matters, the keeping up of the old-age homes, a cemetery, a kosher restaurant, and a school where children could study their religion. He shifted restlessly, his demeanor indicating that he wanted to get on with ministering to the needs of his dwindling community—he had been at it practically since the end of the war. And before that, as I knew, he had spent years as an inmate of three camps. Apparently, the experience had made of him a professional survivor, his mission now to help others survive. Galinski and I pushed back our chairs simultaneously and, moving toward the door, hurriedly took leave of each other.

I CROSSED into East Berlin at Checkpoint Charlie, a process that required more than a half hour, owing to bureaucratic torpor. Minutes afterward, I was in the thick of the Communist capital's traffic, the passenger of John Peet, who was driving a Czech car, a balky red Skoda. Peet, friendly and intelligent, had an engaging manner. He was tall and bearded, his eyes blue and alert. He was disposed to speak in a light, brittle way, despite an underlying seriousness. He looked younger than his age, which I took to be in the early sixties; Paul Moor had mentioned that Peet fought in the Spanish Civil War forty years ago, as a member of the International Brigade. He was married to a Bulgarian and had two children. At no point, as I had suspected might be the case, did he push any propaganda messages, which is not to say that every now and then he didn't make his political sympathies known. Thus, when I called the wall an abomination he retorted airily, "Who needs to go to West Berlin for a cowboy film?"

Peet made an attentive guide. As we drove past a squat, massive building, he said, "That's where Göring had his Air Ministry. I don't know how it wasn't destroyed—so much of the area right around it was." Not far from there, Peet indicated the site of the old Adlon, once Berlin's most fashionable hotel, going back to the days of the Kaisers; only its servants' wing had escaped obliteration, and this was now functioning as a small hotel. Driving along the Wilhelmstrasse, we were on the avenue where Hitler's chancellery had stood, and when we were on Unter den Linden we were seeing a tree-lined boulevard where generations of Germans had promenaded. The broad-leaved lindens conveyed an air of tranquillity, which was welcome, for East Berlin, the day I was there, was a noisy place. Much building was going on, including the construction of several foreign embassies. The traffic was heavy with large vehicles, an inordinate number of them tourist coaches. Peet pulled over and parked at the Alexanderplatz, the heart of East Berlin and formerly, before the wall,





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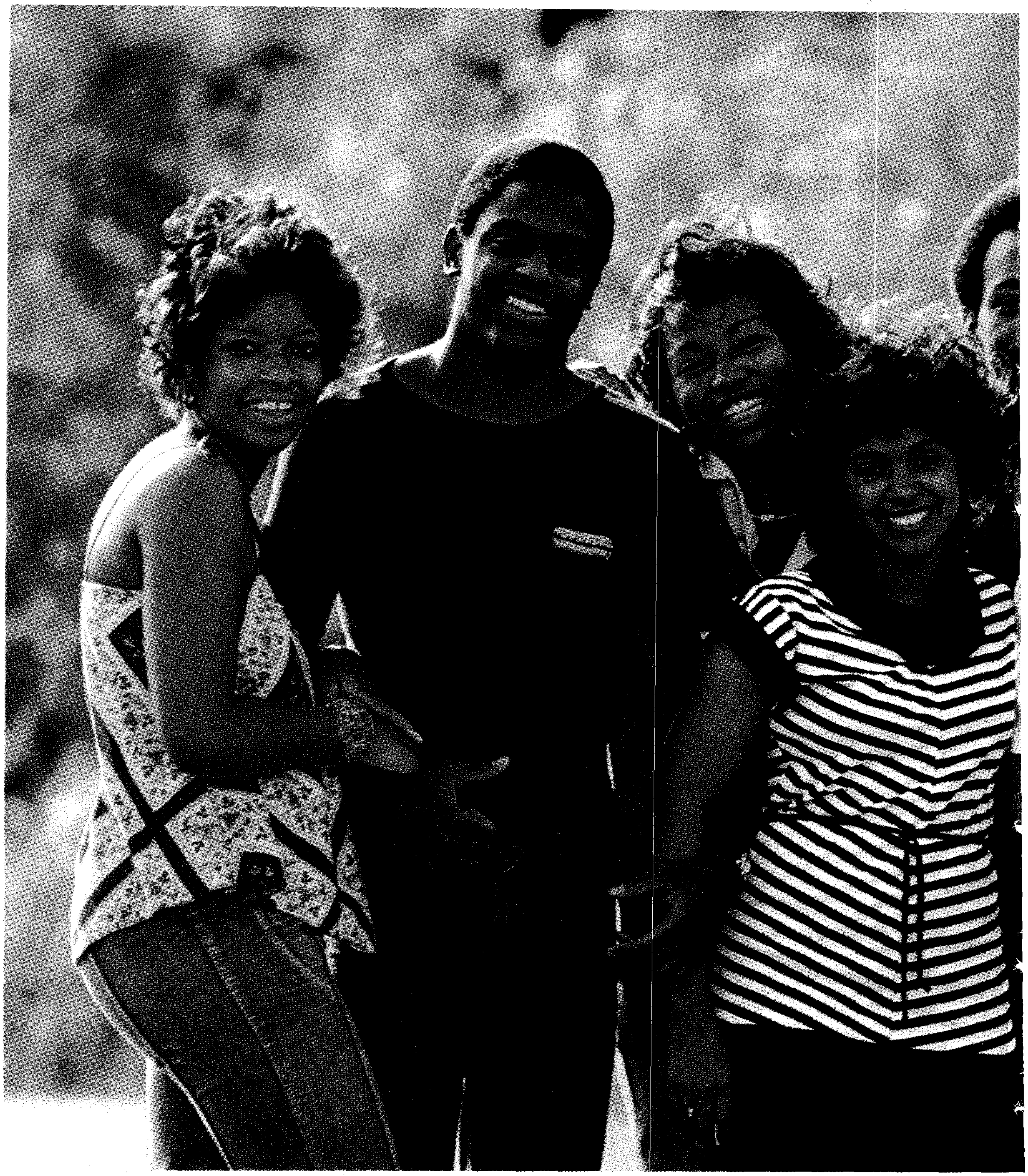

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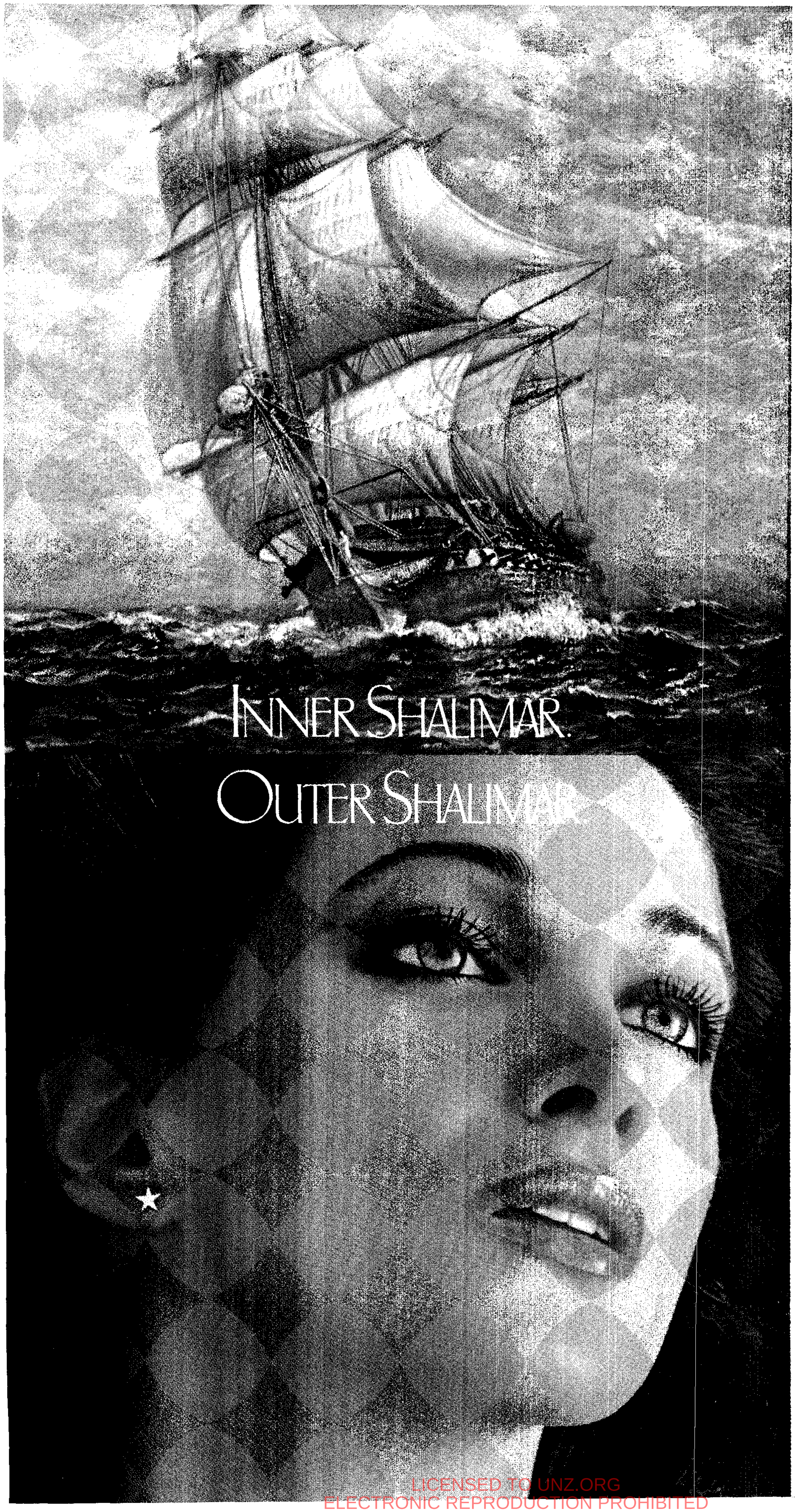
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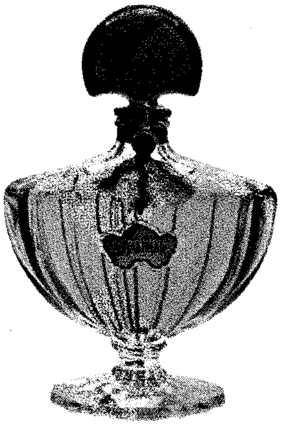

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of all Berlin. It was a huge plaza, rimmed by shops and dominated by a television tower, a slender turret three hundred and sixty-five metres high, with a slowly revolving restaurant at its pinnacle. Peet wanted me to see the sweeping view it afforded, but we were out of luck. A queue of hundreds was ahead of us, and it was being lengthened by tourists pouring out of buses parked in the vicinity. Taking note of the buses, Peet said that organized tours were very much a part of the local scene. Many of them consisted of nationals from sister Socialist states, come to pay their respects to the German Democratic Republic, perhaps the Soviet Union's most willing satellite. Among the visitors were some Westerners. It was not East Berlin alone that attracted the international travellers. A number of the buses, I learned from Peet, were bound for the Sachsenhausen and Ravensbrück concentration camps, an hour or so from East Berlin. Peet's wife had been an inmate of Ravensbrück. Survivors and the relatives and friends of nonsurvivors were among the pilgrims seeking, vainly, to reclaim the fugitive past; I probably had done the same in going to Henri-Chapelle. Neither Peet nor his wife was Jewish, but mention of the camps seemed to put him in mind of Jews. Standing in the Alexanderplatz, he said that there were only about four hundred Jews in East Berlin, and that they were dying off. He told me that Galinski's opposite number there was a neurologist who carried out the job on a part-time basis; on high holidays, a cantor came over from West Berlin to sing at services, and a certified slaughterer flew up from Budapest once a week to kill poultry in accordance with Jewish dietary laws.

We returned to the Skoda, and Peet drove intently for a few minutes to the Grosse Hamburgerstrasse, a side street, where we got out. Berlin's oldest Jewish home for the aged and oldest cemetery had been there, the latter having fallen into disuse in 1827. Little was left of either place. Tucked away from the city, the site formed a grassy refuge, much of it having been turned into a small park since the end of the war. Peet seemed drawn to the enclave. He had been there many times before, to judge by his easy knowledge of the place. As we walked about, he spoke of its few relics with an archeologist's regard. He showed me the headstone of Moses Mendelssohn, bearing the Jewish philosopher's dates: 1729–1786. His was the sole headstone to be found, and, at that, it appeared, it was

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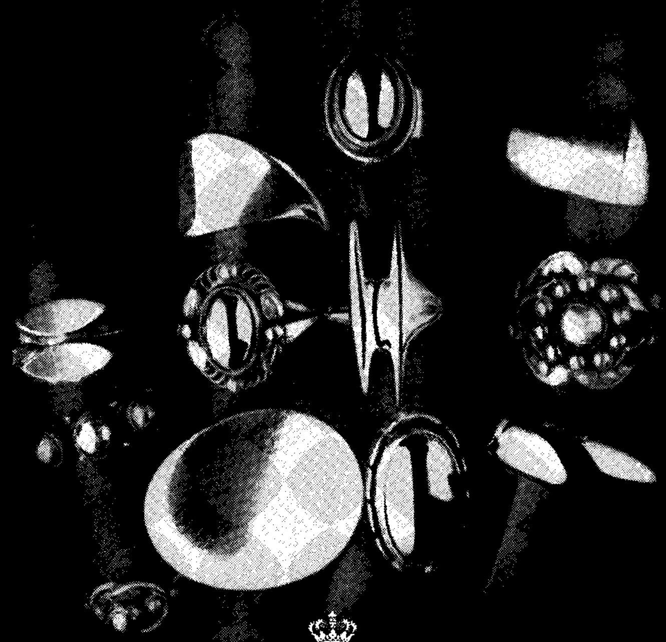
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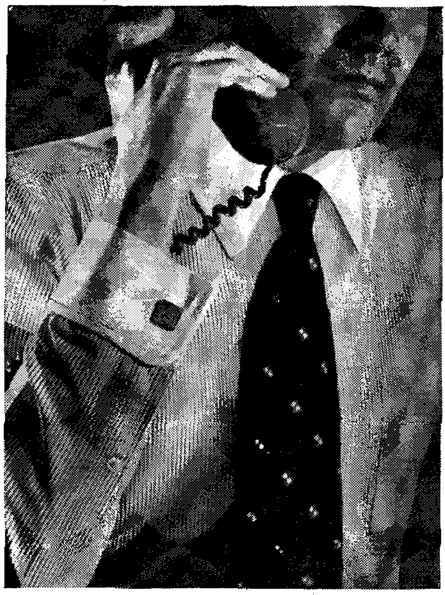

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but a reconstruction of the original, the Nazis having all but done away with the cemetery in 1943. In the final, frenzied days of Berlin's capture, Peet informed me, it had served again, briefly, as a burial ground; fallen defenders of the capital had been interred in the old Jewish graveyard, among them twenty or thirty members of the Gestapo. Five years ago, their bodies had been exhumed and placed elsewhere.

As we passed a park bench occupied by a man and his young son, Peet pointed ahead to a memorial stone of red granite that was flanked by urns and pillars. An inscription on the stone recorded that the Gestapo had employed the Jewish home for the aged as a collecting headquarters for the deportation of German Jews. "From here," the inscription said, "the fascists abducted more than 50,000 Jewish human beings, from nursing infants to old men and women, to the concentration camps at Auschwitz and Theresienstadt, where they were bestially murdered. Never forget that!" When I had finished reading the lapidary message, Peet observed that the Jews to which it referred had all been of German origin and that their incarceration had followed that of the Jews of Poland, Hungary, and other countries under Nazi rule. Wryly, he suggested that perhaps this saving of homegrown victims for the last had come down to a piece of German nationalism. He looked up at the rear windows of a series of apartment houses, the façades of which were shedding plaster. There were scores of windows, and they afforded an unimpeded view of the area from which the home and the graveyard had vanished. What scenes, Peet exclaimed, the wartime tenants of those flats had stared down upon from their windows! Day in and day out, he said, the tenants—hundreds of them—had been able to witness Gestapo men herding hordes of Jews into waiting lorries. Perhaps, Peet granted, these neighbors may have been ignorant of the precise fate that lay in store for the captives, but nothing, he insisted, could ever persuade him that the onlookers hadn't known they were watching the deportation of "more than 50,000 Jewish human beings, from nursing infants to old men and women." Nor were the mass departures merely a matter of neighborhood gossip. The Grosse Hamburgerstrasse was practically at the center of Berlin. "The Adlon was ten minutes from here, the Alexanderplatz five," Peet said. His tone had lost its brittle edge. He had been speaking urgently, almost

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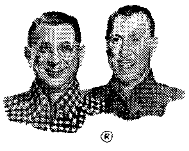

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rhythmically, and the more he spoke, the more his words reminded me that the Nazis had got away with their evil. As had already occurred to me, millions of them were at large, indebted for their amnesty to the simple passage of time—time that had steadily, remorselessly erased the traces of their myriad malefactions. The K.K.G. boys, with their changing voices, weren't even aware that any evidence had to be destroyed; to them the Third Reich was homework, like geography and Latin. To those of *Flakhelfer* vintage, though, and to their elders—to Haupts, Lantin, Pastor Fuchs, and the other deponents of "Mit 15 an die Kanonen"—a backward look was something else again. It involved memories that had to be screened and suited to the needs of the present, for the present was as all-consuming now as it had been in the time of Hitler; it was only right now, as we tried to keep going, that we had a chance to acquire merit in our own eyes—no other minute counted. Could ordinary circumstances test our mettle? Or did it take rampant inhumanity? Political enemies though we were, I felt a momentary kinship with Peet. Standing together where we were, the two of us shared the risk of giving in to an old and pernicious illusion; namely, that contemplating the sins of the past was an absolving force for the living. One had to earn the right to mourn. Otherwise, all was a matter of letting bygones be bygones, of practicing an acceptance that could only lead to repetition.

In the distance, from the direction of the Alexanderplatz, a vehicle backfired. It was a bus, I decided. What port of history was it bound for—Sachsenhausen or Warsaw or Paris? I imagined that the traffic on Unter den Linden was made up of nothing but buses, packed and going every which way; in another moment, a great cacophony of their horns would begin to rend the air. —DANIEL LANG

•

By fall of the same year the Silverton Country Historical Society had put its roots down and was off and running with the museum project.—*Pasco-Kennewick-Richland (Wash.) Tri-City Herald.*

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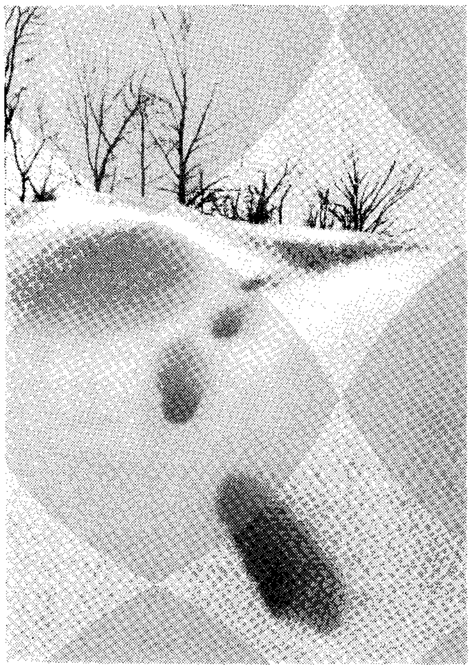

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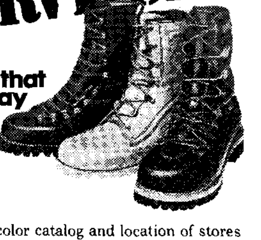

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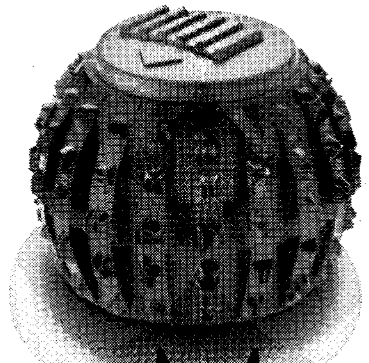

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THE THEATRE

DOING EVIL

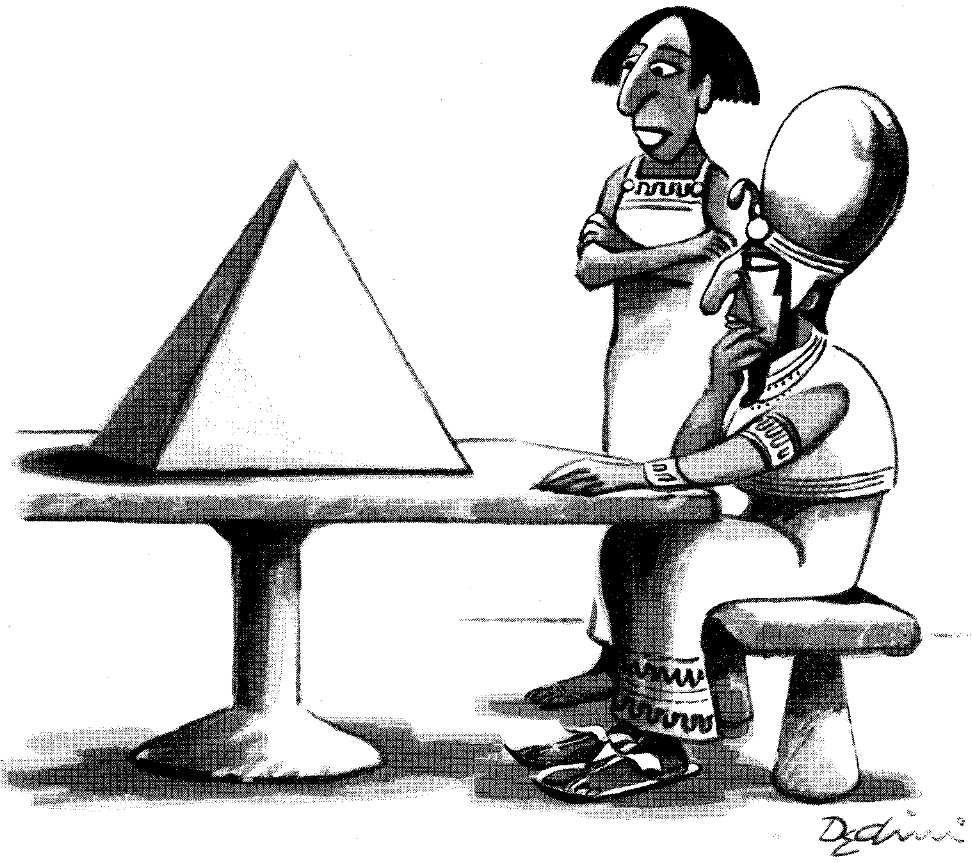
"TARTUFFE" is Molière at the top of his bent. It is a comedy so nearly perfect that it takes itself out of nature altogether; none of the tiresome concerns of "real" life can leave the least scratch upon its immaculate surface. Like Daedalus, Molière has fashioned a golden honeycomb, and its bees, though they buzz and sting, do not breathe our air. For what has the working out of its ingenious mechanism of a plot to do with how people actually live? Nothing whatever. How long could the ice-cold calculations of such creatures as Tartuffe and Orgon survive the chance collisions of the heart that we ordinary mortals stumble through daily? Not for an instant. Tartuffe and Orgon are distillations of attitudes, charged with energy but without feelings, and they make us laugh in part because we know we can afford to—there is no possibility of encountering them on the next street corner or in the house of a friend.

The bounds that Molière has set for "Tartuffe" are breathtakingly narrow, and only a very great playwright would dare to work within them. If at any point a character were allowed to slip outside those bounds and become human, the play would have to risk ending as a tragedy, for the villainous Tartuffe invariably succeeds. It makes no difference that his fawning evil is found out again and again; the conventional social and religious pieties that Tartuffe's hypocrisy profits from are those of his victims, and cause them, even as they are being ruined, to serve him as allies. Tartuffe is a sort of clownish Iago, as Orgon is a clownish Othello, and to make sure that we reject any hint of tragedy in Orgon's fate, Molière in the last few minutes of the play stands it on its head with a sudden and implausible reversal of fortune: the King, in his perspicacity, recognizes Tartuffe as a criminal impostor, condemns him, and restores to Orgon the property that Tartuffe had sanctimoniously wheedled him out of. But Molière makes matters very clear: good conquers evil not because it does so in life but because "Tartuffe" is a play. And one might add that when Molière wrote it, it was more than a play—he had forged it as a weapon against his bourgeois and court enemies, who, feeling its sharp edge, caused several early versions of the work to be banned.

From these remarks I hope it will be gathered that while "Tartuffe" has the look of being simple and straightforward, it is in fact complex, ambiguous, and devilishly hard to act. The production of it that has just been mounted at the Circle in the Square is satisfactory, if not very illuminating. In the remarkable cast are, among others, John Wood, Tammy Grimes, Patricia Elliott, Stefan Gierasch, Mildred Dunnock, Peter Coffield, and Swoosie Kurtz (yes, Swoosie, as God is my judge), and they rap out their often devastating lines with welcome vigor and clarity, but I have serious reservations about Stephen Porter's direction. Mr. Porter respects his author and yet appears to lack confidence in him. He has certainly encouraged far more horseplay and mere bustling about than I can find any reason for. Example: when Elmire, Orgon's wife, causes him to recognize Tartuffe's perfidy by encouraging Tartuffe to woo her in Orgon's concealed presence, the wooing amounts, in the play, to a series of suave amorous compliments by Tartuffe. In the present production, Elmire stretches herself out upon a table and hikes up her skirts; Tartuffe, stripped to his underwear, vaults into place between her legs and begins to make violent love. This is neither true Molière nor true Forty-Second Street porn, and I felt embarrassed for Miss Grimes and Mr. Wood.

The scenery and costumes are by Zack Brown (his notion of the interior of a seventeenth-century Parisian house seems to have been borrowed from the artist Pieter de Hooch, who lived elsewhere), and the lighting is by John McLain. The rendering into English of Molière's verse is the celebrated version by Richard Wilbur. Skillful as it is, I found the rhymes overassertive. They come too quickly and readily for my ear, which gives them the defect of sounding unearned. Perhaps Molière is best left unrhymed in English; that may be the only way to keep him from sounding as if he tinkled, which you can be sure he doesn't.

—BRENDAN GILL



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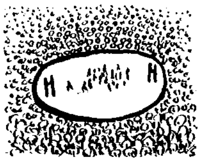
FOOTBALL

Down and Out



THE demolition squads whose calling is the upending of T-formation quarterbacks, the most essential and sometimes the most breakable ingredients of mid-seventies football, continue to ply their trade. Early on in the season, this correspondent witnessed the cracking-up of Pittsburgh's Cavanaugh—an accident, in the match with Notre Dame, that has probably retired for the year one of the best field generals in the East. Weekend before last, it was the turn of Harvard's Davenport, who had spent two autumns as second banana in the arsenal of generals who annually take the course in applied calculus and trigonometry that is basic to Restic football. (Restic is Harvard's necromancer-in-residence.) That weekend, the first of the Harvard season, Davenport, taking the ball in for a touchdown against Columbia, cracked a neckbone—an accident that definitely removes him from action during his final term of duty at Harvard. Last weekend, sprinting through a set of film clips, this correspondent watched the gradual disabling of Oklahoma's Lott, one of the burliest and one of the most efficacious quarterbacks in the Southwest—this in a match with Ohio State. One now awaits the fate of Army's Hall, who in his final autumn has thrown five touchdown passes on a single afternoon and who, on Saturday last, tossed three more in a gallant but unavailing effort against Boston College—unavailing inasmuch as Smith, his opposite number, tossed five touchdown passes of his own. One can, it is reasonable to assume, ponder the future of Smith as well.

Men such as Davenport and Lott compound the inherent risks of T quarterbacking by their fondness for rolling out on keeper plays; it was this sort of maneuver that put away Davenport and removed Lott from a contest that up to the moment of withdrawal had been going all Oklahoma's way. It did more than that; it sent Harvard, none of whose undamaged quarterbacks had ever before handled a football for the varsity, out against a Massachusetts that outweighed it all along the line on Saturday. Furthermore, Curry—absent most of last season—was to have been the target of Davenport's long-distance throwing this year, and there were none of those stunningly executed touchdowns that afternoon. What made the

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situation even worse was that the selfsame Curry, up to now a demon punter, could not average better than twenty-nine yards a kick. The foregone conclusion was Massachusetts 17, Harvard 0.

On other fronts, Ivy League attempts to repulse outsiders went rather better: Pagliaro and Angelone and Rizzo ran in one touchdown apiece in favor of Yale against an always redoubtable enemy, Connecticut, by the count of 23–12; Columbia put away a slightly rickety Lafayette, at 21–10, up at Baker Field, in a haphazard encounter amidst weather that was in the poorest of taste; Brown, coming twice from behind, at last outpointed Rhode Island decisively, at 28–10. But Pennsylvania, visiting Lehigh, fell three touchdowns in the rear, mostly on a tremendous pass that ended up in Kreider's hands and on a Kreider runback of a Penn punt for a matter of fifty-eight yards, before it could score the touchdown that finished off the outing at Lehigh 19, Pennsylvania 7; Colgate, which has been hugely enjoying its Saturdays this fall, managed to outgame Cornell, by 28–22, even though Cornell's Hofher, who was threatening all last year to do something spectacular for his comrades, came up with three touchdown passes, one of them worth sixty-seven yards; Princeton, against Rutgers, lost its twelfth home match in a row, at 10–6, but just missed what would have been the winning touchdown when it dropped the ball not far outside the Rutgers goal line a couple of minutes before time ran out. Nevertheless, the eighth invader, Holy Cross, lost to Dartmouth, which went out in front in the first quarter and stayed there, mainly because of the running and throwing of Ferraris, the most likely of its crop of fledgling quarterbacks. All in all, the League's best showing in some time in defending its right little, tight little island.

Andrewlavage, Colgate's supernal punter and kicker of field goals, notched just two points on Saturday—not at all up to his standard—but Howe, who sometimes is the best gun Princeton can bring to bear, did two field goals against Rutgers, and Dartmouth's Lowery kicked two points after touchdown and a forty-yard field goal. (One of Howe's was good for forty-nine yards, which is truly brilliant in the Ivy League.) But not since the joint advent, quite a few years ago, of the Hungarian Gogolak brothers, one at Cornell and one at Princeton, has this observer noted a foreign import of such skill as Uwe von Schamann, of West Germany, whose footwork for Oklahoma helped enormously to do in Ohio State on Saturday. After his first two field goals, he squeezed in a perfect onside kick, nearly at the end of the fourth quarter, that quickly led to the third field goal, the winning one, three seconds before time ran out. "Well, we worked on the onside kick a lot in practice," he modestly told a questioner afterward, and one can believe every word of that.

—J.W.L.

• •

THE LIZARD IN HIS MEDIUM

Sly, like the French horn's plunge,
Soft, like a child's whisper, the forked tongue
Marks temperature, measures the wind's
Currents. The tongue knows no true path.

The reptile's gentle lisp, his sinister
Manners, his scale coat, his frangible tail—
What will he whisper when the lights go out?
How will he know our saurian taste?

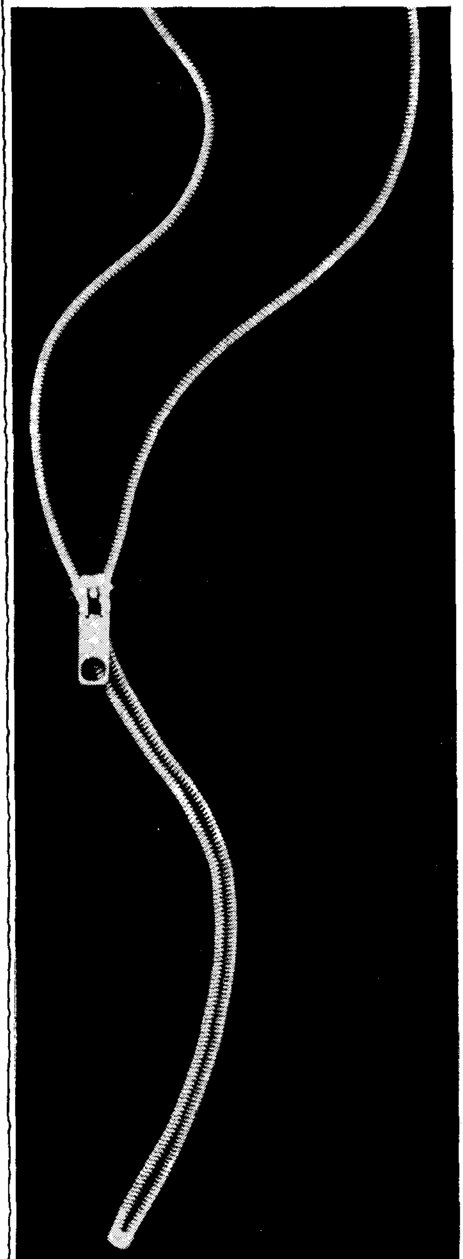
"Hish-hish" washes over this. Was there
An eye more clear, more clever? He has
The leopard's hunger. The flap ears close.
He walks and walks.

He lives in the observation of the moment's
Flicker, the watched ascendancy of night—
It is the sharp minute in which he breathes.
To live beneath things supernal,

In that muted harmony that is eating and taking,
Taking and giving back, his composition of pause,
Where time is a weight and moment nothing.
The absent dark: his movement is silence.

The sand is only a temporary home.

—WILLIAM LOGAN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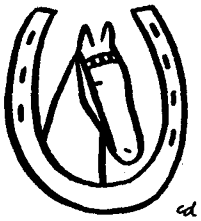
THE RACE TRACK

Ladies in the Mud



Despite the muddy track, a dozen of the leading fillies and mares came out for the second running of the Ruffian Handicap at Belmont Park last Saturday, and they put up a good show. Lightly weighted Cum Laude Laurie, with whom Cordero cut the corner turning into the homestretch and set up fast on the rails, won it by half a length from Mississippi Mud, a hunch horse who paid $8.80 to place. Cascapedia, the star of the West who had run Crystal Water to a neck in the Hollywood Gold Cup in June, was third; she carried top weight—128 pounds—giving fourteen to the winner. Cordero said after the race that his mount stumbled coming out of the gate, almost going down, but she recovered quickly, and when he saw an opening on the rails he made for it, whipping past My Juliet, Cascapedia, and Mississippi Mud in the last hundred yards. Cum Laude Laurie, by Hail to Reason out of Primonetta, is owned by Dan Galbreath. The race is a memorial to the Stuart Janneys' filly Ruffian, who swept the boards unbeaten for two seasons till that tragic match race two years ago. A crowd of 20,732 braved the dismal weather and bet $3,300,314 on the nine races.

The fifth running of the $250,000 Marlboro Cup Handicap comes up at Belmont this weekend. As this is written, Tommy Trotter has not announced the weights, but undoubtedly Forego will head the list, as usual, giving plenty of pounds to the big field. There were ten starters in the race last year. Forego will be the favorite, for the big fellow ran a smashing race in the Woodward. Needless to say, I hope he wins. I believe that J.O. Tobin will do better in the Cup than he did in the Woodward if the going is fast. He didn't like the mud that day. A number of other probable starters had a winding-up gallop in an overnight handicap at a mile and a sixteenth last Friday. Quiet Little Table, who beat Forego by a neck in the Suburban last Fourth of July, thanks to an advantage of twenty-four pounds, won the prep, running head-and-head down the stretch with Wise Philip and Jatski. At the end, he beat Wise Philip, to whom he gave five pounds, by three-quarters of a length. Jatski, winner of the Travers Stakes at Saratoga in August, was third, a head away.

Canadian Bound, the colt by Secretariat for whom a Canadian syndicate gave $1.5 million—the highest price ever paid for a yearling—at the Keeneland sales last year, ran in a race for the first time last week, at Evry, near Paris, and finished second. He was beaten by a neck by a 17–1 shot named Captaine West. Ten started in the mile and a furlong—in the races over there they stretch it out good for the two-year-olds in the fall—and at the end five of them came down to the winning post in what is sometimes called a blanket finish. Canadian Bound, who was odds-on in the betting, was ridden by Freddy Head, one of the very top jockeys in France, who kept his mount out of the early scramble, making his move in the stretch. Canadian Bound ran in the colors of T. Burnett, a member of the syndicate. As you may remember, Canadian Bound's mother is Charming Alibi, who is also the mother of Dahlia, one of the great money-winning race mares. Dahlia is owned by Texas oilman Nelson Bunker Hunt, and he takes a keen interest in Canadian Bound. In fact, Hunt became a member of the syndicate and had Canadian Bound sent to his stable in France to be trained by Maurice Zilber, who had trained Dahlia.

Thomas J. FitzGerald, president of the New York Racing Association since Jack Krumpe went to Meadowlands three years ago, resigned last Saturday. Ogden Mills Phipps, chairman of the board, said that there would be changes in the organization. There is no doubt that attendance and betting have fallen off sharply at Belmont and Aqueduct since the coming of OTB, in 1970, and I doubt whether anything can be done to halt the decline. All the name bands you can pack into the paddock won't do it.

Billy Turner, Jr., Seattle Slew's trainer, said the other day that the big dark bay was coughing. Turner added that Seattle Slew's training has been interrupted, and that he may not be fit and ready for the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel on November 5th. Any day now, I expect to hear his stable announce that Seattle Slew has been retired for the season.

—Audax Minor

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THE AIR

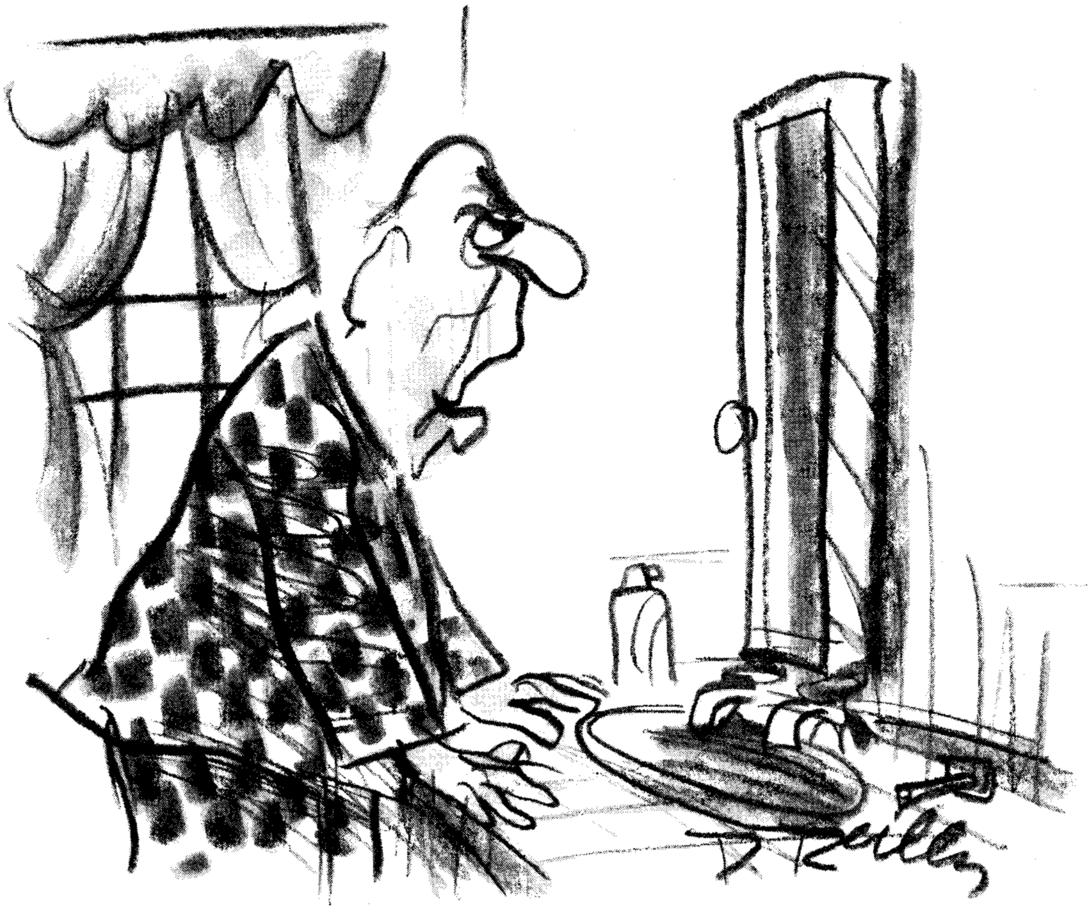
Getting the Goods on Pres. Monckton

THERE is something loopily cheerful about the new television season. To be sure, much foolish hoopla abounds, accompanied by the inevitable behind-the-scenes chatter about network programmers and their "jockeying" or "vying" for ratings and audience share, as if we in the audience were spectators at some frantic, though generally harmless, quasi-military maneuvers involving the manic, preoccupied generals of the Red, Blue, and Green Armies. Also, a number of wondrously surreal shows are sent floating through the ether; for instance, "Lucan," which I watched the other night on ABC, and which, as far as I could tell, is television's first attempt at a straight-arrow, up-front adventure series based on the ancient malady of lycanthropy (Lucan, get it?)—which, as you will doubtless remember from your field studies in the Black Forest, is the polite way of describing what ails somebody who thinks he is a wolf. Lucan himself, I might add, in case anyone should think I am being condescending to famous werewolves (such as the Werewolf of Paris, to name but one), is unfortunately neither monstrous nor hairy nor frightening nor at all werewolfish. He is merely (though who am I to say "merely"?) a very attractive young fellow in fine physical condition who happens to have been brought up by wolves. We will talk no more about "Lucan." Or about Max, the bionic dog that was introduced into the cast of "The Bionic Woman."

Obviously, there is no point in claiming that a new television season arrives in our midst each fall staggering under a heavy burden of dignity. On the other hand, since our nation doesn't celebrate Oktoberfest, and has secularized All Hallows' Eve into a night of glucose distribution to the young and modest vandalism to the old, and then, at Thanksgiving, compels its citizens to undergo the most dourly sexless ritual that civilized man has yet devised for his own misery, we might as well be grateful for whatever odd autumnal festivals modern life manages to afford us. There may not be candlelit processions to usher in the new TV programs, any more than there is much jovial bottom-pinching in beer gardens to accompany the new-car season that is recklessly celebrated at roughly the same time; but there is something to be said for being wooed and wanted, if only by invisible statisticians.

AS for being wanted, ABC clearly hoped that a great many people would watch its recent novel-for-television "Washington: Behind Closed Doors," and a great many people apparently obliged. The audience was not quite as large as the one that watched "Roots" last winter, but still nearly fifty million people tuned in at some point or other during the six nights it was broadcast to observe the machinations of the Monckton Administration, depicted by writers David Rintels and Eric Bercovici, who loosely based their "novel" on John Ehrlichman's book "The Company." I found that, like many people I talked with about "Washington," I had mixed feelings about the program. On an immediate level, I very much enjoyed it—or enjoyed a surprising amount of it, considering that the whole thing ran to twelve and a half hours. The acting ranged from the solidly professional to the very good, which is no slight praise for a television program of such dimensions; in fact, I can't think of another American television production, including "Roots," in which the level of ensemble acting by a large cast was of such a high order. The writing seemed generally skillful, given the basic melodrama of the show's structure; that is, when "Washington" had to touch base with its skeletal story line there was sometimes a certain softness or predictability in the dialogue, but for the most part the writers were able to rise well above the "story" and create an intelligent and well-paced scenario of texture and character.

In terms of texture, the Washington backgrounds were sharp and realistic, as many backgrounds are these days, but here they were handled with a subtle and sure touch, so that the action was clearly placed and yet that note of "location" authenticity so dear to telefilm designers was never strident or distracting. In terms of character, "Washington" was especially enterprising and successful, for Ehrlichman's novel didn't provide much to work



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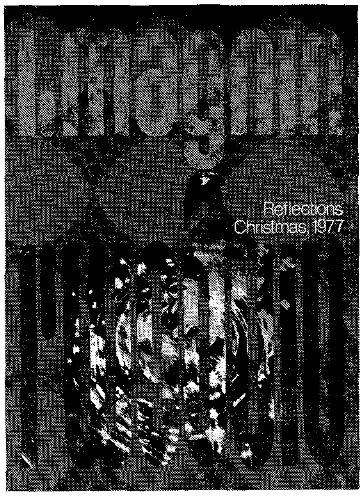

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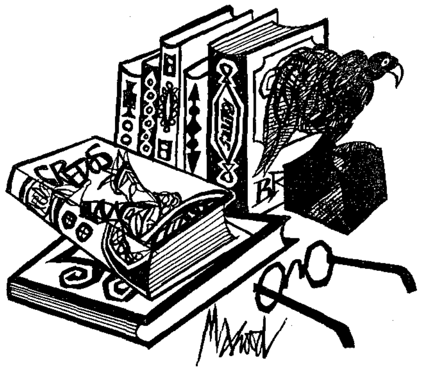
with, being essentially the first novel of an earnest amateur, whose notions of character-describing, perhaps unsurprisingly, were limited mainly to furnishing *Who's Who* biographical information. Thus, Frank Flaherty, who on television was President Monckton's sadistic Chief of Staff, is described not unkindly and rather blandly in Ehrlichman's book as "an efficient Irishman," whose efficiency was "polished at the Harvard Business School and nurtured at General Motors," where he had been "the youngest Buick Regional Zone Manager in GM's history." More to the point, many of the Monckton staff members in "Washington"—men and women whose personalities and interactions formed the real guts of the program—simply did not appear in the Ehrlichman novel. They were, presumably, the creations of Rintels and Bercovici (with more than a little help from the available Watergate bibliography), and though some were inevitably better realized than others, it was with these characters and characterizations that "Washington" succeeded best as a "novel." My favorite, on the whole, was Hank Ferris, played with great skill and subtlety by Nicholas Pryor: a contemporary Horatio Alger hero (as perhaps Ring Lardner might have drawn him), set loose in the lower reaches of the White House and inexorably rising to the top levels of the Administration through a combination of smarm and fidelity—a mean puppy's fidelity. Pryor's portrayal not only made weakness seem utterly human but also managed to show the malevolence that so often hides behind weakness—and that is usually played for laughs in "anti-hero" depictions. Also, it was one of the very few characterizations I have seen on television (or in movies, for that matter) in which actual dramatic growth took place within the character, as opposed to what generally happens: the character gets hit on the head by a brick and experiences a moment of "self-discovery." There was also growth in Jason Robards' portrayal of President Monckton—though of a more fitful nature, perhaps in keeping with Monckton's nervous and disconnected character. Robards was excellent in his details: for example, transmitting the neuroses of a chief of state while keeping the character whole, not blowing the role apart. Best of all, he brought a necessary largeness to the role. As when a great actor plays Richard II, it was possible here—in contrast to most film or television fictions of great events—to believe that Robards might have been king: maybe not a very nice one, maybe one who was insecure, vengeful, riddled with envy, and sublimely humorless, but still a king.

The other characters rarely reached such levels of growth or substance, but this was melodrama, not Shakespeare, and the parts and the actors seemed nearly always well matched and effective. The best of the smaller roles, I thought, was that of the L.B.J. type, former President Esker Anderson, played with great gusto and slyness by Andy Griffith. Less satisfactory was Robert Vaughn as the aforementioned Frank Flaherty. Vaughn's Flaherty started off on a nice note of cold-blooded administrative toughness, but the note never changed, was only made louder, so that toward the end one had the sense that Flaherty had merely progressed from hardballing into swinishness—with Vaughn appearing to model the Presidential assistant more on the late George Sanders than on anyone else. Another vivid role, which also veered into caddishness and got stuck there, was that of Roger Castle, played by David Selby. Tony Bill was fine as the young good-guy staff man, though he didn't have much to do except look alternately hurt and earnest. Frances Lee McCain, as his wife, the public-television producer (who produced a liberal-leaning talk show given to intense and animated discussions: doubtless a commercial-TV writer's fantasy), was grittier. The three other principal women's roles, played by Stefanie Powers, Lois Nettleton, and Meg Foster, were O.K.—certainly by traditional network standards—though these ladies had to do most of the chore work, sitting alone at home or office while their important husbands or lovers racketed around the country. Last but not least among the key figures was William Martin, the C.I.A. director, played by Cliff Robertson. I'm not sure what to make of Martin except to note that he had the main role in Ehrlichman's novel—indeed, Monckton doesn't become President until halfway through the book—and though the television version wisely re-



organized Ehrlichman's structure and gave Monckton the place he deserved, at the center, Martin remained the key to the basic story and so had to be intermittently wheeled in and out of the narrative, sometimes with little better to do than to ride in the back seat of a limousine and observe inscrutable silence. Generally, I thought Robertson's Martin was effective when he was in his office, or with the President, and doing his job; that is, he looked right in the part and clearly seemed the kind of man who could be expected to read top-secret documents and chew gum at the same time. But whenever the poor fellow had to negotiate romantic interludes with his lovelorn wife or mistress (as occurred fairly frequently in the book and even more frequently on television), a certain element of briskness and inscrutability in the character seemed to disappear, or at least turn to gumbo. Thus, at one point the nation's Top Spook is heard muttering to his mistress, "I never meant to hurt you. . . . I trusted you, Sally, more than anyone," and then, soon afterward, standing coyly on a Georgetown doorstep in the middle of the night, he engages in this colloquy with his disaffected wife:

SHE: Going somewhere?
TOP SPOOK: It depends.
SHE: On what?
TOP SPOOK: On whether you want me.

WELL, I have little wish to be snide about "Washington: Behind Closed Doors," because I thought it was a definitely superior television accomplishment—intelligent, effective, refreshingly strong in portraiture—and I enjoyed watching it. At the same time, despite my viewer's pleasure in the production, the series seemed to me to raise a number of troubling questions in the now lengthy and almost institutionalized argument on the uses of fact in fiction, or the mixing of fiction with fact; and though these questions have inevitably become familiar through repetition, and even irritating to those who believe that they have no place in the sensory transactions of entertainment, I can't see that there is much to be gained, or that the questions will cease, if one is tight-lipped on the issue, or just goes along smoothly with what appears to be the currently prevailing view: that anything (short of actionable libel) that provides an audience with a vivid "feel" for a subject is legitimized by that audience's response.

One of the more obvious hazards of this debate is that, at least superficially, it has tended to polarize the public into

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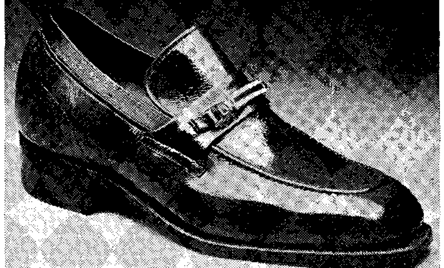

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regarding it as a battle of life styles, even of generations; that is, fussy, careful (or "old") people are supposed to worry over whether Napoleon rode a bay horse or a black horse or a motorcycle at Borodino, while free-at-heart, sensitive (or "young") people are concerned only with whether the characterization comes across, whether the moment is accessible. On the other hand, in several discussions I overheard about "Washington" the people—young and old—who spoke most heatedly in favor of the program's achievement in creating striking or emotionally connective scenes, regardless of factual or fictional content, seemed to see the dispute in predominantly personal political terms: a matter not merely of the importance of artistic freedom but, even more, of the importance of the audience's freedom. And those who held an opposing view seemed similarly constrained by politics: in this case, citing the audience's need to be protected from false imagery.

Among proponents of the "freer" view, the names of such redoubtable authorities as Tolstoy and Shakespeare are often invoked, as examples of certifiably accepted artists who from time to time used actual persons or events in their creations and felt at liberty to bend or invent details to suit an artistic perspective. But there is a difficulty with this line of reasoning, or, at least, with trying to apply it to all types of fiction, for, clearly, the intent as well as the function of Tolstoy's Napoleon or Shakespeare's Henry V was to portray character, and not to provide journalistic or historical information. Nobody in his right mind reads one of Shakespeare's histories in order to find out what really went on in the English court at that particular time. An increase in the audience's savvy is not even an "incidental benefit" of the drama; there is mighty little in the way of pleasurable input of, say, Agincourt troop-movement information to be gained from Henry V. Conversely, in the recent television fiction "Upstairs, Downstairs," part of the purpose and pleasure of the production lay in giving and getting information, but while the information was accurate and the characters were enormously believable, the action and the dramatis personae were essentially made up: there was no invitation to the audience to assume that Lord Bellamy was really Lord X and that it was obtaining interesting information about his private life.

In the case of "Washington: Behind Closed Doors," however, the audience was invited not only to empathize with

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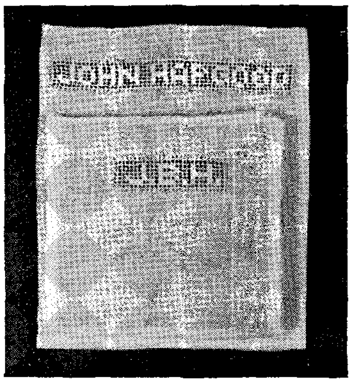

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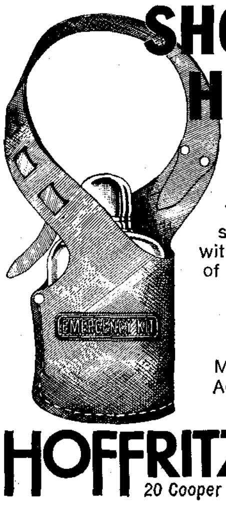

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THE NEW YORKER 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036 the characters and find them believable but to identify them as specific figures, or as figure-types, of the actual Nixon Administration, and thereby to absorb a sense of what really went on in Washington just before Watergate. Nor was this a casual or merely implicit invitation, a matter of borrowed gesture or of suggestive nomenclature: Richard Monckton vs. Richard Nixon, Dr. Carl Tessler vs. Dr. Henry Kissinger. Whole events were deliberately transplanted from the real world to the make-believe world. Thus, while a real Kissinger negotiated China policy, a make-believe Tessler negotiated China policy; while a real Nixon visited war protesters at the Lincoln Memorial, a make-believe Monckton visited war protesters at the Lincoln Memorial; while a real Nixon secretly escalated the Vietnam war into Cambodia, a make-believe Monckton escalated a war into a nearby neutral country; and so forth. In short, the real world of past events and the make-believe world of a television fiction were made to overlap and merge. In this context, President Monckton set in motion an active and detailed assault on the Twenty-second Amendment so that he might later run for a third term. Now, was this real, or partly real, or make-believe?

And what of the main thesis of this television epic, which the TV producers seem to have gladly bought from Ehrlichman when they bought his novel? For though the television series was tough on Nixon-Monckton, Ehrlichman's book was a good deal softer, more ambivalent; indeed, Ehrlichman's book could be thought to be tough only if you were aware that its author had once worked for Nixon. The fact is that Ehrlichman's book had two themes, both of which were passed on to television: one a modestly guilty look-askance at the Nixon Administration which was elaborated and toughened up for the television series; the other a generally modish and melodramatic exploitation of the current popular disaffection with the C.I.A., which was passed on more or less intact. The essence of Ehrlichman's story, or rationale, is that there were *two* sins committed in the pre-Watergate era, and that only one of them was Nixon-Monckton's. The other sin—fully as great a sin, which was made to run a thematic course throughout the novel, as it did throughout the TV version—was committed by former President William Curry, the handsome, appealing, rich-boy President who secretly, through his protégé William Martin of

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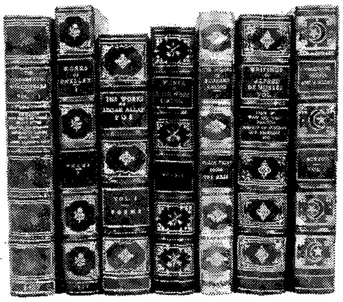

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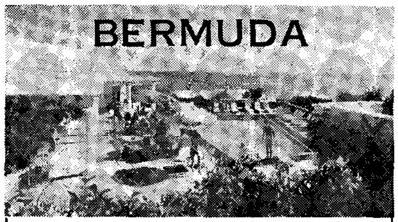

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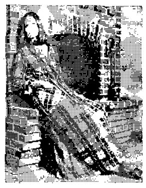

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the C.I.A., ordered the assassinations of certain people, here and abroad. This is certainly a dark and symmetrical conceit, and it is not the first time it has been voiced. But is it real? Or is it somewhat real, or slightly real, or just a little bit real, or not real at all? And does that matter? Does it matter that in an entertainment fiction that nevertheless lays deliberate claim to authenticity unproved rumor about President Kennedy's supposed penchant for assassination is paired with evidence of President Nixon's proved penchant for illegal activities and abuse of power? Or are we watching "just a story"?

It seems to me that it matters a great deal, though there are different aspects to the overall question raised by "Washington" which probably require different answers. For instance, too strict or law-bound a view of what is portrayable in a person's life is likely to produce too narrow and artificial a portrait of the subject; there should be room in our historical narratives for such a marvellously evocative (though perhaps not precisely factual) interpretation as Robards' depiction of Nixon-Monckton's strange humorous humorlessness, where an actor's art gave pleasure, brought out character, and took us closer to truth. At the same time, for major television producers (in this case, Paramount and ABC-TV) to be so spaced out by the present Entertainment Era as to more or less deliberately fool around with the actual life of an actual man, even of a discredited President—or even of a former C.I.A. director, for there were surface correspondences between William Martin's career and that of former C.I.A. director Richard Helms—seems irresponsible and downright shabby.

Still, this fictional-factual confusion is a problem that is easier to be dogmatic about, or to take sides on, than to understand or to see very clearly. For example, can one really be against the right of audiences to see what they want to see—short of libel? Probably not, as a sociopolitical position, though it's also true to say that the right of audiences can be pushed toward foolishness, lunacy, and self-destruction, like all other rights, and if there is one worthwhile and overriding right remaining in the world it is surely the right of humankind not to destroy itself or make itself any more foolish or unwise or spaced out than necessary—at least, not without first checking with posterity. On the other hand, the right to protect or safeguard audiences from

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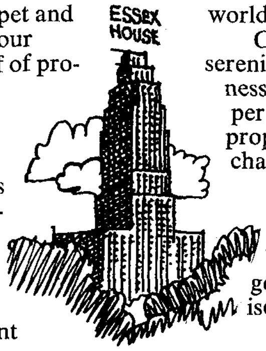

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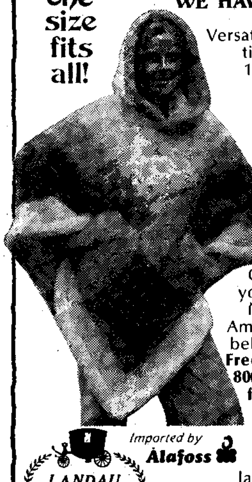

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fictional facts or from factual fictions or from anything else sometimes seems to make no better sense, though I suppose it has certain parental features that may appeal to people who have been too busy to practice on their own children. The truth is that in this matter of fact and fiction, and especially in this current playing with facts about important people, there is bound to be some sort of deep cyclical effect at work, for just as some generations ago the tide of the times flowed happily toward authority and respectability, inundating passersby with uniforms and court circulars and the apparent worship of official statements, so, lately, the tide has reversed itself, as invariably happens—though never delicately, never quite so as to please everyone—and now rushes in full flood against authority and the solemnity of high station: the myopic lens of stuffed-shirt dignity has been replaced by the equally blurred lens of entertainingness. At any rate, the hapless observer can at least point out the direction of the tide, while periodically getting soaked in the process, though there seems to be little changing it until it changes itself.

Besides, the root of the problem appears to be elsewhere, having only superficially to do with the license of fiction or the ethics of nonfiction. After all, for some time now we have been willingly and resolutely marching into an era of biographical playfulness. Journalism plays with facts. Popular novels play breezily with the lives of public and semipublic figures. Popular television has followed into the same area, calling the results "docu-dramas." Indeed, the new season brings us at least two docu-dramas about Lee Harvey Oswald, one about President Kennedy's older brother, Joseph Kennedy, Jr. ("Young Joe, The Forgotten Kennedy"), and God knows what others, on non-Kennedy subjects. The public obviously likes these stories, with their easy slipping between fact and fiction, and so it will get them. And who is to say what other stories, in other times and for other publics, were any better—any more useful to civilization? Nor does it matter in the least that some viewers, including me, are "troubled" by this blurring of fact and fancy, any more than it matters that larger numbers of viewers profess to have "really learned something" from these programs. Learned what? About acting? Or about how things really were? *Which* things, then, since some of them were made up, and so never were?

What is at work, presumably, is some kind of deep-seated shift in view-

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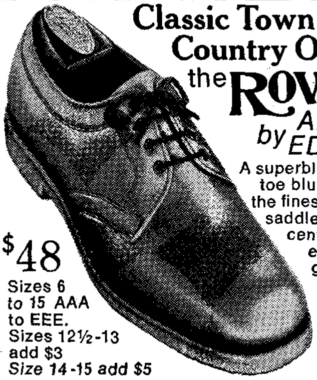

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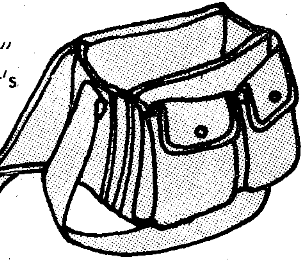

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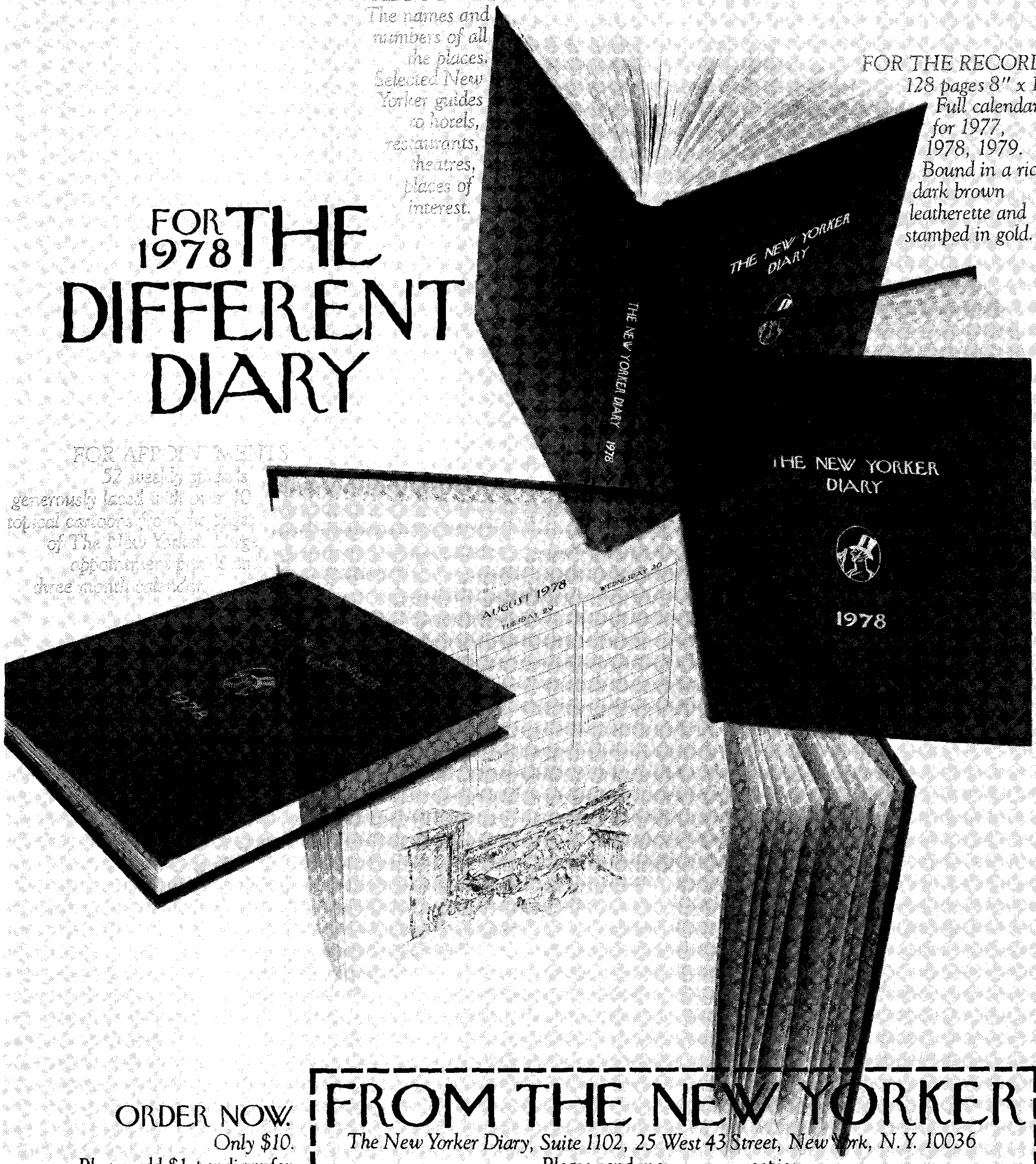

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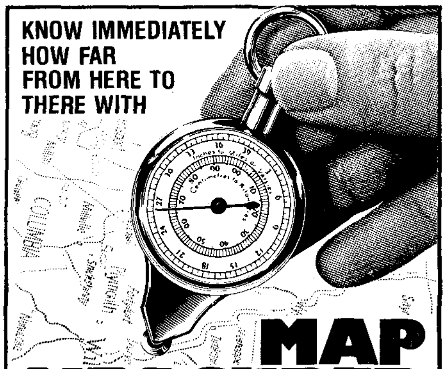

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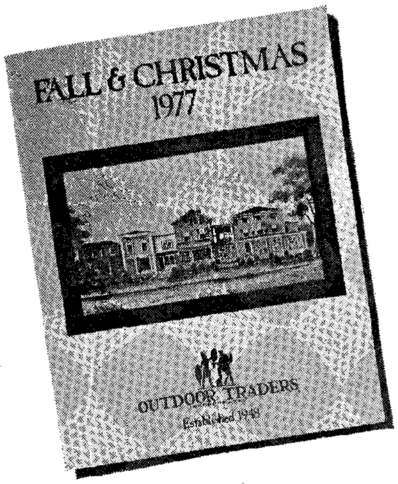

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point: from an excessive and often insincere reverence for official life to what now often appears to be an almost conventional hostility toward persons of any prominence—a disregard not merely of their privacy but of the wholeness of their lives. How, at any rate, is one to explain the present mania for gossip but as an attempt to institutionalize the most misanthropic element of folklore: the desire to bring down other people, or strip them naked? And how to really explain the current fondness for docu-drama, or for the-novel-as-history, or for journalism-as-the-novel, but as a desire to toy with the lives of actual people, with the life of a man or woman—that one article of property which each person most truly has a right to? It is not a point of view that can be successfully reasoned against, any more than the indiscriminate deference to dignity which preceded it could be turned around by logical argument, though the chances are that the current trend of randomly hostile carelessness will turn out to be just as insincere and out of touch with basic humanity as what went before. "Washington: Behind Closed Doors," in other words, is part of its uncertain time: superbly professional, well ordered, stylish, attentive to detail, and disrespectful of life (that is, of the *bios* in "biography"), and, at the same time, highly entertaining to those, including me, who live here, too, knee-deep in the surf, like old Canute, waiting for the tide to change.

I SET out to watch the première of "Soap" (also on ABC), because I thought it might be funny, and because the fact that the series had been the object of heavy-handed advance protests by church groups during the summer suggested that here, just conceivably, might be an entertainment program that was pitched on a level of at least post-adolescence. In other words, I thought it might even be vaguely sexy—not really sexy, mind you, the way Japanese television is supposed to be, but, let's say, something a cut above "Charlie's Angels," which has always struck me as a high-priced pubescent version of those teasy "Naughty Stewardess" movies they keep proffering on hotel-room TV sets. I was wrong, and I can't really imagine what all those church groups were protesting about (this being an era when a person cannot even bicycle to his or her church group without having to run a gantlet of so-called adult movies and magazines, most of which now seem to be featuring small crippled children, Eurasian dental assistants, and kangaroos)—

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unless, of course, it was the general foolishness of the production, for there was certainly much of that in the first episode, along with much low-level camp and Frisbeelike tossing about of modish sexual "hangups," and precious little fun of any kind.

It's doubtless not fair to judge a series so swiftly, but "Soap" seemed a bit weary when it had scarcely started. It wasn't so much that the actors were incessantly rolling their eyes, raising their eyebrows, and winking (perhaps only signalling their agents) as that their roles seemed all to have come from other movies, other plays, other TV series—except for the addition of those sexy overtones, mostly drawn from that already overused new filing cabinet of Sexual Problem Jokes (about adultery, impotence, homosexuality, *anything*), which are beginning to be slipped into the standard show-business repertoire as easily as frozen yogurt is infiltrating ice-cream parlors.

In other words, I guess you couldn't say that the program was totally without a laugh—even the Book of Job, they say, has *one* laugh, if you know where to find it—but after all that fuss and self-promotion and money it was odd to find a series with so little at the center. That is, it didn't seem to be *about* anything except itself: a TV program cracking wise and trying to act grown-up—"adult" in the modern sense, with all the naughty words. At least Norman Lear's "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman," for all its ups and downs, had some soul. Though it was plugged into the same central switchboard of social and sexual blather, it kept trying to make itself something larger. "Soap" just seems to borrow, and to be content to leave things at that. (There's even an "eccentric" grandfather who thinks he's still fighting the Second World War.) There's also a lot of random anger floating about, which I suppose somebody is going to describe as "cathartic." In the first episode, for instance, most of the humor seemed to depend on a black butler whose principal function was to put down the white family he worked for. Thus, one of the ladies of the house asks him for eggs Benedict for breakfast. "Eggs Benedict! *Get outa here!*" he ripostes. And so on. Well, it's probably not hopeless, but one has the feeling that Norman Lear or Carl Reiner could do better with his hands in mittens, and that W. C. Fields, who more or less invented the concept of the ghastly American family (certainly at breakfast), wouldn't have done it at all.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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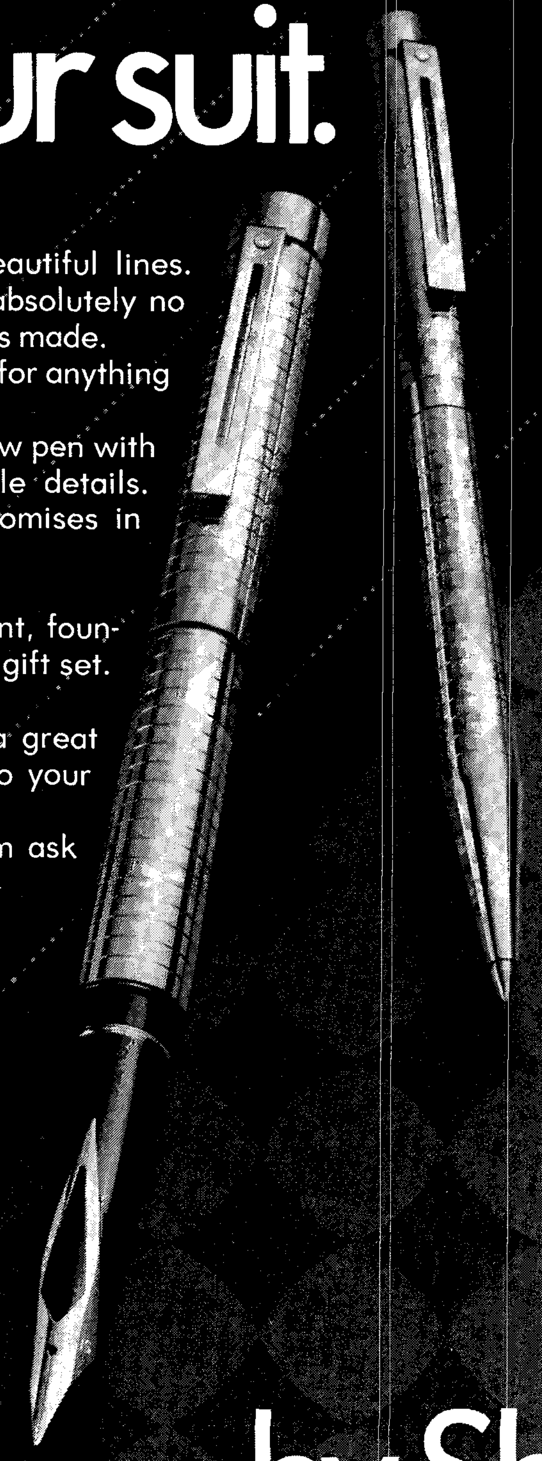

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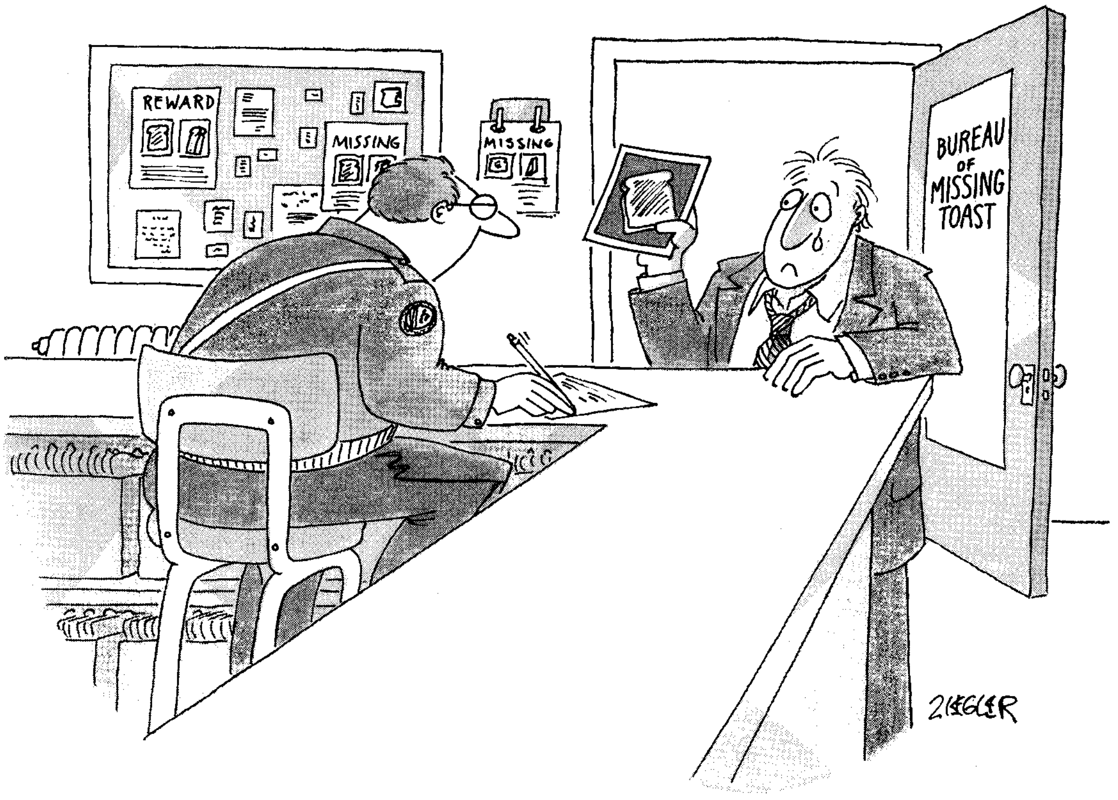
THE Taviani brothers have learned to fuse political commitment and artistic commitment into stylized passion. Their film "Padre Padrone" has the beauty of anger that is channelled and disciplined without losing intensity. When it appeared in competition at Cannes this year, there was no question among members of the jury but that it had to win the grand prize, the Golden Palm. It also won the independently awarded International Critics' Prize. No movie has ever won both before, and "Padre Padrone" wasn't even made as a theatrical feature—it was shot in sixteen millimetre for Italian television. Yet there has been very little talk about the film, which opened at the New York Film Festival on September 25th. Its subject—and, even more, the sudden flare-up of its scenes—may intimidate people. Paolo and Vittorio Taviani, who wrote and directed this adaptation of Gavino Ledda's 1974 autobiography, are not new filmmakers; Paolo was born in 1931, Vittorio in 1929, and they've been working in movies—starting with documentaries—since 1954. They've developed a dissonant technique that is remote from the terms of most moviemaking. "Padre Padrone" is a high-strung, intransigent work—deliberately primitive and barbaric. It's constructed as a series of epiphanies; each sequence has its own painterly design and is set off from the one before, as if a new slide were held up. The images are simplified down to their dynamic components, like the diagrams of great artists' compositions in painting texts, and this, plus the faintly psychedelic Romanesque color, creates a pungent, viselike atmosphere.

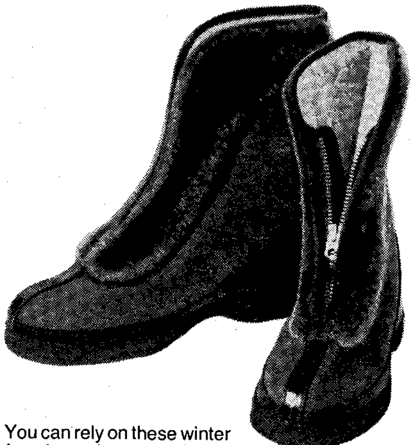
Gavino Ledda himself appears on the screen to introduce the story; a man in his mid-thirties, he stands in the village of Siligo, in northern Sardinia, at the school he attended for only a few days, and hands the actor (Omero Antonutti) who plays his father an indispensable prop—a large stick. Then Ledda disappears, and is replaced by the six-year-old Gavino (Fabrizio Forte) on the fateful day when his father comes to the school to take him away. Terrified, the boy urinates in the aisle. When the father and child are out of the room, the boys laugh at the puddle, and the father storms back in and shouts at them, "Your turn will come!" From their stricken faces it's clear that there is a terror they all live with.

Gavino says goodbye to his mother (Marcella Michelangeli), is taken to a sheepfold several miles from his family's home, and is left to live there alone. This is not the sylvan myth of the shepherd with his pipes; families here enslave their first children, so that the younger ones won't die of hunger. Gavino's father lashes him if he shows fear or tries to run away or talks with other boys in neighboring fields. Imprisoned in their sheepfolds and beaten into submission, Gavino and the others sink into apathy, with no outlet for their rancor except their unlucky animals. The oppression is systematized—a Gulag Archipelago that's been built into the mores of society for thousands of years. Forced to be a "wild child," Gavino lives in silence and illiteracy until he's twenty. The movie deals with his rebellion: his struggle for words.

The spirit of "Padre Padrone" isn't naturalistic; rather, it's animistic. This sets it apart from de Seta's classically structured, neorealist "Bandits of Orgosolo" (1961), also a primal Sardinian story. Except for Disney-style films, "Padre Padrone" may be the only fully consciously animistic movie ever made. Without people to talk with, trained to listen for bandits, Gavino lives by sounds, and as he learns to listen to the rustling sacred oak tree we hear it, too, and we hear the dawn, the animals' thoughts, the cries of far-off people, the heavy breathing of a shepherd as he prepares for a sexual assault on his burro: breathing that gathers force as younger shepherds mount their sheep, still smaller boys attack their chickens, Gavino's father rushes home to his wife, and then men and women—the whole village—are heard panting. It's a gale, a squall that sweeps over the countryside. Sound is the Expressionist element in this movie. The heightened whispers of nature, the percussive clangings of Gavino's rage—these are uncontrollable sounds that come up out of the silence. But when Gavino, sullen-faced, spaced out in the stupor of loneliness, hears a distant accordion playing Johann Strauss's "Fledermaus" waltz, it's fiercely pleasurable. It's more than an accordion, it's a whole band. It's the world outside his field coming to him. Gavino slaughters two lambs and trades them for the accordion, and it's his first, furtive defiance of his father-master—an attempt to gain a piece of the human inheritance.

When the family fortunes improve, with the acquisition of an olive grove, the now fully grown Gavino (Saverio Marconi) is put to work there, and his





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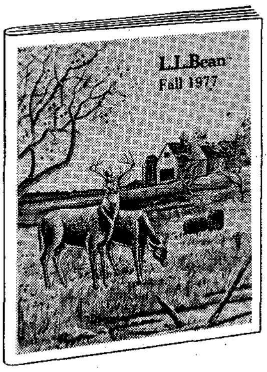

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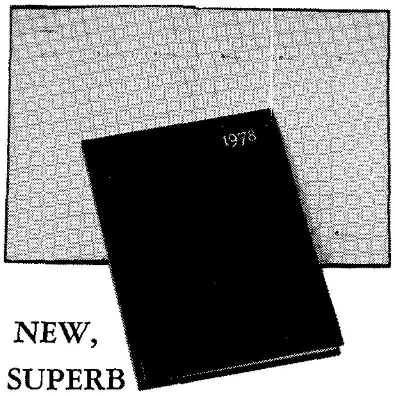
father keeps him obedient by humiliating him, taunting him for his ignorance. And others humiliate him when he's called away for his military service: it's not just that he can't read but that he can't speak Italian—only his local dialect, which is forbidden. He begins to study—incessantly, voraciously—stays on as a volunteer so he can continue studying, and, finally, has a breakthrough. It's in radio class: the soldiers have had to build their own sets, and on test day an officer tries them out. If Gavino's radio works, he tells himself, he'll try for a scholarship, he'll study Latin and Greek, he'll go to college. The officer turns on the set and there is a second of silence and then, soaring up, the Strauss waltz of the accordion and band. "Fledermaus" has never sounded more joyous. This movie is not, however, naïvely triumphant in tone. There is a memorable sequence of Gavino in a tank during maneuvers calling out Latin words over his walkie-talkie to a soldier friend in another tank, and reciting lines from the Aeneid like a student prince, and he goes on to take a degree in linguistics. But Ledda himself, replacing the actor, comes on at the end to indicate that he can never be like those who haven't experienced a childhood of solitary confinement. The adult Gavino is left rocking his body back and forth, as we had seen the child Gavino rock in the sheepfold—a motion like the rocking of the blind or of caged primates. (Ledda's thesis at the University of Sassari was on Sardinian dialects—the language of the shepherds.)

The film has the air of a performance, each set piece bare yet carnal. Trying to find out what actually happened to the two missing lambs, the father eavesdrops on Gavino's night thoughts as if the boy were speaking aloud. When the members of Gavino's family lay out a well-to-do neighbor's corpse, each of them thinks of what he wants from among the dead man's possessions, and their voices fill the room. The shepherds bearing a statue aloft in a religious procession chatter about whores' not being satisfactory, because they don't have tails. And all through the film the oak tree, seen against the blackness of night, is a malevolent presence. The Tavianis' vision is on the nightmare side of primitivism, where the elements themselves are your enemies, and mindless cruelty seems grotesquely natural. The peasants' ignorance and greed are Boschian, mythological. As in Kosinski's "The Painted Bird"—the boy there loses his voice, loses the will to speak—the cruelty is



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almost rhapsodic. (This is the sensibility that Roman Polanski tries for.)

Though the acting is conceived to be slightly stolid—taciturn, distanced—the performances in the minor parts, such as Gavino's sisters and brothers, are often merely wooden; that, however, isn't distracting, like the carryings-on of Gavino's mother, a road-company Anna Magnani in an Italian version of "Sons and Lovers." A small budget ($300,000) may explain the absence of sheep in the field where Gavino's father trains him but doesn't account for some imperfections: The sounds of the violent thrashings Gavino receives are a fraction of a second off sync—possibly for an intentional stylized effect; however, the viewer is uncertain whether this is deliberate or just sloppy. When the father opens his mouth as if to cry out and a chant comes from far away, from ancient time, the viewer is aware of the ambitiousness of the effect; it's like watching a dress rehearsal. Yet none of these blemishes is disturbing for long. What's disturbing is the tone: the Tavianis are barbaric in a very assured way.

When Ledda himself is on the screen, his plainness is emotionally overwhelming. A man not molded by society to be lettered who yet becomes so uses language differently from those who take their education for granted; he may make out of language something that no one thought of before. There is a mystery in Ledda's plainness: he is a "wild child" trying to tell us what life without us was about. He had to fight his father—a man built like an oak—and physically defeat him before winning the right to study, and when your slavemaster is your father and he wants to kill you for your defiance, that defiance must destroy all you've ever known. Ledda's isolation now that he has won that fight may be deeper than before. There is a moment in the film when the olive crop has been ruined by frost, and the father, suddenly puny, sits on his bed in his underwear, eating a dish of frozen milk—a child finding solace. And the grown-up Gavino, looking on, knows that his own hatred is pitiful. His progenitor, the tyrant, is smaller than the hatred, which will always be within him.

One's tenuous reservations about the picture come down to this: Ledda experienced the terror of being alone; the Tavianis didn't—they're interpreting it. They've learned from Brecht, they've learned from Godard. And their style is possibly—well, too stylish for Gavino Ledda's suffering

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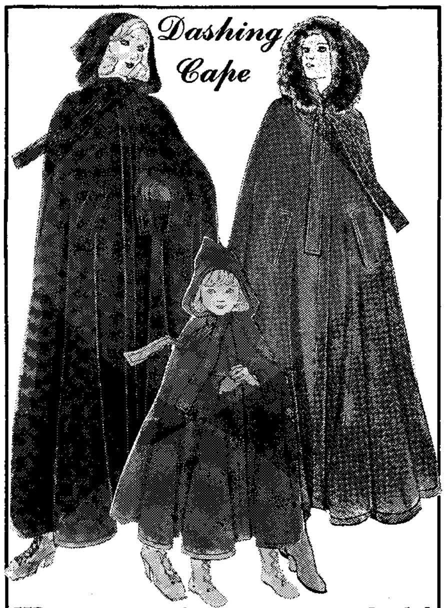

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and his struggle. They've put all their layers of modernism to work, and their method may be just a shade too intelligently dramatic; their perception insulates them. This could be the danger in being two—in talking everything out. A little plainness can be redeeming: Renoir knows that; De Sica did, too. Eisenstein didn't. The Tavianis know all about the uses of visual and aural austerity, but there's never a moment in this near-great movie when you hear the beat of a simple heart.

IF Al Pacino had sent forth his agent to search the world for the role that would call attention to all his weaknesses, the agent could not have come up with an unholier grail than "Bobby Deerfield." Pacino plays a Newark-born Grand Prix racing-car driver who falls in love with a dying girl called Lillian (Marthe Keller), but if you think that means he'll be a spirited tough guy who's fun to be around but so adolescent he doesn't fear death until he begins to care for the girl, you've reckoned without the director, Sydney Pollack, the screenwriter, Alvin Sargent, and their source material—"Heaven Has No Favorites," an Erich Maria Remarque novel. "Bobby Deerfield" is about a life-hating racer who's incapable of human relationships—a careful man who has turned himself into a precision instrument—and a woman whose closeness to death has made her the custodian of wisdom and psychological acuity. Now, whether the hero is life-loving or life-hating, this kind of movie is trashily sentimental or it's nothing. But Sydney Pollack recoils from his own deals—he signs up for a "Love Story" and then munches on it as if he were Antonioni. He and Sargent must have had a real *folie à deux* going on this one—Sargent presenting Pollack with literary blossoms, and Pollack basking in the fine aroma.

In the first shot of Lillian, in a Swiss sanatorium where Bobby has gone to see an injured driver, she's reading Saint-Exupéry. She's a questioning spirit, and she starts almost at once. A magician is performing for the patients after dinner. "Do you believe in it? Magic?" she asks Bobby. "No," he says. "Destiny?" she queries. The dialogue of this metaphysical kook—a dying Mame—comes out of the blue. It appears to be Lillian's destiny to liberate Bobby. "There is no plan," she says, "unless, of course, you believe in God. Do you believe in God?" The meddlesome Lillian does have one endearing trait. "When do you wace

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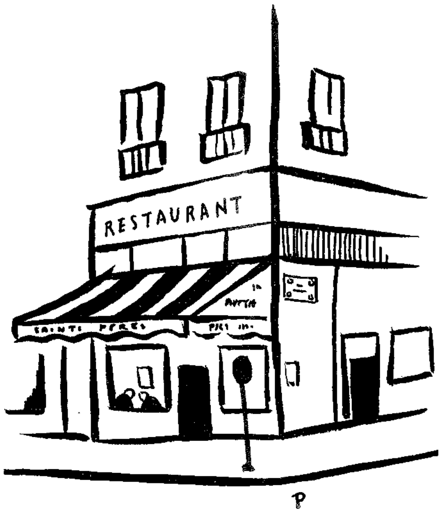
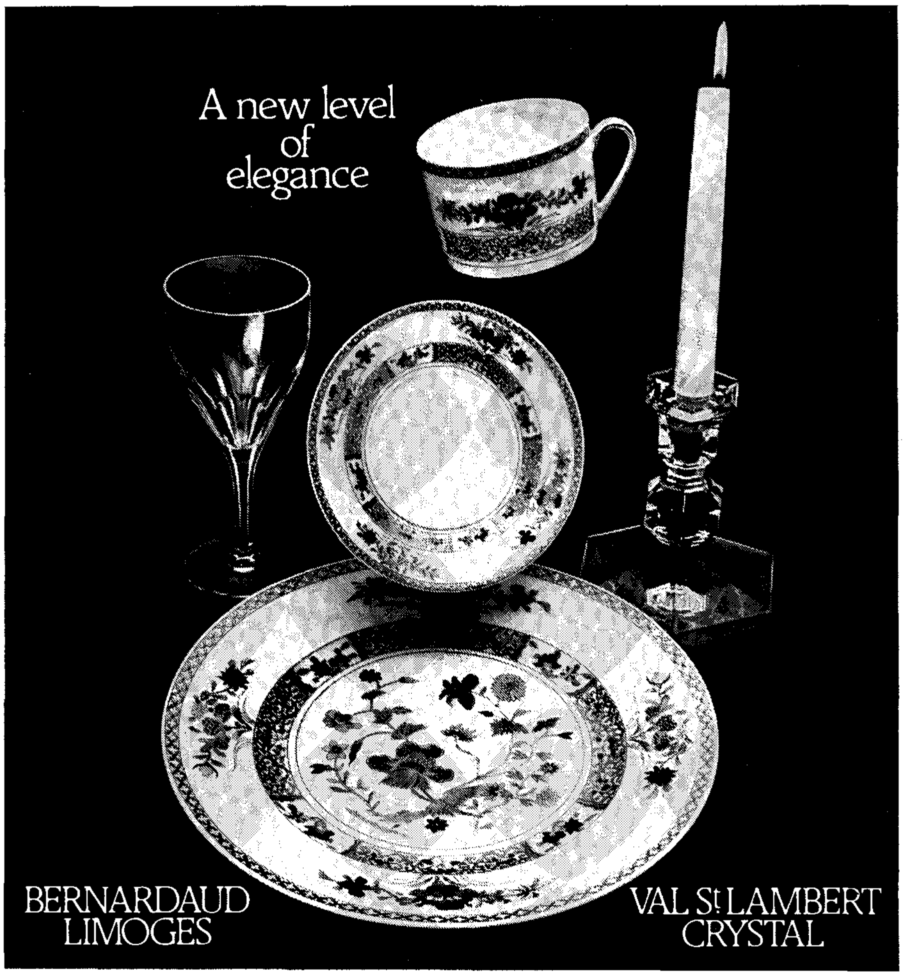
next?" she asks Bobby. Dissatisfied with his spiritual progress, she can be quite severe: "You are not weady to spend a weekend in the countwy with me." Marthe Keller, a tall, toothy, Swiss-born actress who looks like a more lyrical Diana Rigg, showed some professional skill in her last American picture, the dim "Black Sunday;" but she's been thinned down to a death's-head boniness—surely one look at her and Bobby would be terrified of infection? And when she talks to Bobby about "wabbits"—which she does fwequently—she falls into a wabbit hole. Then Anny Duperey, a statuesque French actress making her American début, who plays Bobby's stone-faced secretary-mistress, has her only big scene and buggers *her* "r," and you begin to dweam of Barbara Walters conducting an interview with the two of them. For reasons in no way apparent, Bobby is deeply affected by Lillian's abrupt, inquisitorial style. (Does he have happy memories of Elmer Fudd's pwissy thweat to Bugs Bunny: "I'll get you, you twicky wabbit"?) And though there isn't much change in Bobby's slack-jawed moroseness, we are given to understand that his soul is reborn. In a sloth, or a slug?

Bobby Deerfield is an actor's dream of himself—high-cheekboned (actually sunken-cheeked), thin and tanned, a celeb driving fancy cars, being chased by girls and idolized by crowds. Bored, he acknowledges their wild cheers with a small gesture of condescension—the bullfighter of "Blood and Sand" has gone through est. Bobby in his Martini-Brabham-Alfa buzzes around Leukerbad, proceeds to Bellagio and other towns on Lake Como, to Florence, the Boboli Gardens, San Gimignano, Paris, and Le Mans; it's a journey through great villas and epicurean hotels. (There's no trouble signing on a cast and crew for this type of rich-meets-





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rich picture.) Lillian is a well-heeled free spirit, and Pacino wears a twenty-thousand-dollar wardrobe, with forty-seven changes. I make that out to be $425.50 an ensemble, which should brighten an actor's cheeks. But torpor is Pacino's idea of acting romantic. Dressed up in his super-casual clothes, he's like a Polo Lounge pimp playing Hamlet. In "Dog Day Afternoon," Pacino was pure energy; he could be *on* in that role, making the character's tensions felt. However, Pacino has a tendency to monotonous, passive reactions; in a role that allows him to sit around, overcoiffed, and let us observe the "inner" man, he falls into a kiss-me catatonia. He loses even the simplest forms of competence: referring to parts of his car, he might be reading from a TelePrompTer. And in the climax, comforting his dying love, he still looks sleazy and debauched; he has the sallow smile of a wine steward trying to seem trustworthy. Or of an actor lying to himself: the camera is on his face as Lillian dies, and we know it isn't the director's tact, it's because Pacino is the one whose name is on the marquee.

As with "Three Days of the Condor" and "The Yakuza," Pollack hasn't figured out in advance where the drama is in the scenes, and he doesn't find out during the shooting, either. There seem to be about eleven thousand cuts in the first three minutes of this movie—enough for a four-hour picture. Pollack is like a photographer who, asked for a portrait, thrusts dozens of contact sheets at you; it takes a while to discover that he never got the one picture that was needed. Bobby and Lillian drive amid scenic splendors, with no emotional development of their relationship. And during the big car-race sequences we're not briefed on who the chief competitors are; we're supposed to be above caring who wins. Pollack isn't even drunk on images: he stages a hot-air-balloon regatta, and almost the only use he makes of it is to have Lillian in a gondola advising Bobby, "Come with the wind." With the cinematographer Henri Decae in charge, the film has a golden, burnished look, like parts of "To Catch a Thief" and "Claire's Knee." But Pollack needs a Decae to turn out a film that looks half as expensive as it actually is. He's been coasting for so long that if by now he's afraid to trust any shot to hold our attention for more than six seconds he's right to be scared. The shots he does hold—the uninhibited Lillian in a tunnel letting out a primal scream, Bobby doing the imita-

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tion of Mae West he did as a child and then showing Lillian his childhood photographs—are so solemnly meaningful you long for the mercy of a cut. Pollack was in control of his overelaborate "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" and he showed some ability with actors in "The Way We Were," but, trying for a Lelouch effect, he's reduced to buying atmosphere that is only the glitter of cash outlay, and to falling back on Dave Grusin's score—fraudulent romantic exoticism that gushes forth from Bobby's car radio. It has no period or culture—just a pervasive datedness. For those involved, this six-million-dollar movie is an example of handsomely reimbursed self-deception. If Sydney Pollack had directed "The Other Side of Midnight"—which is on the same level as "Bobby Deerfield"—no one would have had a thought for sex. They'd all have been engrossed in Saint-Exupéry. —PAULINE KAEL

*

WE CAME BACK

Those of us who came back
seldom spoke of our years
away, or of the ones
we buried in the gray earth
among stones, tin cans,
old bottles. My brothers
and I married as soon
as we could and fathered
children who couldn't learn
to laugh. When we sat
together in the dining room
after coffee in the old house,
we spoke of the rain washing
the empty streets, of
old games whose scores
were lost forever, we
spoke one at a time, briefly
and to the point, and then
the tall clock in the hall
would measure the silence
stroke by stroke. Before
midnight, I was home in bed
beside my sleeping wife.
I peer into the dark
night after night and see
only the same absences,
the same gray holes, and hear
the shovel sparking against
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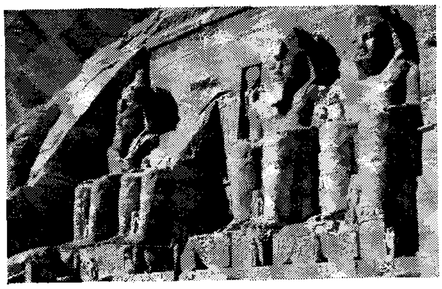

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NEW YORK CITY
SEPTEMBER 15, 1977

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

IN 1976, the Temporary Commission on City Finances issued a report on municipal wages. It stated that senior clerks working for New York City earn $11,150 a year. Nurses' aides, the report said, earn $10,750. The commission's figures were front-page news in the *Times* and other papers, which ran them with no apparent concern about verifying them. At the time of the report, less than two per cent of the twelve thousand senior clerks in New York City earned $11,150. Average pay for senior clerks was $9,028. The twenty-five thousand clerks who worked for the city then, including seniors, averaged $8,400. Of 4,891 nurses' aides in municipal hospitals, fifty-seven were earning the salary reported. The average salary for the group was $9,523.

The August 15th issue of *The New Yorker* discussed media exploitation of the Son of Sam: "He has sold a lot of newspapers." The same issue included an essay on anti-New York feelings in 1975 and now. An issue two weeks earlier carried a lengthy article by Ken Auletta on municipal employees, titled "More for Less." It described excesses in salaries, benefits, and working conditions which, in the author's opinion, city workers enjoy. Auletta did not mention that over eighty-five thousand men and women employed full time by the City of New York earn less than $10,835—the income necessary for a family of four to maintain a minimum standard of living in New York City, according to the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics. Auletta's article called to mind a pattern of the New York City media: exploiting the fiscal crisis and, in the process, contributing to anti-New York feelings.

Readers of the Temporary Commission's report had no reason not to believe that New York City pays all its senior clerks $11,150 a year. Just as *New Yorker* readers had no reason to understand that New York City salaries rank sixteenth among major cities in the country in relation to the cost of living in each area. Or to realize that General Motors and the City of New York pay the same ratio of fringe benefits to salaries. Or that total compensation, including fringe benefits, for New York City employees does not exceed what is provided by other municipalities and by the private sector.

With the onset of the fiscal crisis, most New York City newspapers (together with most radio and TV stations) seized on every conceivable negative—true, half true, and unconfirmed—to "sell newspapers." There seemed to be no point of saturation, no sense of perspective, no regard for consequences. As I recall it, there was very little discussion of the points so frequently noted today by the same journals and editorialists: that New York's condition is not unique but is symptomatic of older cities; that federal assumption of welfare costs would immediately eliminate the deficit; that New York State suffers a deficit of billions in exchanges with the federal government, while other states enjoy surpluses; and that inflation, recession, energy costs, and other factors contribute to New York's fiscal miseries. When these views were expressed publicly and in conversations with the press by union officials in 1974 and 1975, they were rejected as red herrings to divert attention from the overpaid, underworked, overbenefitted civil servants who everyone knew were sinking the city.

In my opinion, the intense criticism of New York's shortcomings far outweighed the attention given to the city's rightful claim to assistance from the national government. Senator Moynihan's vivid descriptions of New York City's taxes flowing to farmers and others outside the state for generations were equally valid in 1974 and 1975. But they were rarely heard then.

In late June of 1975, teams of Municipal Assistance Corporation officials toured the country to sell MAC bonds. The response was chilling. Comments were made that the New York *Times* had been a major factor in developing anti-New York feelings in the financial community. When Albert Shanker, president of the United Federation of Teachers, made a similar point in his union's weekly Sunday *Times* ad, the *Times*, predictably, responded with an editorial on blaming the messenger for the message.

But too often it is the messenger who chooses and shapes the message. Examples:

In September of 1975, the press crowded a conference room to await the outcome of a meeting between Governor Carey and officers of the Municipal Labor Committee, the coalition of unions chaired by Victor Gotbaum, executive director of District Council 37 of the American Federation of State, County & Municipal Employees. The Governor's office had just prepared legislation for major state aid to the city. The municipal unions, annoyed that they were not consulted in advance throughout the almost weekly cash crises at that time, were once more disturbed that they had not been consulted during the drafting of the legislation, though they were expected to work for its passage in Albany. Gotbaum and other union leaders were at the Governor's office to express this frustration and to examine the proposed legislation. They returned satisfied that the Governor had understood the unions' complaints and would make some minor revisions the unions requested. It was agreed that Gotbaum would deliver a moderate statement emphasizing the harmony of the moment. He did this in an opening address of about five minutes. When he finished, the first shouted question from a prominent TV reporter was "In other words, Mr. Gotbaum, are you saying that if the Governor doesn't give you what you want you'll fight him?" Victor Gotbaum in those days was seen on TV almost as often as Ivory soap, and was probably one of the city's most alert parriers of such twisted questions. He repeated his original position. But the same question, or a variant, was fired by virtually every reporter in the room. Gotbaum had declared that the Governor and the unions were in agreement. The questioners persisted in asking what would happen if they were not. There were no questions about the legislation, which involved billions in loans and the establishment of the Emergency Financial Control Board, and would affect life in New York for years, if not decades. Finally, after at least fifteen minutes of clamor, Gotbaum said that if it happened that the Governor did not make the revisions "we would fight him in Albany, and we know how to fight." On CBS-TV's eleven-o'clock news that night, Dave Marash, perhaps New York's best-informed, most capable newscaster, led into the item by saying that the municipal unions had threat-

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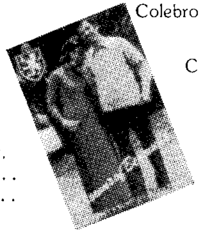

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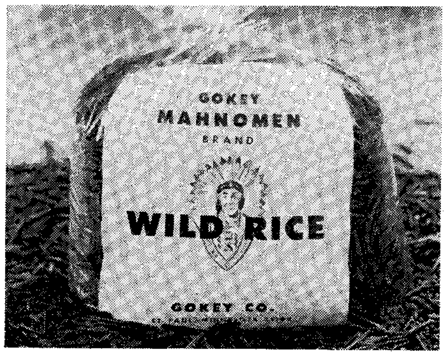

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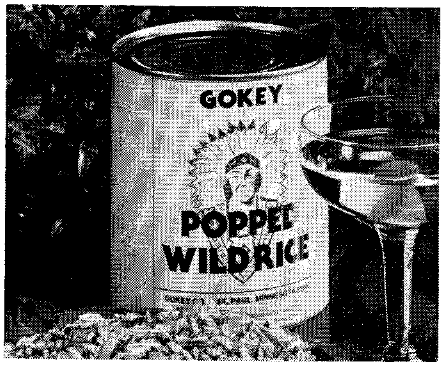

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ened to fight the Governor, while a film clip showed Gotbaum making only that statement. The CBS view of the event, needless to say, was not unique.

When municipal-hospital workers went on strike in August of 1976, a *Times* editorial termed it an "illegal strike . . . against the sick and a sick city." A *News* editorial featured a picture of Lillian Roberts, associate director of District Council 37, under the headline "COLD, CALLOUS AND CRUEL." No news medium has explained to New Yorkers that the findings of three impartial panels supported the basic reason the union called that strike: the union had documented the fact that the administration of the Health and Hospitals Corporation was wasting millions of dollars while it scheduled thousands of firings and the curtailment of services for budgetary reasons. Donald Kummerfeld, then the city budget director, concurred that further firings and hospital closings could be avoided by better management. Since then, hospital management and the unions have been successfully working together on hospital finances. The *Times* and *News* editorials have made no attempt to change the first view of the strike they gave to their readers.

MR. AULETTA deferred to a current cliché with a parenthetical reference to Victor Gotbaum as a "statesman" of the fiscal crisis. But a report on the role of municipal employees in this city is neither complete nor objective unless it offers readers amplification of the reasons for the use of this term. Felix Rohatyn, chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, has frequently and publicly stated that New York City could not have avoided default without Victor Gotbaum. Gotbaum was the first principal to recognize that a solution would come only when all participants sat down at the same table to negotiate. Early in the summer of 1975, when Mayor Beame told union leaders assembled in Gracie Mansion, "I have to do what the banks want," Victor Gotbaum forcefully told him to call the banks, the unions, and the MAC officials into one room, "or we'll all go down together." He embellished the thought with the Orwellian notion that "then all us pigs will be equal."

From November of 1974 to September of 1976, as chairman of the unions combined in the Municipal Labor Committee, Victor Gotbaum was the spokesman for a hundred different local unions, representing over a quarter of a million city employees. Those

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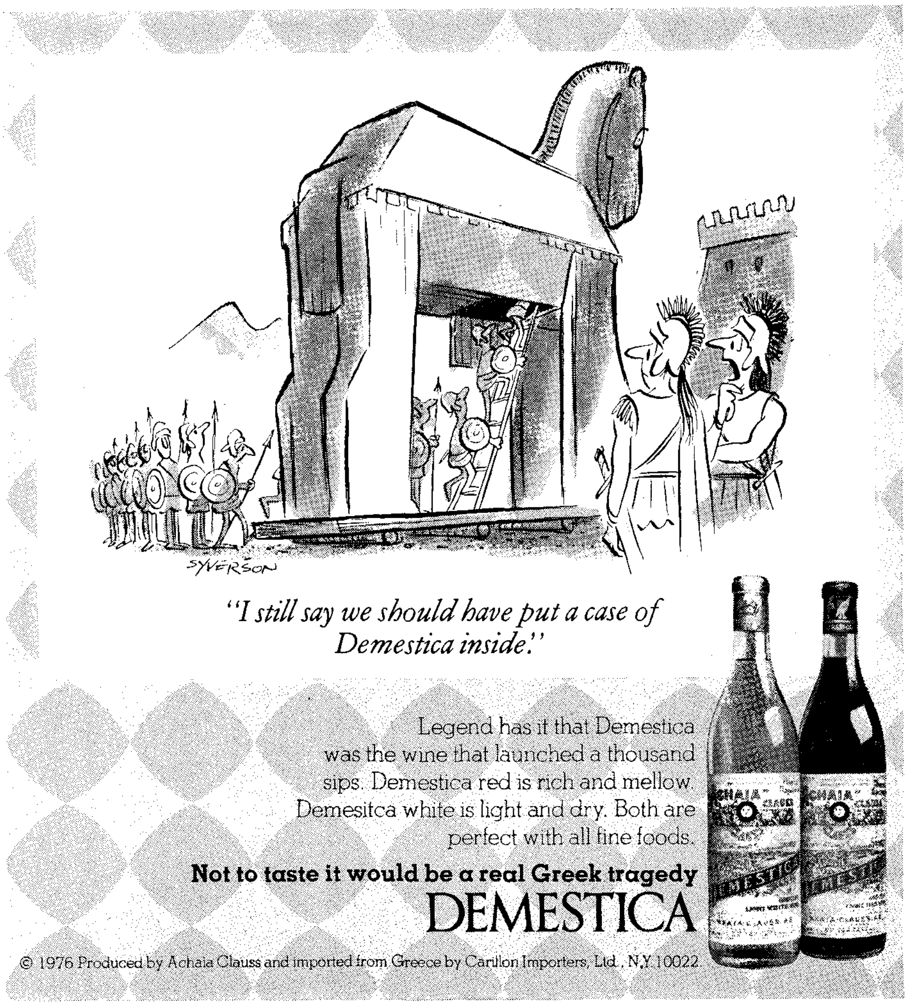
employees, through their unions, rose to every cliff-hanger crisis. They contributed over a quarter of a billion dollars in cash to the city through deferred salaries and reduced benefits. They heard and read attacks on themselves and their jobs virtually every day for three years. They absorbed the loss of sixty thousand jobs through layoffs and attrition—"without crippling strikes," as Mayor Beame said in his campaign commercials.

Auletta did not include this aspect of the role of municipal employees. He preferred to highlight what he views as "excesses" enjoyed by city employees. It is the excesses that are most appealing to and most eagerly sought after by editors and reporters. But the excesses are not reported in proportion to the norms. Rather, they become the steady diet of reader and viewer. Part of the truth becomes the whole truth. A reporter once told me about his report of a convention in which he mentioned a bizarre button worn by one obvious oddball. He couldn't understand why the principals of the convention were annoyed that he had given so much space to a single button. "After all," he said, "I didn't make up the button." But the button colored his report far beyond its true significance.

The preponderance of this kind of journalism misinforms the people and their elected officials and misdirects them from real needs and real solutions. Capital punishment becomes a major issue in the mayoral race. During the campaign, a front-page *Times* story said that the first real issue between Bella Abzug and her opponents had arisen: whether the police and firemen should have the right to strike. Once we answer this, apparently housing, education, and other such lesser issues will fall into place.

The issue is not keeping the truth from the press but recognizing that shortsighted, exploitative journalism has

R. MacMillan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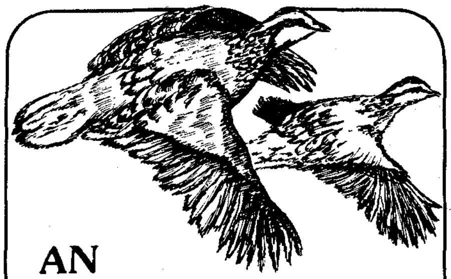

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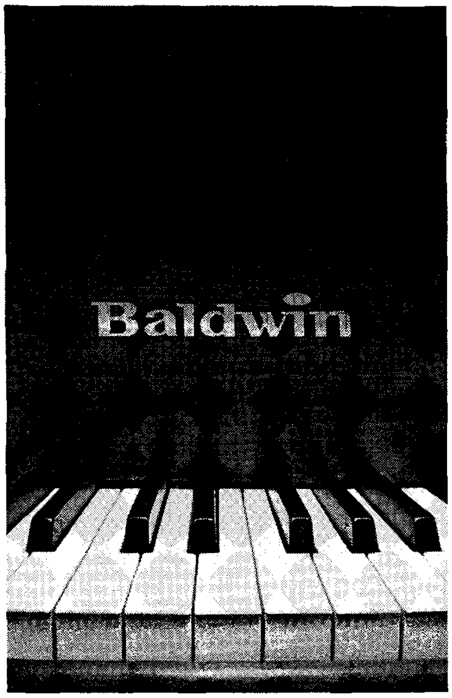

Eugene Ormandy's Accompanist

prolonged the crisis and contributed to the suffering in this city. As the press vigorously spells out and defends its just constitutional rights, the dilemma and the danger are compounded by its refusal to seriously examine the line between its unquestioned right to inform and its questionable views on how to sell more newspapers or win higher ratings.

Sincerely yours,
EDWARD HANDMAN
Director of Public Relations
District Council 37

AUTHOR'S REPLY: Discussing my eighteen-thousand-word article, Edward Handman challenges no facts—just the emphasis given those facts. He says that the Temporary Commission on City Finances overstated the pay of city clerks. He is correct. But since I did not write about the pay of clerks his disagreement is with the commission, not with me. He says that New York ranks sixteenth among major cities in the salaries it pays its employees. However, the Temporary Commission says that in total compensation—salaries, fringe benefits, and retirement combined—New York ranks at the top. The Congressional Budget Office says that New York ranks near the top in fringe benefits but not in salaries. Most economists believe that since comparative data are so scarce, any rankings are misleading—which is one reason my article did not attempt to rank New York.

Mr. Handman's remarks about press responsibility are interesting. However, I doubt whether local editors and reporters would agree with his assessment of their coverage of the fiscal crisis, and I know that I cannot. In fact, it could be argued that in some ways the press was not too hard on the city but too lenient. In any case, I think that his emphasis is wrong, and leads to a misunderstanding of the press's role. No matter how much we love New York City—and I do love it—it is not our role to blindly defend it. That is the difference between journalism and public relations, between what I do and what Mr. Handman does so ably for his boss, Victor Gotbaum.

—KEN AULETTA

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Montreal Gazette*]

A reception was held at the Mount Stephen Club where Mr. Will played for dancing. The couple later left for a motor trip amid confetti and tiny snowballs travelling in casual clothes.

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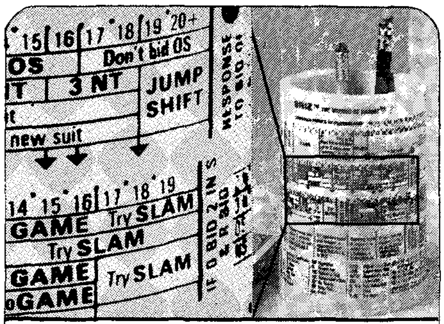

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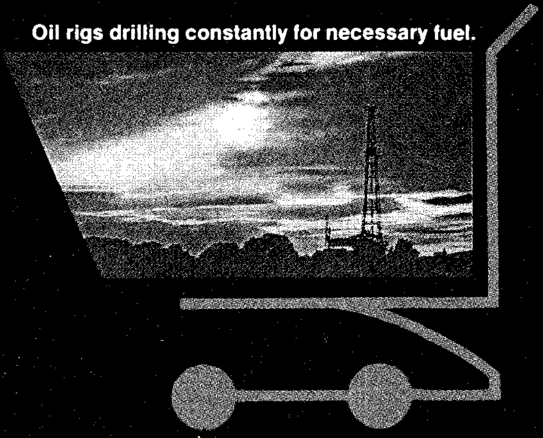

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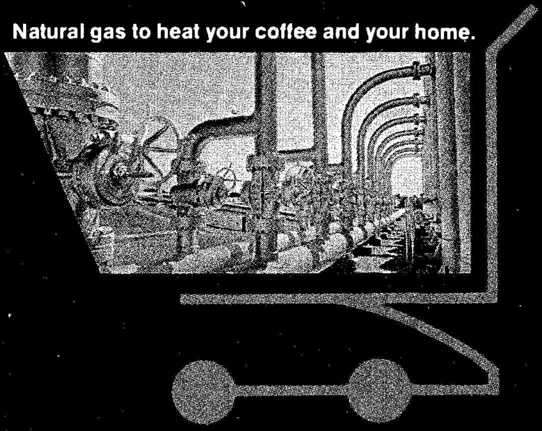

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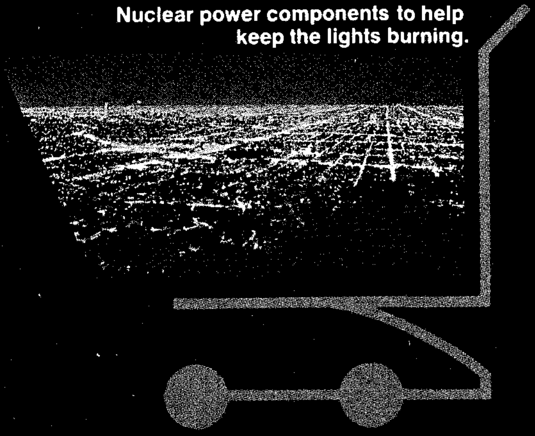

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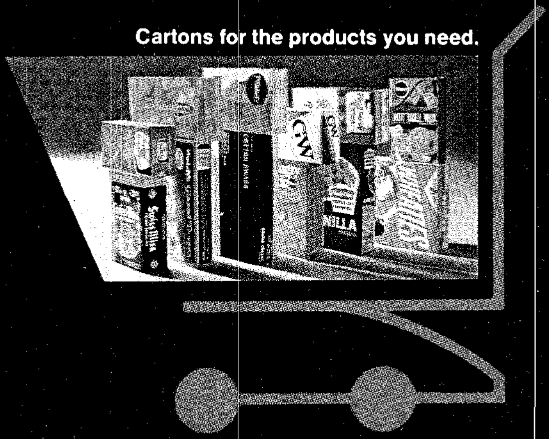

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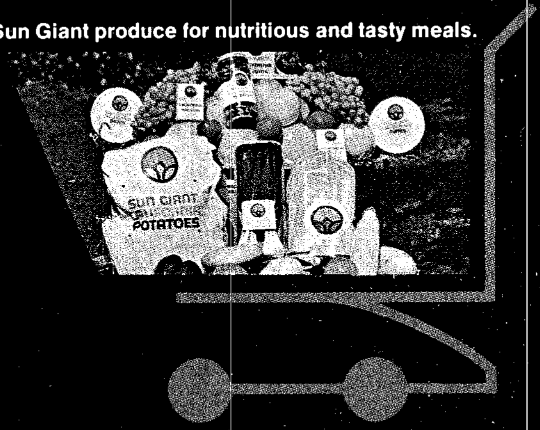
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AROUND CITY HALL

NOTHING PERSONAL

IN politics, as in real life, once events take a sharp turn in a new direction the outcome often appears to have been foreordained. Close though last year's Presidential election was, for example, it is hard—almost as if such a thing were against nature—to imagine the White House with Gerald Ford still in charge. On September 8th, this city's Primary Day, Mayor Abraham Beame came in third in the race for the Democratic nomination, with eighteen per cent of the vote, and thus, *having not even made the runoff*, was certain to leave office at the end of the year. It immediately seemed that things could not have turned out any other way. On the morning after the returns were in, a recessional air was already evident at City Hall. Events at one level of government are bound to affect those elsewhere, and it may well be that the changing faces and the signs of new energy in Washington had something to do both with the defeat of the seventy-one-year-old Beame and with the defeat eleven days later, in the runoff for the office of president of the City Council, of Paul O'Dwyer, a seventy-year-old veteran of local political life. The victor in the latter case was Brooklyn State Senator Carol Bellamy, who is half O'Dwyer's age and until late in the campaign was hardly known to New Yorkers outside her district. In the runoff for the Democratic nomination for mayor, the two contenders were Manhattan Representative Edward Koch, fifty-two, who had come in first in the primary, with twenty per cent of the vote, and Mario Cuomo, forty-five, the secretary of state in Albany, who had come in second, with nineteen per cent. Theirs had also been relatively unfamiliar faces until the mayoral campaign got well under way. Polls taken last winter showed Cuomo with two per cent of what the pollsters call "voter recognition" and Koch with six per cent. Koch took the runoff by more than seventy-seven thousand votes, giving him fifty-five per cent to Cuomo's forty-five.

It seems almost certain that Koch is the man who will move into the mayor's small, tall-windowed office in the west end of City Hall next January 1st, given the city's overwhelmingly Democratic registration. The day after the runoff, he had already named several members of his transition team. The conviction of Americans elsewhere that New Yorkers are forever carrying things at least one step too far is undoubtedly strengthened by the local elective process. Democratic runoff loser Cuomo has the Liberal Party mayoral nomination, and he assured his supporters on the night of the runoff that he would still be running for mayor until Election Day, November 8th. And because Barry Farber, a former WOR talk-show host, who lost the Republican primary to Manhattan State Senator Roy Goodman, has the Conservative Party nomination, he will also go right on running. There was no doubt that Farber and Goodman were determined to remain in contention until the long race was over. The effort to persuade Cuomo to coöperate in a maneuver that would remove him from the November ballot, which would greatly simplify the final phase of the campaign, was by no means a local affair. The names and influence of President Carter and Vice-President Mondale were invoked, and most deeply involved of all, of course, was New York's governor, Hugh Carey, who had talked Cuomo into entering the mayoral race. In the case of the Governor, his historic political feat of having blocked the possible election of mayoral candidates he believed would be bad for the city became a historic political dilemma when the Democratic nominee—the nominee of his own party—turned out to be Koch, whom Carey would have immediately endorsed with enthusiasm if he had not previously agreed to support Cuomo through the November election.

It is little wonder that even the most politically conscious New Yorkers seem currently intent on discussing the merits of transcendental meditation, the layered look, the deep mulch, or, indeed, almost anything but the debits and credits of municipal candidates after enduring a mayoral campaign that formally began on a chilly day last January, with the entry into the race of the first candidate—Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, who hoped to be the city's *first* black mayor and, eight months later, got only as far as the end of the campaign's semifinals. Now that the primaries and the Democratic runoff are over, local citizens, with any luck, will be allowed a few days' respite before the ultimate onslaught of debates, ballyhooed endorsements, charges, countercharges, blaring sound trucks, and the importunings of candidates bent on demonstrating their superior qualities in subway stations and supermarkets and between soap and deodorant commercials on television—all of which will lead up to the general election, when everybody will finally learn for sure who is to be the next mayor.

New Yorkers' determination to put

local politics out of their minds at least temporarily is understandable. Nevertheless, the campaign to date has been a notable one in many ways. The total of seven candidates for the Democratic nomination for mayor was the largest number that has appeared on the ballot in such a race in city history, and there were also the two contenders in the Republican primary. The large number involved often contributed to the impression that trying to sort out the various candidates' positions on the issues was a hopeless proposition, and analyses of the Democratic-primary results suggested that many voters might in fact have given up and relied on simpler criteria: most Jewish voters supported one or another of the four Jewish candidates—Koch, Mayor Beame, former Manhattan Representative Bella Abzug, and the businessman Joel Harnett (who was so often referred to as "the relatively unknown" Joel Harnett that he claimed he had got to be relatively known for being relatively unknown). Italian and Irish Catholics tended to vote for the one Catholic in the race, Cuomo, and blacks and Hispanics voted for, in the one case, Sutton and, in the other, Bronx Representative Herman Badillo, who is Puerto Rican. Some of the events of the campaign were particularly unhelpful to a sober consideration of the candidates. On August 30th, the seven Democrats and two Republicans met in debate in the Great Hall at Cooper Union—the same room in which, in February of 1860, Abraham Lincoln, making his first foray into the East, delivered the widely hailed speech ("Let us have faith that right makes might and . . . dare to do our duty as we understand it") that helped him win his party's Presidential nomination. Toward the end of this year's Cooper Union political event, at which the oratory was of no historic interest, a man rose up from the audience and threw an apple-crumb pie at Mayor Beame. The hurler, who described himself as the leader of the Pie-in-the-Sky Party, turned out to be the same man who, nine days before last year's primary to choose the Democratic nominee for United States senator, threw a mocha-cream pie at candidate Daniel Patrick Moynihan. The following day, the *Times*, which had endorsed Moynihan, published at the top of its front page a picture of the former United Nations Ambassador with pie dripping down his face. There was some suspicion that this affront and the tendency of more conservative New York voters to associate unruly behavior with

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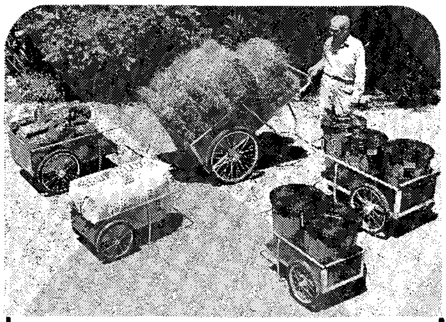

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Moynihan's major primary opponent, Mrs. Abzug (who, of course, had nothing to do with the pie), might have contributed to Moynihan's one-per-cent margin of victory in the primary. In the more recent incident, the pie missed Beame, except for a few stray crumbs that landed on his shoulder, and the *Times*, which had endorsed Cuomo, made less of the event. A week later, the man turned up in Washington, where he threw an apple pie at Gordon Liddy, who wasn't a candidate for any office. "It's a way to deflate the dignity of these people who violate the rights of others," he said. Asked who had won the Cooper Union debate, Mrs. Abzug said, "The pie."

As Primary Day approached, there was a general belief that the public was not only badly confused by the multitude of candidates but also bored and possibly convinced that it didn't much matter who was mayor—a condition considered favorable to the prospects of the incumbent, who might thus win by default. An average of about three-quarters of a million voters had taken part in recent Democratic primaries. Although the last Democratic mayoral primary, in 1973, followed a controversial and spirited campaign, only seven hundred and seventy thousand voters, or about thirty-two per cent of those registered, showed up at the polls. In 1977, perhaps in a reflection of the nationwide disillusionment with politicians, local Democratic registration is down from two million four hundred thousand in 1973 to about two million, and the estimates were that some six hundred and sixty thousand Democrats would bother to vote this time. Instead, nine hundred and ten thousand, or forty-five per cent of those registered, voted, demonstrating that they did care who was mayor. (In the runoff, only about eight hundred thousand turned out, but that forty-per-cent rate was still a substantial showing.) For the Republicans, unfortunately, the surprise was of another kind. Good news for the city's endangered-species Republican population is rare, but this time the news was even worse than expected. It was predicted that, of New York's four hundred and twenty-five thousand registered Republicans, perhaps a hundred and fifty thousand would vote. Instead, the total in the primary was just under eighty thousand.

The 1977 primary campaign was also notable in that it was the first in which either a woman or a black was a candidate for a major-party mayoral nomination. Mrs. Abzug's fourth place in the Democratic race, with seventeen per cent of the vote, and Sutton's fifth place, with fourteen per cent, constituted a clear setback for local affirmative-action forces. But a bright spot for feminists as well as for other admirers of State Senator Bellamy was the fact that in the five-candidate race for the presidency of the City Council she got twenty-five per cent of the vote to thirty per cent for the incumbent, O'Dwyer. She then won the runoff by fifty-nine to forty-one per cent. For blacks, there was no similar consolation. Sutton had to give up his borough presidency in order to run for mayor, and City Clerk David Dinkins, the black candidate to succeed him, came in a poor third, after Manhattan Assemblyman Andrew Stein and Manhattan City Councilman Robert Wagner, Jr. This means that, beginning January 1st, the Board of Estimate, which considers much of the city's legislation and is made up of the mayor, the president of the City Council, the city comptroller, and the five borough presidents, will be without a black member for the first time in twenty-four years.

Some comfort was briefly taken in the fact that the eleven per cent of the vote won by Badillo, who came in sixth in the primary, combined with the fourteen per cent won by Sutton suggested that local minority groups might do very well if the blacks and the Puerto Ricans could ever get together and back a single candidate. The prospects for such a maneuver have not improved since the primary. On September 11th, three of the primary losers—Sutton, Badillo, and Mrs. Abzug—held a joint press conference to announce that they would stand together and not endorse either runoff candidate unless they got an agreement on a long-range urban policy that would benefit the city's poorer citizens. The coalition lasted less than a day. Badillo did not show up for a scheduled meeting of the group with Koch—the session was held in the office of Koch's public-relations consultant, David Garth, which is the way things are done nowadays—but instead sent word that he had endorsed Koch, who immediately made him co-chairman of the Koch campaign. "Oh, Herman!" said Sutton sadly when he got the news. "I guess Eddie outbid me for Herman," said Cuomo. During the campaign, Sutton had accused Koch of using racial code words and stirring up white fears of blacks and Hispanics, and he announced that he would remain neutral in the runoff. ("I have no desire to do a Badillo.") Although many of Sutton's supporters, including Manhattan Representative Charles Rangel, did endorse Koch (who then made Rangel co-chairman of his campaign, along with Badillo), Sutton's most famous supporter, Muhammad Ali, came out for Cuomo. Two days before the runoff, Mrs. Abzug also decided to endorse Cuomo.

Perhaps the most notable of all the aspects of the Democratic primary was the emergence of Koch and Cuomo as the two finalists. They succeeded in the primary not, of course, because their basic worthiness propelled them naturally and inexorably to the fore but because they were marketed with skill by their public-relations consultants. Garth's first big political success was the 1969 reëlection campaign of John Lindsay, who won without the support of either major party. Since then, Garth has been given credit for the 1974 election of Hugh Carey as governor and for making all the difference in a number of national races, including last year's election of the multimillionaire John Heinz as United States senator from Pennsylvania after one of the most expensive races in the Senate's history. Cuomo's P.R. consultant was another star, Gerald Rafshoon, who helped elect the present occupant of the White House, and who said a few weeks ago, "Mario to me is the urban, ethnic side of Jimmy Carter." Instead, the local urban ethnic who was given almost no chance, campaigned doggedly month after month, and suddenly emerged as the winner was, of course, Garth's candidate, Koch. Another memorable fact about this year's New York mayoral campaign is that by the end of the primary it had already become the most expensive of all such campaigns, the candidates having spent at least five million dollars. By the end of the runoff, Koch had spent a million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and Cuomo about two hundred thousand dollars more. Each of the two devoted at least half of his funds to public-relations services and to buying radio and television time. Since this process is one of a politician's taking his case to the people (that is, if he can lay his hands on enough money), it is generally believed to be a big moral improvement over the old days when candidates were chosen in smoky back rooms by party bosses.

September was a bad month for the local Democratic bosses—officially known as the Democratic county chairmen—all five of whom supported Beame, as they had done, gratefully, in

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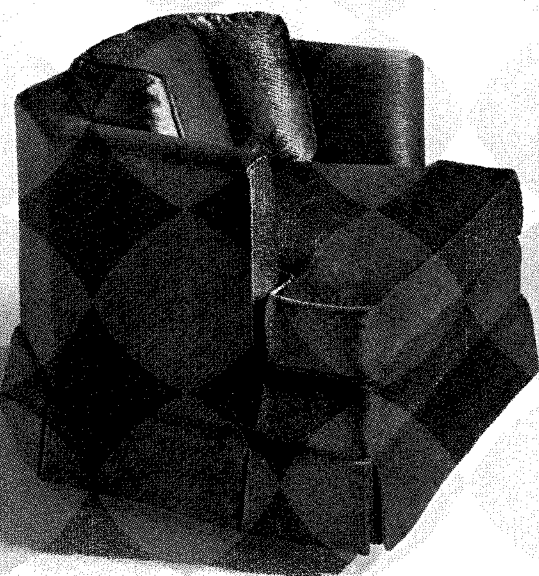

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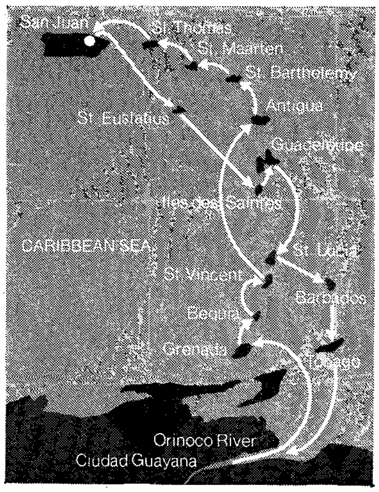

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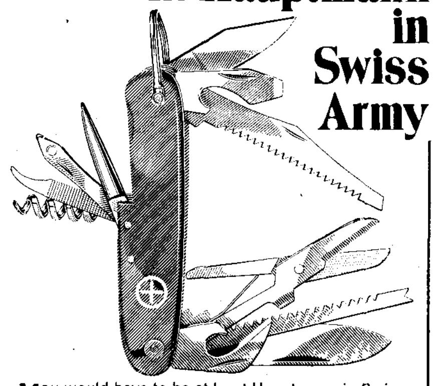

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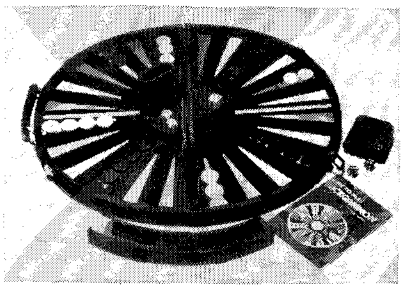

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1973, after the eight Lindsay years, when they were largely shut out of City Hall patronage. Beame also had most of the support of the other contingent that Lindsay once railed against as "the power brokers"—the city's union leaders. With all this access to money and manpower and the advantages of incumbency, however, Beame did not make the runoff. His failure to be nominated for reëlection marked the first time since 1917—when the unlucky politician was John Purroy Mitchel—that a mayor duly elected to a four-year term had been rejected by his party in a bid for reëlection. Of the inability to arrange a victory for labor's favorite, one union leader complained of his union's members, "We delivered the vote to the polls, but they didn't vote for our candidate." The county leaders obviously had similar problems: Beame carried only one county—his home borough of Brooklyn—and that by only two per cent of the vote. (Ironically, Koch carried none. Badillo carried the Bronx, Mrs. Abzug carried Manhattan, and Cuomo carried Queens and Staten Island.) It was some distance from the days when the bosses could count on such subordinates as Big Tim Sullivan, who after a Democratic candidate won by three hundred and sixty-eight votes to four in a district he was responsible for came to Tammany headquarters to apologize. The fourth Republican vote was one more than he had expected. "But I'll get that feller," he said. Meade Esposito, the current Brooklyn boss, explained to reporters the day after the primary, "I'm having a little problem with the district leaders. I'm not the boss you guys say I am." Of Koch and Cuomo, he said that he "could live with" either of them. A few days later, along with Patrick Cunningham, the Bronx boss, he began working quietly behind the scenes for Koch, a reform Democrat who throughout his political career has run as a candidate against the bosses.

Of the many events of this year's mayoral race that would be worth the attention of a seminar in clinical politics, one is surely the eventual endorsement of Koch by Mayor Beame. Of all Beame's opponents in the Democratic-primary campaign, Koch had attacked him most vigorously, ridiculing him not only as a clubhouse hack but also as a total incompetent. After the publication, on August 26th, of the Securities and Exchange Commission report saying that Beame had misled investors about the city's financial condition, Koch declared that the document proved that Beame had run the city "like a second-class candy store" and that "now we know that he was also using a double set of books." Cuomo treated the Mayor rather gently throughout, and said of the S.E.C. report that the point was to look to the future. "How does it help to jump up and down on this man's head?" he asked during one debate when all the other candidates seemed to be attacking Beame. It was assumed that, while Cuomo might only be demonstrating his innate kindness, he could also have in mind the possibility that if he made the runoff and Beame did not the Mayor would support him. It didn't work out that way. Eight days after the primary, Beame publicly endorsed his own harshest critic, and later campaigned with him. The Mayor explained that Koch had been "tested in the crucible of the elective process." Koch explained, "I was never attacking Abe Beame in a personal way."

A CURIOUS development in the mayoral race was the fact that two non-candidates, Carey and Lindsay, became significant campaign issues. The attention to Carey was inevitable, since it was he who, last spring, after considering—and talking with—Koch and deciding that the Manhattan Representative could not win, persuaded Cuomo to make the race. The Governor's veto of a primary bill passed by the Legislature insured that the primary would be held not in June, which would have been helpful to Beame, but in September, which would give Carey's chosen candidate the time to build up support. As it happened, it gave Koch the time to do the same. Since it was essential for the city to continue its progress toward fiscal recovery, Carey explained privately, it would be unfortunate if Beame were to be reëlected, and it would also be regrettable if his successor were to be the person who then looked like the Mayor's strongest opponent, Mrs. Abzug. (On June 26th, the *Times Magazine* ran an article entitled "Beame's Scenario: How to Beat Bella.") A Beame reëlection would be taken by the financial world and by members of congressional committees from whom the city hopes to get further favorable legislation as a signal that New York might be continuing on its old improvident course, and Mrs. Abzug, seen in many places outside the city as an impractical ultraliberal, would scare them even worse. Carey was also certainly aware that either of these two candidates would be likely to fight every Carey claim to what he believes to be well-earned credit due him for having pulled the city back from the brink of bankruptcy—credit that will be important to him in his reëlection campaign next year. After the primary, Felix Rohatyn, the chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, which will soon help the city market its securities for the first time since 1975, declared that the chances of a successful sale were now more propitious whether it was Koch or Cuomo who would be taking charge at City Hall.

For better or worse, and at considerable political risk (the closeness of the primary vote showed that Beame might well have come in first, and the momentum could have carried him to victory in the runoff), Carey had laid his political strength on the line and changed local history single-handed. Such a demonstration of power should be one more important asset to a politician about to become a candidate for reelection, and Carey was in a jubilant mood after the primary. It was unfortunate, of course, that his choice for the Democratic mayoral candidate had come in second, but Carey, echoing Brooklyn Democratic boss Esposito, announced happily, "I can live with either of these guys," and hinted that if Koch were to take the runoff by a good margin—as he did—the Governor would endorse him, accepting the will of his fellow-Democrats, whose support he will need next year himself. Among the points that Carey tried to make with Liberal Party leaders and with Cuomo in the negotiations that followed the runoff was that, since both President Carter and Vice-President Mondale had endorsed Koch, the spectacle of the Democratic governor of New York supporting Koch's opponent would not be helpful to the state—which, like the city, needs all the friends in Washington that it can get. (The phone call from the President to Koch congratulating him on his runoff victory came at 10:12 P.M., an hour and twelve minutes after the polls closed. The news of the call was particularly painful for Beame, who, throughout the past year, had boasted of his close friendship with Carter, and who had received no condolences from the President after his loss in the primary.) Carey also suggested to Cuomo that if he stayed in the race, it might result in "religious warfare," since Cuomo is a Roman Catholic and Koch (like Farber and Goodman) is Jewish. The Governor was evidently trying to ignore what Cuomo had taken to be the firm commitment to support him on

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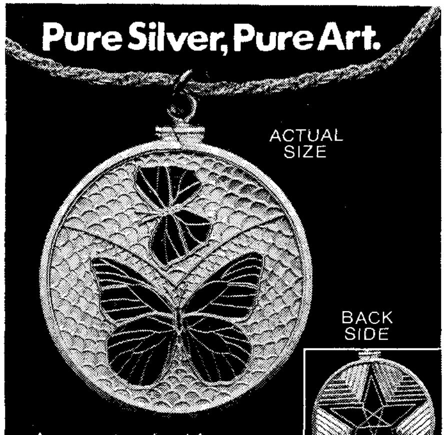

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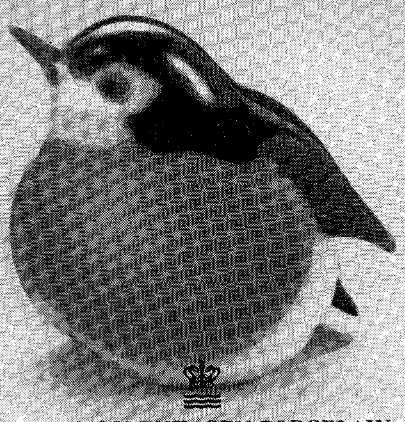

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the Liberal line through the November election. No political campaign is now complete without its evocation of Watergate, and the phrase for what the Governor seemed to have in mind for his old friend Cuomo was "a slow twisting in the wind"—not a pretty picture, and one that would be no asset at all in Carey's reëlection campaign. Another problem the Governor will have to deal with is the certainty that as the present Mayor approaches the end of his long career in city government, which dates back to 1946, he will be an intensely sympathetic figure, and Carey will properly be blamed for Beame's involuntary departure. The Governor may find it convenient to hint that the *News*, which endorsed Koch, could share a bit of the blame. Possibly on the theory that, as they stepped into the voting booths, some of the city's nearly one million senior citizens might be overcome by pangs of concern about the plight of the seventy-one-year-old Mayor if they failed to vote for him, the *News* published a story on the morning of the primary under the headline "IF BEAME LOSES, HE WINS 70G." It explained that as a result of various pension arrangements the Mayor would collect more than seventy thousand dollars a year after he left Gracie Mansion, and so his problems, whatever they might be, would not include penury.

JOHN LINDSAY, who is now a practicing attorney in the city, and who occasionally serves as host on the American Broadcasting Company's "Good Morning America" show, was a living political presence in the primary campaign during confrontations between Farber and Goodman, the Republican candidates. Farber constantly jeered at Goodman as "a Lindsay liberal," pointing out that the State Senator was finance administrator early in the Lindsay administration. When a frequently run Koch commercial asked if it wasn't time to try competence "after eight years of charisma and four years of the clubhouse"—a message that continued to be broadcast after Koch was endorsed by the Mayor and was thus branded with the clubhouse label himself—everyone knew that Koch's scornful reference to charisma meant Lindsay. Neither of the runoff candidates was in fact without some ties to the former mayor. In 1965, Koch rejected Beame, the nominee of his own Democratic Party, to support Lindsay, then a Republican. And it was Lindsay who brought Cuomo into public life, by asking him to mediate a politically critical housing dispute in Forest Hills, Queens.

In the runoff campaign, Cuomo was eager to remind the voters of Queens and the other "outer boroughs"—those outside Manhattan—that, as a lifelong Queens resident, he was one of them, while Koch, like Lindsay, was not. Calling Koch Lindsay's heir, he declared that the former mayor "never understood the outer boroughs," and that "the inability of the Manhattan gang to relate created our neighborhood problems." In a Cuomo commercial suggesting that the positions of Lindsay and Koch were identical on various issues, a picture of Koch was shown metamorphosing into that of Lindsay. The Rafshoon staff, which prepared it, referred to it as the Dorian Gray spot, and, although the former mayor was not portrayed as the personification of debauchery and evil, the implication was that nothing worse could be said of a candidate than that he bore a resemblance to Lindsay. Koch did not seem to disagree with the theory. "Since I know John Lindsay, I object very strenuously to being compared to him," the *News* quoted Koch as saying. Cuomo took the commercial off the air briefly, explaining that his wife, Matilda, had complained about it because "she likes John Lindsay," but it was soon back in service.

This episode and some other Cuomo attacks on Koch in the days before the runoff gave the Koch forces an excuse to run a commercial that, like many of the Koch messages toward the end of the campaign, featured his friend Bess Myerson, a former Miss America, who was head of the Department of Consumer Affairs in the Lindsay administration and now writes a consumer column for the *News*. Reminding Cuomo that he had declared a few weeks earlier that the most important quality in a candidate was character, she charged him with descending to personal attacks on Koch and asked, "What happened to character, Mr. Cuomo? We thought your campaign would be better than that." The impression that the Lindsay administration's failure to clear the snow off Queens streets after the big snowfall of February, 1969, had aroused a bitterness in Queens that had much to do with ending Lindsay's political career has become a legend—something on the order of Eugene McCarthy's victory in the 1968 New Hampshire Presidential primary (he lost) and Edmund Muskie's loss in the same primary in 1972 (he won). Lindsay, of course, left office by his own choice at the end of his second term, having carried Queens in the 1969 election. In this year's mayoral runoff, Mario Cuomo

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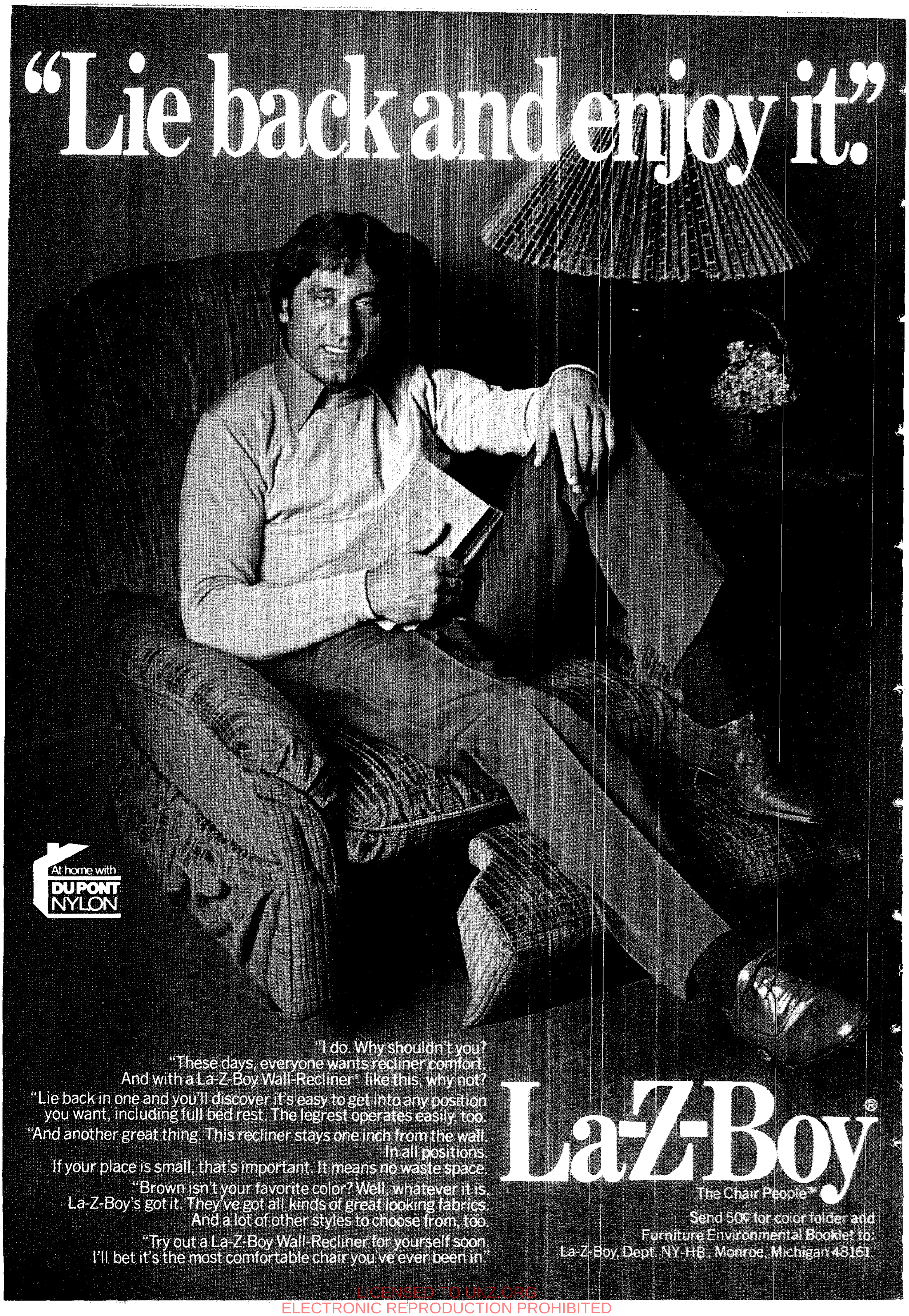

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lost Queens, and carried only Staten Island. Since Goodman and Farber are from the same borough as Koch, for all the talk of the growing political power of the outer boroughs, the Democratic, Republican, and Conservative mayoral candidates in November will all be from "the Manhattan gang."

IN the last five days before the runoff, the two finalists took part in fourteen face-to-face debates, whose major characteristic, toward the end, the *Times* described as "animated unintelligibility." It seemed a strange way to go about choosing the man who will preside over a city of nearly eight million people and an expense budget of fourteen billion dollars. During the debates, Cuomo forces were accused of passing out literature suggesting that Koch had Arab supporters who were working to undermine Israel, and Koch followers were said to have sent a sound truck through the Bronx blaring out the word that Cuomo was backed by the Mafia. Koch complained that someone—presumably someone favoring Cuomo—was spreading the word that he was an Episcopalian. New York, with its large Jewish population, is one of the few American cities where such a charge could be considered a vicious slander. "My people don't even know what an Episcopalian is" was Cuomo's defense.

There was some discussion of issues. Cuomo, who opposes the death penalty, accused Koch of pandering to popular opinion in supporting it. Koch, who took a strong position against excesses in the current contracts of municipal unions, accused Cuomo, who was supported by many, though by no means all, city unions, of pandering—"pandering" was a big word in the campaign—to the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, the police union, which eventually declined to support Cuomo, largely because of his position on the death penalty. Despite the talk of issues, voters' choices in the runoff, as in the Democratic primary, probably rested once again on simpler criteria. Most black and Hispanic New Yorkers, having no candidate of their own this time, stayed home. Cuomo got two-thirds of the Catholic vote and four-fifths of that of Italian-Americans. Koch received three-quarters of the vote of Jewish New Yorkers, who, as usual, turned out in larger numbers than any other local group. The term "the melting pot" came from a play of that name about New York, whose author, Israel Zangwill, lived all of his life in London.

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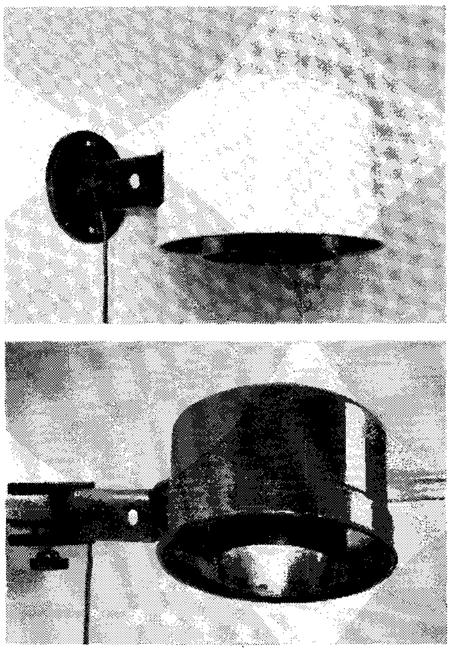

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BOOKS

A View from the Top

IN "Black Lamb and Grey Falcon," Dame Rebecca West tells us how in Vienna in 1937, on her way home to England after the journey that she and her husband had taken through Yugoslavia, she was called upon in her hotel by a university student, an earnest girl with golden hair and skin, and with the less luminous persistence of a hen applying its beak to a chalk line. A Serbo-Croat who had rejected all things Slav and passionately embraced Germanic culture, the girl announced that she had selected Rebecca West as the subject for her English thesis. Recoiling in horror from the visitor's efforts to file her neatly away under academic headings in a notebook, the subject sharply nailed down once and for all the difficulties that confront anybody writing about her work. "I explained that I was a writer wholly unsuitable for her purpose," she says, for the reason that in her writings she had set out not to convey a personality to readers but to explore various aspects of life for her own satisfaction. The separate parts of what had engaged her attention and curiosity over the years had wandered off in so many different directions that the whole "could not fuse to make a picture of a writer, since the interstices were too wide."

Professor Samuel Hynes quotes the anecdote in his excellent introduction to "Rebecca West: A Celebration" (Viking)—a generous selection of her writings, heaped up and running over in some seven hundred and fifty pages—to back his own conclusion that it is hard to give her a secure literary niche as novelist, biographer, critic, essayist, or journalist. She has been all of these, brilliantly, in turn, so that definition slips through the mesh. The anthology begins chronologically with the complete short novel "The Return of the Soldier," published in 1918, when she was twenty-five, and it ends with a literary criticism written in 1974, when she was in her eighties. Between these come her little-known life of Saint Augustine, written in 1933; some of the superb reports on war-crime, treason, and murder trials for which many people know her best; extracts from the fiction to which she constantly returns with obvious delight; stories and book reviews; a too short excerpt from her discursive, scintillating discussion of the workings of political and religious ideas in literature, "The Court and the Castle" (1957); and long selections, skillfully welded together for this production, from her masterpiece, "Black Lamb," of 1941.

The range of things that Dame Rebecca has found important in the last sixty years or so is enormous, but in all her inquiries into them the personal manner is strongly conveyed, even without intent. The signature is as clear and unmistakable as the voice one hears from time to time on the BBC, fastidiously choosing a sudden surprising phrase in some story and pronouncing it with gusto. A 1964 broadcast talk, "A Visit to a Godmother," is included in the book, and it is interesting biographically; so is a sampling of the as yet unfinished sequel, "This Real Night," to her novel "The Fountain Overflows." In the radio reminiscence, she returns to the question of the mainspring of her writing, and this charming minor passage among more serious works seems to give us snatches of themes that appear frequently in her moral view of life.

It is widely known, of course, that she was born Cicily Isabel Fairfield—who might have been a young lady in a muslin dress having tea on the lawn in a Wilde comedy—and that with a stroke of brilliant rightness she leaped over the wall into Ibsen by taking as her professional name that of the rebellious Rebecca in "Rosmersholm." Her family, she tells us in "A Visit," was poor but argumentative. She and her sister suffered in their childhood from having to wear clothes that were "run up" by little women round the corner, but the nourishing air of their home was rich with talk about books, politics, and music. The keenly anticipated two weeks that they spent in the Midlands with an unknown godmother were therefore a sad disappointment. Their host and hostess turned out to be as flat and as dull as the landscape; deadness was in their house and their hearts. The cold, insensitive

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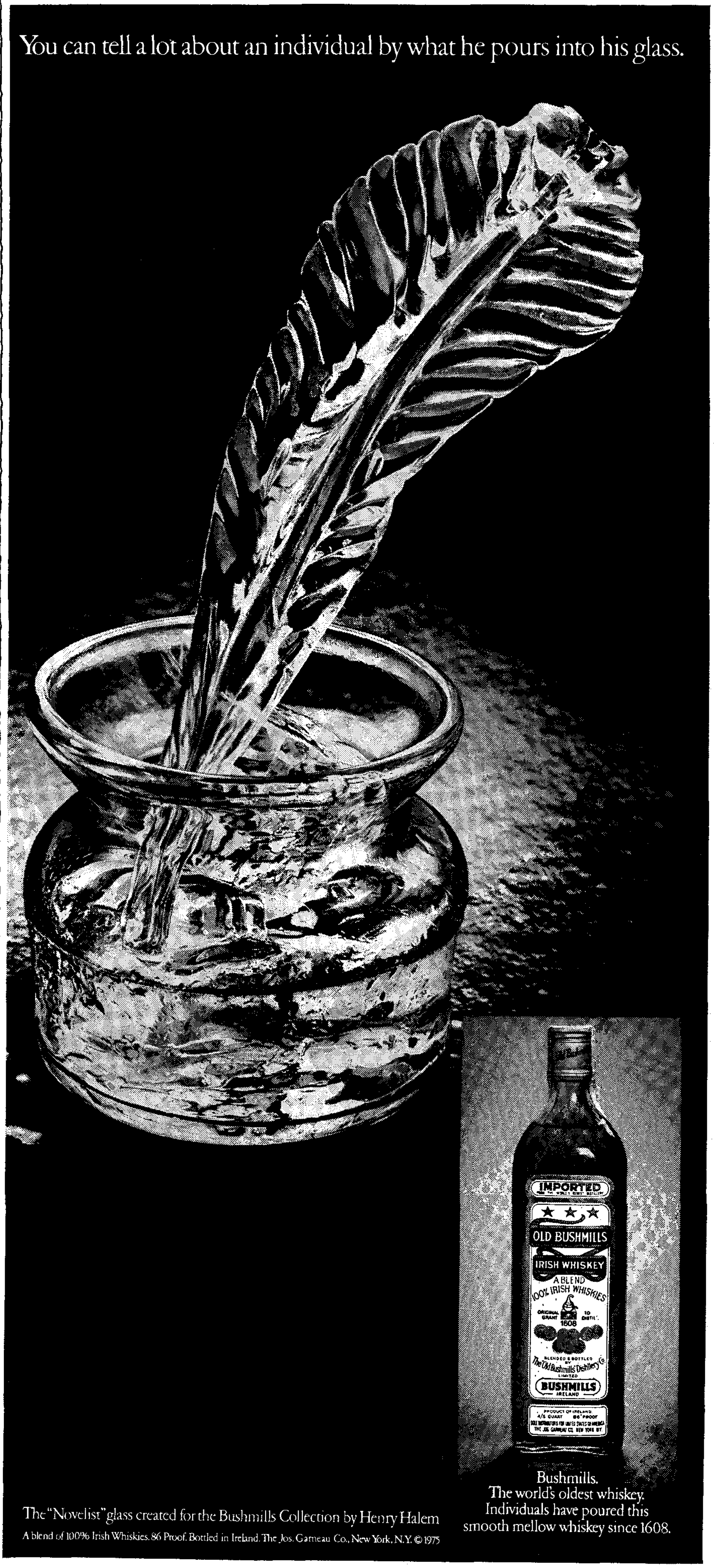
boorishness with which they ignored the two unimportant children was novel and deeply shocking to the visitors.

It continued to shock the adult Rebecca West. In all her writing, we find that manners—the innate tact and civility of the heart—are immensely important to her. Politeness is the outward and visible sign of a deep inward harmony. In the marvellous piece "Mr. Setty and Mr. Hume"—her account of a never solved murder in which a dismembered body was dropped from a plane into the Essex marshes—there is a description of her call on Mr. Tiffen, a fowler and fisherman who had found Mr. Setty's torso floating in the mud, and of his family, who gave her tea and welcome. As soon as she sat down among them, she was at ease. She saw at once that they were "an elect race," "expert in all forms of courtesy," who knew with instinctive graciousness how to deal with everything, from death parcelled up in soggy gray felt among the reeds to an inquiring London visitor practically blown into their cottage by a mighty gust from the North Sea. At her first meeting with D. H. Lawrence, in springtime Florence—beautifully described in "Elegy," an essay she wrote after his death—she notes how, like the Tiffen family, he put aside what he was doing and "laid himself out to be a good host," for "he was one of the most polite people I have ever met, in both naïve and subtle ways." Of Reggie Turner, who, with Norman Douglas, had gone with her to see Lawrence, she says only that his gentle heart had once inspired him to "a supremely imaginative act of charity" and princely fine manners: he had sent Oscar Wilde, just out of prison, "one of the most expensive and completely useless fitted dressing cases that Bond Street has ever achieved." In "Black Lamb and Grey Falcon," she and her husband, wandering in the market at Sarajevo, watch a village girl, having offered her blooming cheek to the lips of two old women, bend down and kiss their hands in a pretty gesture that "could not have been more graciously done at Versailles."

Such natural aristocracy, in life or in literature, is something that Rebecca West recognizes instantly, and its absence can take the pleasure out of the day for her. But after describing the outrage that her thirteen-year-old self felt at her godmother's cruel and life-destroying lack of grace, she starts to turn the astonishing new idea over in her head, and passes firm, authoritative judgment: The unlovable woman was



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good. She was even noble, for she had obviously made sacrifices in order to continue sending a small but thankfully received allowance to Rebecca's mother, who had been her own beloved mother's beloved companion. So goodness and evil, the bright and the dark archangels, can live in the same house. It was another of the fascinating, never-to-be-forgotten ideas that the visitor took home from the Midlands in exchange for the little fairings of Edinburgh rock and shortbread that her godmother had accepted without enthusiasm, and it stayed with her. The strange duality is what Dame Rebecca often bids us observe, in such mysteries as the musings of the French doctor in charge of the exhibits at the Nuremberg trial—himself a late prisoner in a concentration camp—who turns in his hand a lampshade made of tattooed human skin and has to remind himself that such obscenities came from the same race as the people with whom he is staying, who every morning send in his breakfast tray decorated with the most beautiful pansies, arranged with exquisite taste. Or she records the "nod and smile of pure love" that passed in court between Quentin Joyce and his brother in the dock, William Joyce—the cawing, compelling voice from Berlin that had aroused pure hate in the hearts of people in England, to whom it prophesied doom. Yet "to his brother Quentin and to his second wife he was light and warmth." The profound, paradoxical mystery that had excited her in the character of her godmother is what her writing is about. Thus she concluded her broadcast.

Professor Hynes points to the enormous stride that Dame Rebecca took out of the accepted feminine territory of novelist and literary critic when she turned to writing the life of Augustine, the complicated genius "so curiously called a saint." In doing so, she "engaged her mind with a great mind and a body of thought that touched her own deeply, and shaped her thinking for the rest of her career." Life for her, as we can see from this celebratory landmark, had become and was to remain a Miltonic battlefield, where the archangels everlastingly struggle, and where men and women, who could yet make for themselves a second and better Eden, have chosen a sort of halfway purgatory between the fruitful will to live and the guilty urge to expiate by suffering and death—the Augustinian doctrine of sin and atonement. This view recurs again and again in her many profound meditations on the nature of art—the strange necessity that Augustine (in her

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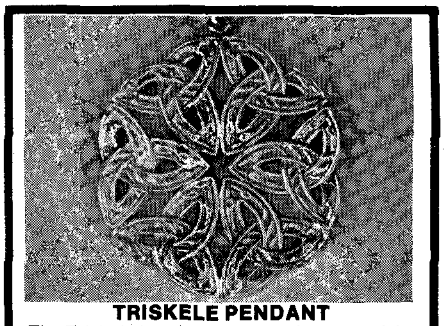

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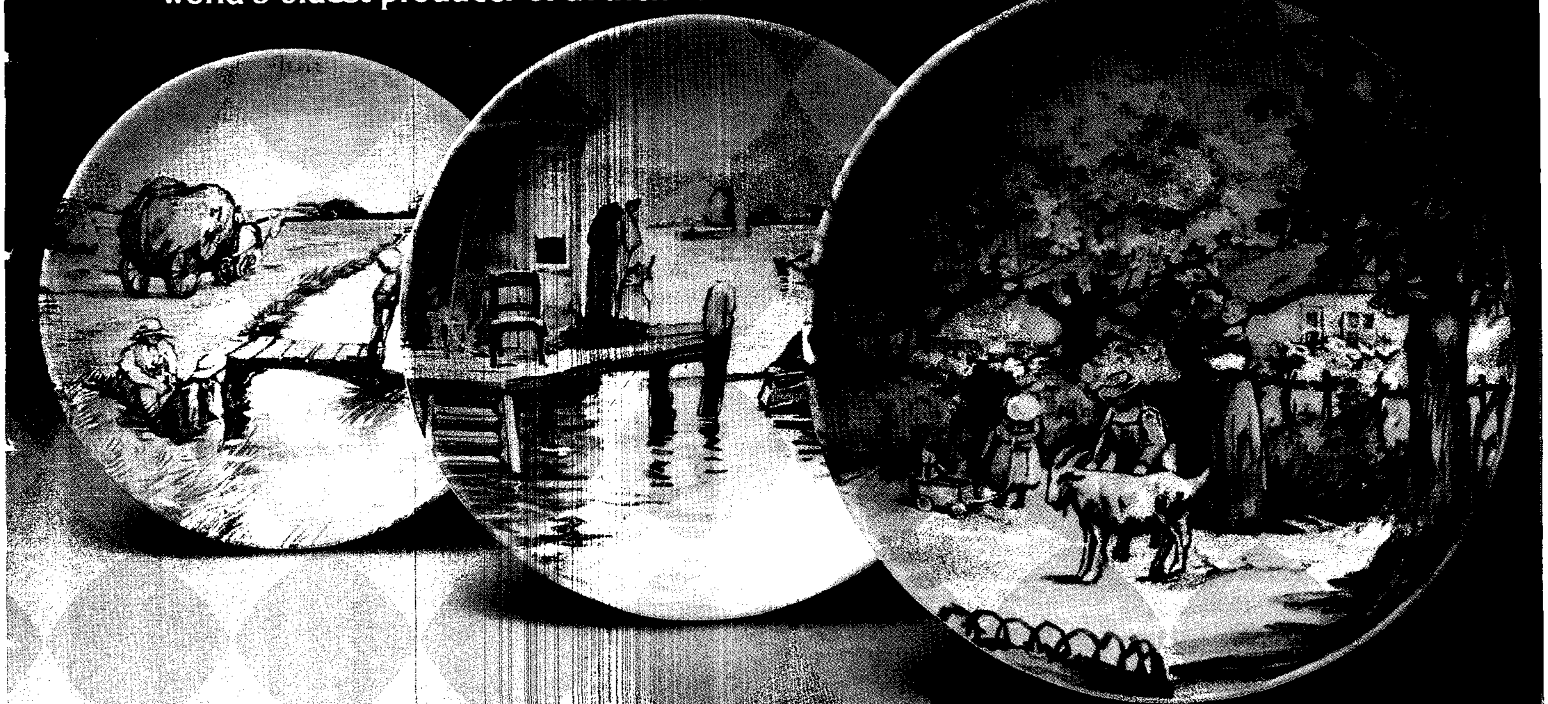

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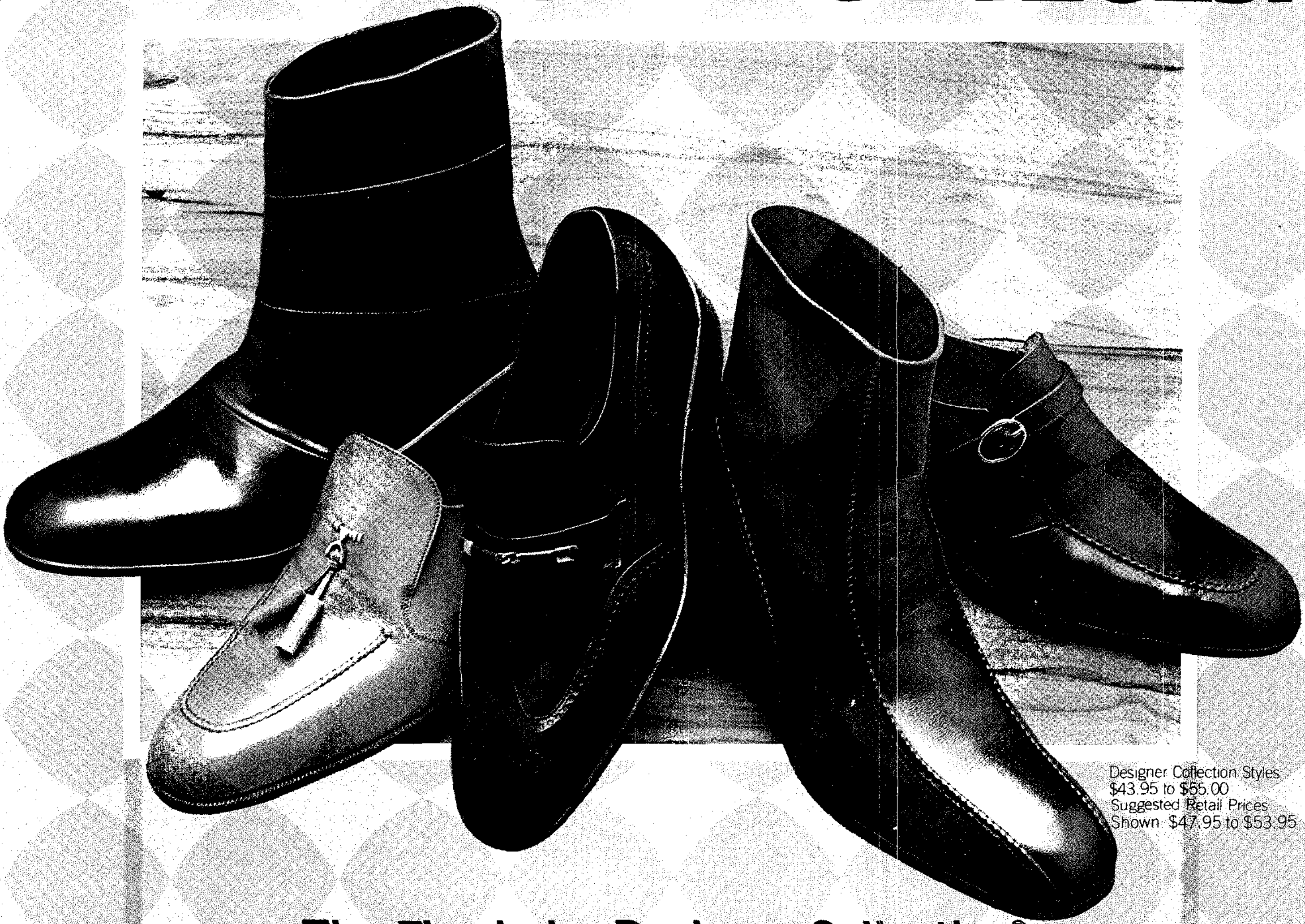

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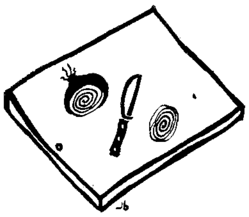
view, a great imaginative writer *manqué*) rejected with fear and hatred. Yet art is one of the strong angelic guides who can lead the way into the upper air inhabited by Mozart, Jane Austen, and other deeply reasonable inhabitants of the Castle of God.

"Above the plain [of Kosovo, the site of many bloody struggles between the Serbs and the Turks] were the soft white castles of the clouds and a blank blue wall behind them. Into this world I had been born, and I must resign myself to it; I could not move myself to a fortunate planet, where any rare tear was instantly dried by a benediction. This is my glass, I must drink out of it. In my anxiety to know what was in the glass, I wondered, 'The world is tragic, but just how tragic? I wonder if it is finally so, if we can ever counter the catastrophes to which we are liable and give ourselves a workshop of serenity in which we can experiment with that other way of life which is not tragedy, but which is not comedy.' " That passage is from "Black Lamb and Grey Falcon." In "The Return of the Soldier," twenty-three years earlier, Jenny, its watching intelligence, accepts the adult duty of shaking her beloved cousin Chris out of his shell-shocked loss of memory, which has wiped out fifteen years and returned him, like a homing pigeon, to Margaret, the lost true love. He must be made to walk out of his illusory paradise into harsh daylight, to recall his marriage to the trivial Kitty. For the other necessity, the other hope for man, is to look squarely at the nature of things, however shattering the revelation may be, as Jenny says: "I had learned long ago . . . that there is a draught that we must drink or not be fully human. I knew that one must know the truth . . . and celebrate communion with reality, or else walk forever queer and small like a dwarf."



"The Return of the Soldier" is really not a novel at all but an extremely beautiful poem. It is the novella length, beloved by Henry James, to which Dame Rebecca never managed to discipline herself again. To be able to reread it in full is a delight. The collection also includes an extract from "The Birds Fall Down," her powerful novel about a half-Russian, half-English girl caught in the violent revolutionary events of the beginning of the century, which has been compared with "Under Western Eyes." But the reader of the selections from her fiction may well feel that there is mystery here, too. Why should the people of her imagination (always excepting "The Return of the Soldier") seem to be short of the kind of intense life that guarantees them immortality in one's head, of the clairvoyant characterization that leaps out of the page again and again in her factual writings and her literary criticisms? The novels have plenty of life; indeed, they may have too much. The plots sometimes take a violent, even lurid twist and are dependent on fantastic coincidences. The rich heroine of the 1936 novel "The Thinking Reed" is an artificial one, maybe made from articulated jade by Fabergé, growing in an upper-class jungle. She and her lovers have the expensive but unreal look of photographs of the jet-setting "beautiful people" invented by the glossy fashion magazines. In "The Salt of the Earth," a long short story, an insufferable woman is being slowly dosed by her husband with arsenic in her bedtime chocolate malted milk. In "Parthenope," the lovely, dotty sisters whom the little boy watches flitting over the next-door croquet lawn in their mad, bright dresses, like a brilliantly enamelled flock of Pre-Raphaelite maidens, are part of a Gothic tale of cruelty, coercion, sham murder, and insanity. Yet we may not be able to remember these people as vividly as we remember the girlish von Schirach—the Nazi youth leader accused of the deportation of forty thousand Soviet children—sitting in the dock like a quiet little dove of a governess. Or the charwoman who gave evidence in the Setty murder case, with her "prim small face of a kindly cat," looking ahead of her with "the still integrity, the dedication to exact vision, that shines in the eyes of a cat," for she possessed naturally what Jenny had admitted with sorrow: she knew that one must know the truth, and tell it. Or the head of the tourist bureau in Sarajevo, describing how he had stood, a child tightly clutching his father's hand, in a room full of people watching with mesmerized horror the funny "marionette strut" of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, who was about to go out into the streets and die, with his Archduchess, and begin the Great War. There are countless others. So it seems possible that this is too large an imagination to be contained in a tidy, conventional frame of fiction, and that only life and history can produce characters of sufficient good or evil or

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wonderful muddled strangeness, or situations vast enough, to fire its supreme best.

All the conditions were there ready to hand in "Black Lamb and Grey Falcon." It stands, says Professor Hynes, like "a massive baroque cenotaph" at the dark end of the thirties. The description, rightly noble, suggests an awesome crushing weight of grave bronze or chilly marble, but over this monumental inquiry into war and the sources of war, into mortal vulnerability and courage and perhaps hope, plays a glancing light of wit, of poetry, and of splendid common sense, which makes it the most personal of all Rebecca West's writings, endearing as well as sombre. It seems to start out so simply, as a visit to a minor Balkan state that she had "always seen between sleeping and waking from childhood," and where she found a deep affinity in which invoking the names of Balkan towns like Jajce and Mostar and Ohrid produced talismanic magic. If you unpicked from the rest the descriptions of the lakes and mountains, the thickets of wild roses, the Christian churches shaking with the lusty devoutness of Eastern congregations in their gorgeous peasant finery, the white mosques serenely supplying their prescription of green shade and running water to lay a cool hand on the fevered soul, the jolly markets, the sacred and secular relics preserved in the monasteries, there would be a sizable and beautiful travel book. But Rebecca West went to Yugoslavia to learn why from that southeastern corner of Europe had flowed the stream of violent events that had resulted in four catastrophic years for her and for us all, and to chart the coming catastrophe. The journey was "like picking up a strand of wool that would lead me out of a labyrinth in which, to my surprise, I had found myself immured," and the traveller scrupulously obeyed Auden's injunction to

Follow, poet, follow right
To the bottom of the night.

The sampling of the great work that she brought back is, naturally, the summit of this volume—a mere signpost, however, to stimulate readers into making the full ascent for themselves. The most recent of Dame Rebecca's writings to be included—the 1974 article from the *Times Literary Supplement*—is an entertaining little essay regretting the depressing tendency of some of the best women novelists to go on lamenting, even from the liberated heights, what pity 'tis to be a female. It is not a

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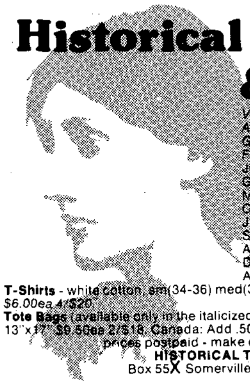

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complaint that has issued from her own lips, certainly. Though, as Professor Hynes observes, it is difficult to pin a gender on "that fine, strong, androgynous mind that we meet in her books," there is never doubt in any of them of the abundant, rich satisfaction she feels in being a woman. It is present in "Black Lamb" in her sharp, pleased eye for male beauty; in her descriptions of food, drink, and love; in her appraisal of the embroideries on a Macedonian woman's dress and of the exact value of the sad garments worn by a certain type of woman speaker on political platforms; in her robust appetite for all pleasure and for trying on anything that takes her fancy. (Witness the hilarious episode of the belly dancer in the Skopje night club, whom she asked to come to her hotel room next day to give her a lesson. Madame got the movement splendidly, the dancer said, but, alas, she was not sufficiently endowed with hard, muscular, but voluptuous fat to keep it flowing.) The final evidence of this acceptance is in her delineation of her companion on the journey. She is describing a visit to the shabby mausoleum of the Sultan Murad, murdered on the eve of the Battle of Kosovo, where touts in ragged Western clothes wait with terrible hopefulness for infinitesimal tips from foreign visitors. "As I spoke, I noticed that my husband was no longer walking beside me, and, as wives do, I looked round to see what the creature might be doing. He was some paces behind us, giving some dinars to the touts, who were taking them with a gentle, measured thankfulness, unabject in spite of their suppliance." Rebecca West's husband, Henry Andrews, was doing something extremely typical, for he was a man of rare kindness and exquisite courtesy who, when he met distress of any kind, bent over it like a sheltering tree. A collector of beautiful things, he spoke of his wife, on the few occasions when she was not with him, as though he had been appointed guardian of an infinitely precious and unique work of art. Her portrait of him in the margins of "Black Lamb" is like one of those tenderly domestic little portrayals of the married donors who kneel peacefully in their best clothes in the corner of some enormous, tempestuous canvas of earthly and heavenly strife. He died in 1968.

"What is true is worth saying over and over again—the need for more love and less hate," Rebecca West wrote. In her elegiac reminiscences of Lawrence, she wrote, as it might be of herself, "In no way did he underrate

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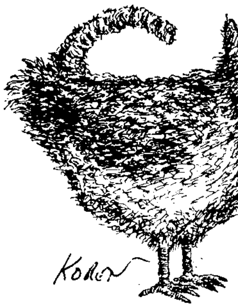

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the gravity of the human situation." The two sentences come together in one's head as an epigraph for "A Celebration."

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ATTACHMENTS, by Judith Rossner (Simon & Schuster; $9.95). In the literature of Siamese twins, three novels now exist. The first two, "Leo and Theodore" and a sequel called "The Drunks," both wonderful and hilariously inventive, were written by Donald Newlove; Miss Rossner's novel is the third. Her twins, both dullards, are connected by a "bridge of liver," and if you can bring yourself to think about that at all, you'll probably see why this isn't a very good book. Actually, the twins are only secondary, or secondary and tertiary, characters here. The main character is a masochistic California girl (the book opens in the fifties and closes in the seventies) who develops an *idée fixe* about them in her youth and eventually marries one. Her best friend marries the other. The friend's husband is the nicer one, but neither of them says much or listens well, and life on the New Hampshire farm where they all live is remarkably boring. A great deal is made of the fact that the twins are, of course, never lonely, and there are some fairly amusing descriptions of their sex life, but in general their freakishness is barely exploited except as a symbol. Though Miss Rossner's writing is fluid and easy to digest, she never fulfills the expectations raised by the oddity of her subject.

DREAMLAND, by George V. Higgins (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $8.95). Mr. Higgins remains in his native Boston, but he here has moved his people up from the likes of Eddie Coyle and his scum friends to one Daniel Compton Wills (Exeter, Harvard, Porcellian), of the Beacon Street law firm (founded by his grandfather) of Wills, Cable, Cable & Chambers; his bluestocking wife; and the famous young investigative reporter Andrew Collier, with whom he was raised almost as a brother. It is not, alas, a very felicitous move. Upper-class Boston seems at once to fascinate and enervate Mr. Higgins. Not much happens to these comfortable people, and what little action there is takes place offstage and is reported to Wills, who

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then passes the news sedately along to us. Wills is entirely featureless, and Collier (whose language, incidentally, is as foul as Coyle's) is given the humorous trait of talking with a fake Southern accent. The plot is heaved into motion by two questions: Is Collier actually Wills's half brother? And was Wills's father actually a C.I.A. agent? Neither question is fully answered.

WORK, by Louisa May Alcott (Schocken; $5.95). Louisa May Alcott's long-out-of-print tribute to the poor, pure, independent-minded nineteenth-century working girl, heavily interlarded with impassioned pleas for abolition, domestic reform, women's rights, platonic love, and improved universal education. Like Christie Devon, the spirited, if sometimes intolerably goody-goody, heroine of her novel, Miss Alcott had to work much of her life at humble jobs to support herself. (Unlike Christie, who is an orphan, she also had to support several members of her family, including her father, an idealistic Transcendentalist, who shunned conventional employment.) Though Christie's life as a parlormaid, paid companion, governess, actress, and seamstress (all jobs held by the author) is rife with melodrama, insult, and mishap, all her trials are depicted as being conducive to self-reliance and a broader understanding of the world—two essential ingredients in the Transcendentalist ideal of Christian perfection. Much of this pilgrim's progress toward Divine Goodness and Harmony is preposterously sentimental, and most modern readers will find that the words "wholesome," "vigorous," "wise," and "sacrifice" come up once too often, but Miss Alcott's writing is vigorous, and anyone who would like to be made wiser about the tribulations of nineteenth-century single working women would do well to sacrifice a few hours to this wholesome novel.

GENERAL

LAZARUS, by André Malraux, translated from the French by Terence Kilmartin (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $7.95). Malraux, who died in 1976, was brought to the brink of death by a rare disease in 1973, from which he recovered with the sense that "Lazarus" would be his last book. It is a distillation of his life, a meditation upon death, and a summing-up of his literary œuvre. It opens with a novella of great power

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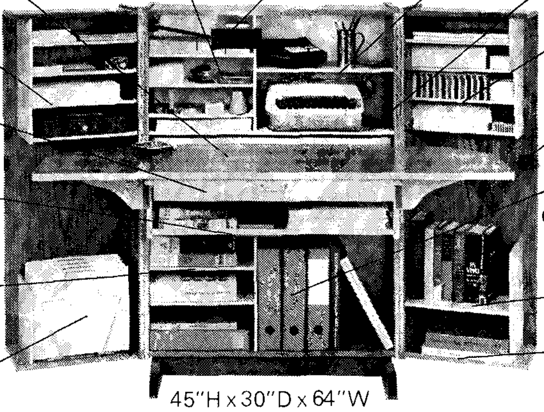

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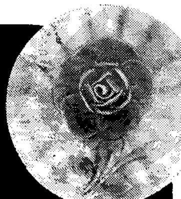

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about the first German gas attack on the Eastern Front, in 1916, and then, in memory and meditation, it shifts between his venturesome past (Indo-China, China, Spain, the Resistance) and his helpless present (the Salpêtrière Hospital). Wondering, remembering, comparing the deaths of Christians, Buddhists, and skeptics, talking over his concerns with a psychiatrist friend, Malraux confronts his own death and the fact of every man's death, and poses questions about the nature of man. The book is very grand, and the dominant impression it leaves is of Malraux's love for, and loyalty to, his fellow-man.

TO BE PRESERVED FOREVER, by Lev Kopelev, translated from the Russian and edited by Anthony Austin, with a foreword by Lillian Hellman (Lippincott; $12.50). The author, a dissident linguist and literary critic who lives in Moscow, recalls his arrests, trials, and imprisonment for attempting to stop Russian atrocities against German civilians toward the end of the Second World War. Kopelev, at that time an eager fighter with a sense of Communist mission, fell victim to his Army superior, an ambitious Party hack. Kopelev was arrested in April, 1945, and was passed from prison to prison and on to a labor camp before he was tried for "anti-Soviet agitation" and acquitted, in December, 1946. He was rearrested in March, 1947, tried another time, and found guilty, and at a third trial his sentence was increased. The book's subject, however, is not such legal disgraces as triple jeopardy. Kopelev's narrative, like a picaresque novel, is a journey through Russian penal institutions, and his portraits of their inhabitants compose a cross-section of Russian society.

NOTE: Elizabeth Drew's "American Journal: The Events of 1976" has been published by Random House ($12.95). Most of the contents first appeared in these pages. . . . "Browse at Your Own Risk," a collection of cartoons by George Price, most of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Simon & Schuster ($7.95).

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RULING PASSION, by Reginald Hill (Harper & Row; $8.95). An English murder mystery of the finest quality. The title is taken from Alexander Pope, and so are some important clues. The story is extraordinari-

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ly serpentine. A young Yorkshire detective sergeant is working on a series of burglaries complicated by murder, but he takes time off to accompany his girl to an Oxfordshire village for a weekend reunion with four former Oxford classmates. They arrive late, and find the murdered bodies of three of the four—a woman and two men—and the woman's husband missing. The detective is thus caught in a multiplicity of involvements: as a detective with two far-flung cases, as a witness, and as a friend of the murdered and of the presumed murderer. Mr. Hill leads us with the greatest of ease from one plausible presumption to another and another, to solutions that explode again and again into mystery, and, for extra good measure, he writes with an appealing jauntiness: "The thought popped up into his mind like a well-browned piece of toast."

THE HONOURABLE SCHOOLBOY, by John le Carré (Knopf; $10.95). It it difficult not to overpraise this new (and, apparently, concluding) installment of the voluminous history of the British spymaster George Smiley and his brilliant secret service, known as the Circus. It has, most certainly, its faults. It runs to well over two hundred thousand not always necessary words. Its plot—the tracing of a high-ranking Chinese turned Russian spy—is devious but essentially thin. Its opening chapter—a drunken romp at the Hong Kong press club—is embarrassing. And so is the author's fondness for stylistic mockery: "And still the burrowers toiled," and "But the very next day, lo and behold, they were ready," and "Thus equipped, the intrepid journalist set forth to live some more cover." But these fade in the glorious sunshine of its virtues. It has a compelling pace, a depth beyond its genre, a feeling for even the least of its characters, a horrifying vision of the doomed and embattled Southeast Asia left in the wake of the Vietnam war, and a dozen set pieces—following, fleeing, interrogating—that are awesomely fine.

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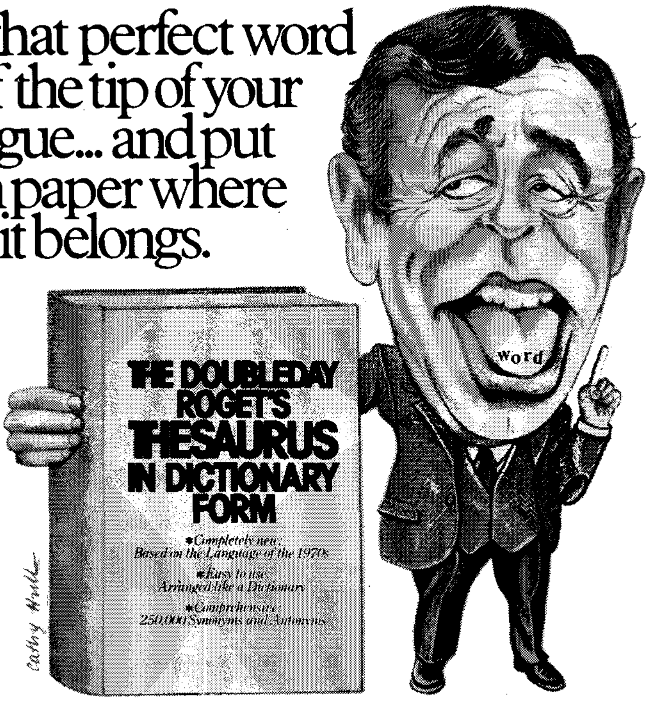
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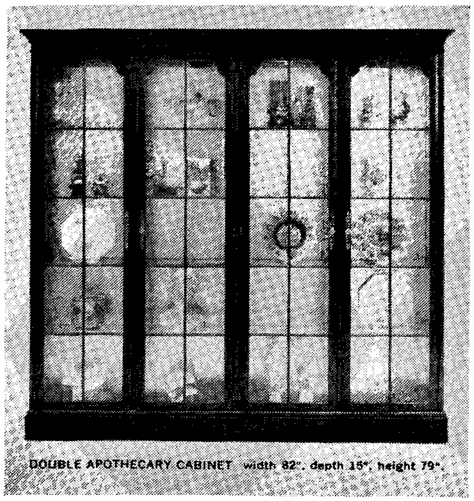

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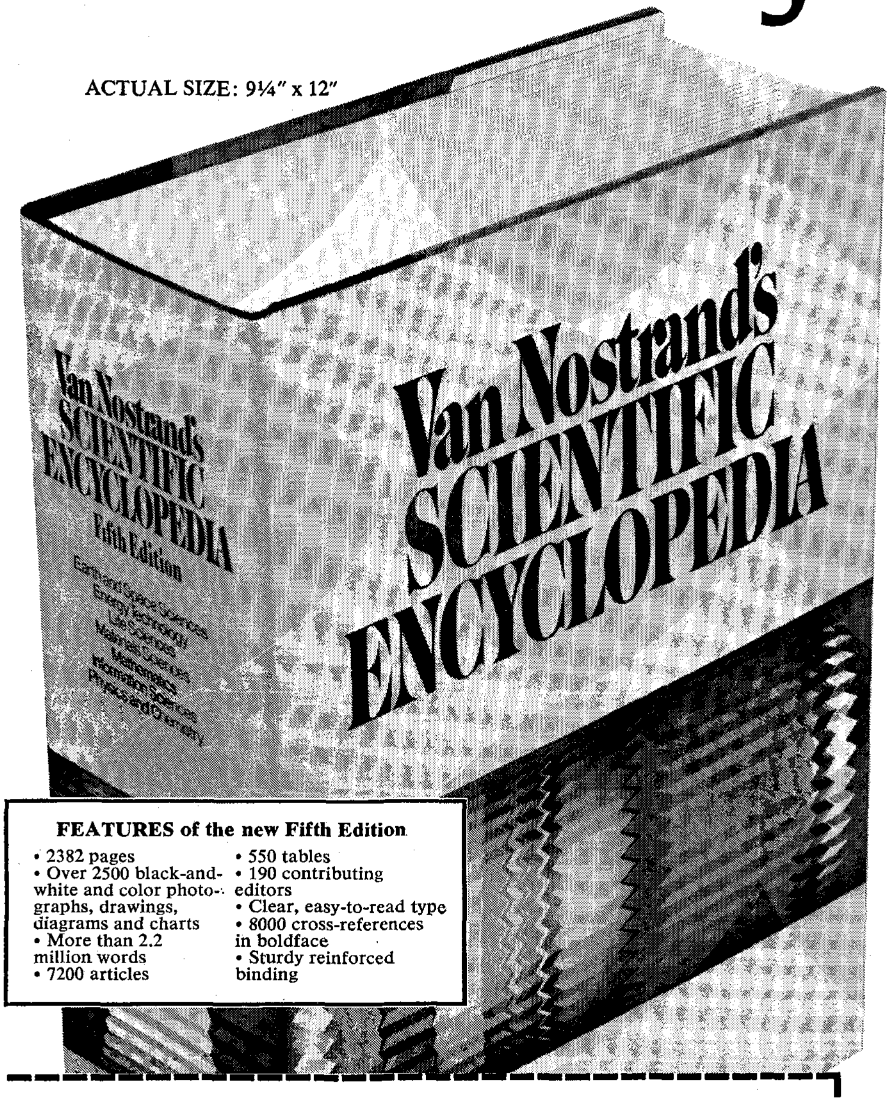

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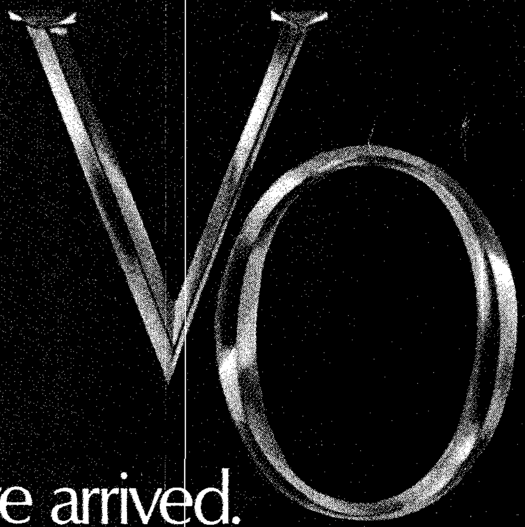

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